THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Fou[illegible]28 by Benj. Franklin

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The Meaning of the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty—By David Jayne Hill

Good Looks Make Dreams of Success Come True

"Believe in me—in my ability—in my goods!" is what your eyes telegraph daily to someone, as you try to make this or that dream come true.

"I—I—I'm not sure I can trust you," telegraphs Suspicion to the other person's brain.

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"You're the salesman I want because you look as good as you are"

"I chose you because your good, clean looks match up with your ability and the character of our house.

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A clear, clean Pompeian skin will help make your Dream of Success come true, because Pompeian makes you look as good as you are. Try Pompeian Massage Cream.

to the Salesman

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to the Secretary

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Warning Shun cheaply-made imitations. Insist on Pompeian. It has improved complexions for 12 years. All dealers sell Pompeian—50c, 75c and $1. Get it and no other.

Get Trial Jar

Sent for 6c, stamps or coins. Clip coupon now.

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You can now buy furniture that is boiling-water-proof—that hot dishes will not injure. Insist upon getting it. Such furniture is varnished with

VALENTINE'S VALSPAR

The Varnish That Won't Turn White

This is a new and important development in the furniture business. Not all dealers carry Valsparred furniture as yet—it is too early. But many do—and those who don't can get it.

If your dealer does not happen to have furniture "Finished with Valspar" in stock, ask him to write to Valentine & Company for the names of manufacturers who will supply it.

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Think of placing damp glasses or hot dishes on a table, *without having white rings appear.* Consider that the many daily household accidents—spilled tea and coffee, an upset perfumery bottle, a soup plate overturned—*cannot* injure the finish of your furniture, *if it is finished with Valspar.*

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Manufacturers of furniture in various parts of the country have recognized the wonderful qualities of Valspar and are using it. They are glad to place on their furniture a little, inconspicuous label, "Finished with Valspar". They consider this label an added selling point, because it is a guarantee of *better service.* Look for it.

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By and by Valsparred furniture will be on sale everywhere. What a boon to the housewife that will be! Furniture that *doesn't show unsightly scratches!* Tables and sideboards which are not injured by liquids or hot dishes! Furniture of all kinds that can be kept bright by simple washing, instead of requiring special treatment with greasy, unsanitary oils.

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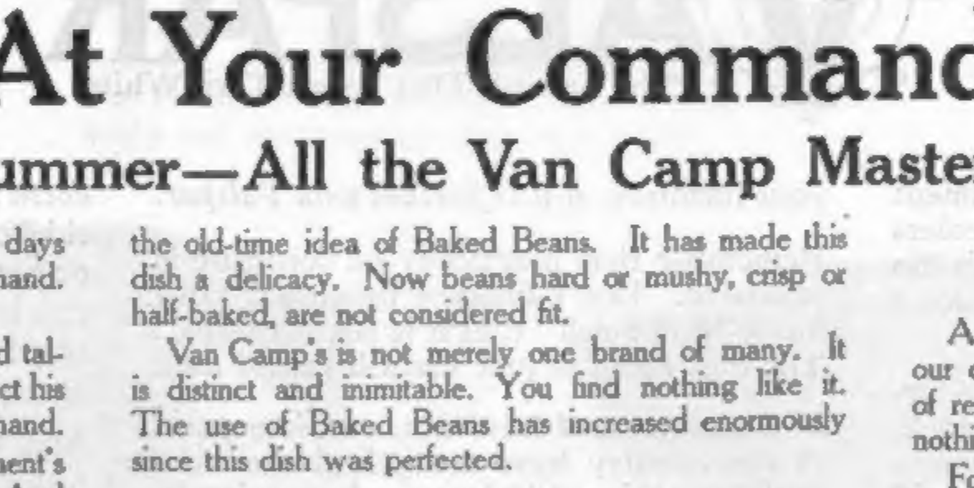
Van Camp's is not merely one brand of many. It is distinct and inimitable. You find nothing like it. The use of Baked Beans has increased enormously since this dish was perfected.



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The Meaning of the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty—By David Jayne Hill

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John Hay, Who, as Secretary of State, Represented the United States in the Treaty Negotiations

WITHOUT touching on the expediency of either affirming or surrendering such rights as the United States may possess in the Panama Canal, it may be useful at this time to inquire what are the respective rights of the United States and Great Britain under the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty.

THE CLAYTON-BULWER TREATY—In 1850 the occupation by Great Britain of territory in the vicinity of a possible future canal connecting the Atlantic and the Pacific led to the negotiation of a treaty between the United States and Great Britain, signed on April nineteenth of that year, which contained the following provisions:

"The Governments of the United States and Great Britain hereby declare that neither the one nor the other will ever obtain or maintain for itself any exclusive control over the said ship canal; agreeing that neither will ever erect or maintain any fortifications commanding the same or in the vicinity thereof, or occupy, or fortify, or colonize, or assume, or exercise any dominion over Nicaragua, Costa Rica, the Mosquito Coast, or any part of Central America," and so on.

So long as this convention remained in force—that is, down to the year 1900—it was impossible for either Great Britain or the United States to build an isthmian canal over which it could, without a violation of the treaty, exercise such rights of control and defense as would justify the expenditure of the cost of construction by either nation.

Meanwhile, under rights obtained from Colombia, a French company began, but afterward abandoned, the construction of a canal across the Isthmus of Panama.

In 1900 the Government of the United States desired to construct an isthmian canal for the purpose of connecting its Atlantic and Pacific coasts by a waterway through which its ships of war and its domestic commerce might be transferred from ocean to ocean. This was to be an American canal, constructed and controlled by the Government of the United States. The obstacle to procedure was the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, by which the United States was solemnly bound not to exercise the control it now desired to exercise.

THE ABROGATION OF THE CLAYTON-BULWER TREATY—The task was intrusted to the Secretary of State, Mr. John Hay, to open negotiations with Great Britain for the purpose of liberating the Government of the United States from its agreement with Great Britain, in order that it might be free to proceed with the construction of a canal under its own exclusive control.

Would Great Britain agree to release the United States from the then existing obligations? That was the question which Secretary Hay was called on to face. On the one hand, Great Britain might be reluctant to permit the United States to construct and control a waterway between the two oceans, through which American ships might at all times pass freely and from which British ships might sometimes be excluded.

On the other hand, Great Britain, as the greatest of maritime powers, might profit greatly by the construction of such a canal; and there was the possibility that the United States, whose position in the Western Hemisphere had been profoundly modified in the fifty years that had elapsed since the signing of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, might consider it expedient to denounce that treaty, on the ground that treaties, even when alleged to be perpetual, are morally binding only *rebus sic stantibus*, and cease to be so when conditions have essentially changed.

In the conduct of the negotiations Mr. Hay discovered that Great Britain was deeply interested in the construction of a canal at the expense of the United States, and would readily consent to it on condition that the general principle of neutralization, which had been definitely specified in the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, should be recognized in a new convention.

PHOTO. BY PAUL THOMPSON, NEW YORK CITY

Lord Pauncefote, England's Ambassador to the United States at the Time the Treaty Was Made

Accordingly a new treaty was signed on February 5, 1900, designed to take the place of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, in which it was agreed that a canal might be constructed "under the auspices of the Government of the United States, either directly at its own cost or by gift or loan of money to individuals or corporations, or through subscription to or purchase of stock or shares."

THE FIRST HAY-PAUNCEFOTE TREATY—Though the treaty of February 5, 1900, released the Government of the United States from some of the obligations of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, it did not release it from all.

In the second article it was declared:

"The High Contracting Parties, desiring to preserve and maintain the 'general principle' of neutralization established in Article VIII of the Clayton-Bulwer Convention, which convention is hereby superseded, adopt, as the basis of such neutralization, the following rules."

The rules, substantially as embodied in the Suez Canal Convention, signed by nine Powers in 1888, then follow. The first one reads:

"The canal shall be free and open, in time of war as in time of peace, to the vessels of commerce and war of all nations, on terms of entire equality; so that there shall be no discrimination against any nation or its citizens or subjects in respect of the conditions and charges of traffic, or otherwise."

The seventh rule reads:

"No fortifications shall be erected commanding the canal or the waters adjacent. The United States, however, shall be at liberty to maintain such military police along the canal as may be necessary to protect it against lawlessness and disorder."

Evidently here, as in the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, Great Britain shared with the United States the power to determine the conditions under which the canal should be used. It was distinctly agreed that all nations, without qualification of any kind, and therefore plainly including the United States, were to be treated on terms of entire equality with the United States.

The language is plain and explicit, and can have no other meaning. So complete is the *condominium* in the control of the canal that Great Britain in the first Hay-Pauncefote

Treaty still possessed and exercised the right to forbid the fortification of the canal, as well as to share on terms of entire equality all the privileges of the United States, both in war and peace.

THE SECOND HAY-PAUNCEFOTE TREATY—Though it is well known that the first Hay-Pauncefote Treaty was not ratified by the Senate of the United States and was returned to Secretary Hay with several proposed amendments, the language of that treaty has so impressed itself on the memory of many persons that they persist in quoting its words as constituting the present obligations of the United States, unmindful of the fact that it was never ratified.

It is, therefore, of the highest importance to a comprehension of this subject that we should not only distinguish between the unratified treaty of February 5, 1900, and the treaty of November 18, 1901, which was duly ratified and is now in force, but that we should closely follow the steps of the transition from the one to the other by which the relations of the two Governments were radically modified.

Without encumbering this brief exposition with the discussion of the first Hay-Pauncefote Treaty before the Committee of the Senate, it may be sufficient to point out the nature of the modifications actually adopted, with the reasons for making them.

When the Senate declined to ratify without amendment his first treaty, Secretary Hay reopened the negotiations with Great Britain on the understanding that the canal was to be exclusively American; that the right of fortification was not to be denied; and that neutralization as a general principle could not be interpreted as excluding the owners of an object from unlimited control over it, so long as all neuters were subjected to equal treatment. Great Britain and all others were to be treated with strict equality, but the United States was to have a free hand in the management of its own property.

In pursuance of this purpose the draft of the second Hay-Pauncefote Treaty withdrew from the obscurity of a merely parenthetical clause the statement that the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty was superseded, and brought to the front, as the first article, the plain declaration:

"The High Contracting Parties agree that the present treaty shall supersede the afore-mentioned convention of the nineteenth of April, 1850."

It is, therefore, useless to look back of the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty of November 18, 1901, for any light on the present rights and treaty relations of the United States and Great Britain. So far as the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty and the first Hay-Pauncefote Treaty are concerned, they have no existence and no effect. The rights of the two countries respecting the canal are, therefore, to be determined solely by an interpretation of the second Hay-Pauncefote Treaty, which alone is still in force.

Happily we have clear and authentic written evidence of the intentions of both sides in this negotiation. In communicating the new treaty to the Senate for ratification Mr. Hay says:

"The whole theory of the treaty is that the canal is to be an entirely American canal. The enormous cost of constructing it is to be borne by the United States alone. When constructed it is to be exclusively the property of the United States, and is to be managed, controlled and defended by it. Under these circumstances, and considering that now, by the new treaty, Great Britain is relieved of all responsibility and burden of maintaining its neutrality and security, it was thought entirely fair to omit the prohibition that 'No fortifications shall be erected commanding the canal or the waters adjacent.'"

There are then, from Mr. Hay's point of view, no limitations whatever on the enjoyment by the United States of "all the rights incident to such construction, as well as the exclusive right of providing for the regulation and management of the canal," as provided for in the second article of the new treaty. The Clayton-Bulwer Treaty casts no shadow on the new convention, which is based on a new conception of the relations of the two Governments to the canal.

That the British Government took the same view is evident from the difference between the two Hay-Pauncefote Treaties and the statements of Lord Lansdowne, the British Minister of Foreign Affairs, in his communications to Lord Pauncefote.

THE CHANGES IN THE TREATY AS RATIFIED—Lord Lansdowne's memorandum for the instruction of Lord Pauncefote, dated August 3, 1901, reveals how completely the British Government had modified its point of view since the negotiations began.

"In form," says Lord Lansdowne, "the new draft differs from the convention of 1900, under which the high contracting parties, after agreeing that the canal might be constructed by the United States, undertook to adopt certain rules as the basis on which the canal was to be neutralized. In the new draft the United States intimate their readiness 'to adopt' somewhat similar rules as the basis of the neutralization of the canal. It would appear to follow that the whole responsibility for upholding these rules, and thereby maintaining the neutrality of the canal, would henceforth be assumed by the Government of the United States. The change of form is an important one; but in view of the fact that the whole cost of construction of the canal is to be borne by that Government, which is also to be charged with such measures as may be necessary to protect it against lawlessness and disorder, His Majesty's Government are not likely to object to it."

In brief, the rules for the use of the canal, instead of being laid down, as in the first treaty, by the United States and Great Britain jointly, in this new treaty are now to be laid down by the United States alone; the reason for this being that the cost of constructing, maintaining and defending the canal is now to be borne solely by the United States. The bilateral agreement becomes a unilateral regulation. In exchange for the added burdens assumed by the United States, Great Britain surrenders all rights in the canal except those explicitly accorded under the rules adopted by the United States.

This radical change in the ground conception of the treaty seemed to Lord Lansdowne to require a corresponding change in the phraseology of the rules. Accordingly, in the draft of the treaty sent by the British Foreign Office to Lord Pauncefote, Lord Lansdowne proposed to change the expression in the first rule from:

"The canal shall be free and open, in time of war as in time of peace, to the vessels of commerce and war of all nations, on terms of entire equality; so that there shall be no discrimination against any nation or its citizens or subjects in respect of the conditions and charges of traffic, or otherwise"

to the form:

"The canal shall be free and open to the vessels of commerce and war of all nations which shall agree to observe these rules, on terms of entire equality; so that there shall be no discrimination against any nation so agreeing," and so on.

The significance of this change is evident. The rules in question were now to be adopted by the United States alone. The canal was not to be thrown open to "all nations," but only to "all nations which shall agree to observe these rules." Not only so, but the expression, "in time of war as in time of peace," which appeared in the first treaty, is now dropped, thus giving the United States in time of war the right, if necessary, to close the canal, even to those nations that agree to observe the rules laid down by the United States.

Clearly the United States Government in this new treaty occupies an entirely different position from the one it occupied in the previous treaty. It now possesses the right not only to fortify the canal but to close the canal in time of war. It is recognized as sole proprietor, and as such is empowered not only to adopt rules but by its own means and at its own cost to enforce the observance of them.

What, then, is the position in the new form of the treaty of all other nations, Great Britain included? "All nations which shall agree to observe these rules," now adopted by the United States alone, and no others, are, according to Lord Lansdowne, to enjoy the use of the canal. A distinction is here made that did not appear in the first treaty. In the first treaty the United States and Great Britain together adopted rules that opened the canal to "all nations, on terms of entire equality." In the second treaty the United States alone adopts the rules; and, as sole owner of the canal, offers terms of entire equality to all nations that shall agree to observe them.

Does the equality here referred to mean equality with the Government of the United States or equality among those agreeing to observe the rules? This is, without doubt, the critical point in the interpretation of the treaty, and it is necessary to proceed with extreme caution and absolute freedom from prejudice of any kind.

It would appear that the right to fortify the canal and to adopt rules for its use, with the power of closing it in time of war for purposes of defense, places the Government of the United States in a position quite different from that which it occupied when all these prerogatives were denied. The consideration offered by the United States to Great Britain for these new advantages was the assumption of the whole burden of maintaining and defending the canal as a piece of national property, thus relieving and discharging Great Britain from any obligation whatever, except observance of the rules.

A close examination shows that not one of the rules the nations were to agree to observe could be regarded as applying to the owner of the canal; so that the expression, "all nations which shall agree to observe these rules," can hardly be regarded as including the United States.

The purpose and character of the rules seem to forbid such inclusion. They are almost exclusively prohibitions that could not well apply to the United States as sole proprietor of the canal, whose whole interest would be to secure the observance of the rules and could not in any way be promoted by violating them—such as blockading the canal; committing acts of hostility within it; the revictualing of belligerent vessels; delay in transit; the treatment of prizes of war; the embarkation or debarkation of troops and munitions of war, and so on; and the occupation of waters adjacent to the canal by belligerent vessels—all of which relate to acts interfering with the control of the canal. Such rules have from their very nature no application to the United States, which, therefore, cannot fairly be regarded as included in the expression: "All nations which shall agree to observe these rules."

We have, then, apparently two classes of Powers designated in the provisions of this treaty: 1—The sole builder, owner and controller of the canal, on the one hand; and 2—The nations that agree to observe the rules it has adopted, on the other. Does the United States consent in this treaty to extend to other nations entire equality with itself in the use of the canal, or only entire equality among themselves as equal and neutral Powers?

The answer to this question is to be found in the statements relating to the effect of the treaty by those who commented on it at the time when it was negotiated. Lord Lansdowne, in his instructions to Lord Pauncefote, states very clearly his reason for changing "all nations" into "all nations which shall agree to observe these rules." His reason is—with the new conception of the treaty as giving to the United States complete control of the canal, thus making it exclusively American—that Great Britain would be placed at a disadvantage if all nations, without distinction, were to enjoy the privileges of the canal without any obligation to observe the rules.

"The omission of the words under which this country"—Great Britain—"became jointly bound to defend the neutrality of the canal, and the abrogation of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty," Lord Lansdowne admits, "would materially diminish the obligations of Great Britain." "This," he adds, "is a most important consideration." "But," he continues, "having assumed the whole burden of defending the canal, the United States would have a treaty right to interfere with the canal in time of war or apprehended war. Great Britain alone, in spite of her vast possessions on the American continent and the extent of her interests in the East, would be absolutely precluded from resorting to any such action or from taking measures to secure her interests in and near the canal," though other Powers not bound by the treaty would be free to take such action as they pleased.

"I would, therefore, suggest," he concludes, "the insertion, in Rule One, after 'all nations,' of the words 'which shall agree to observe these rules.' This addition will impose on the other Powers the same self-denying ordinance as Great Britain is desired to accept, and will furnish an additional security to the neutrality of the canal, which it will be the duty of the United States to maintain."

What, then, is the substance of this self-denying ordinance on the part of Great Britain and this new burden assumed by the United States? Is it not the complete and unrestricted surrender of the control of the canal to the one Power that takes the place of the

(Continued on Page 81)

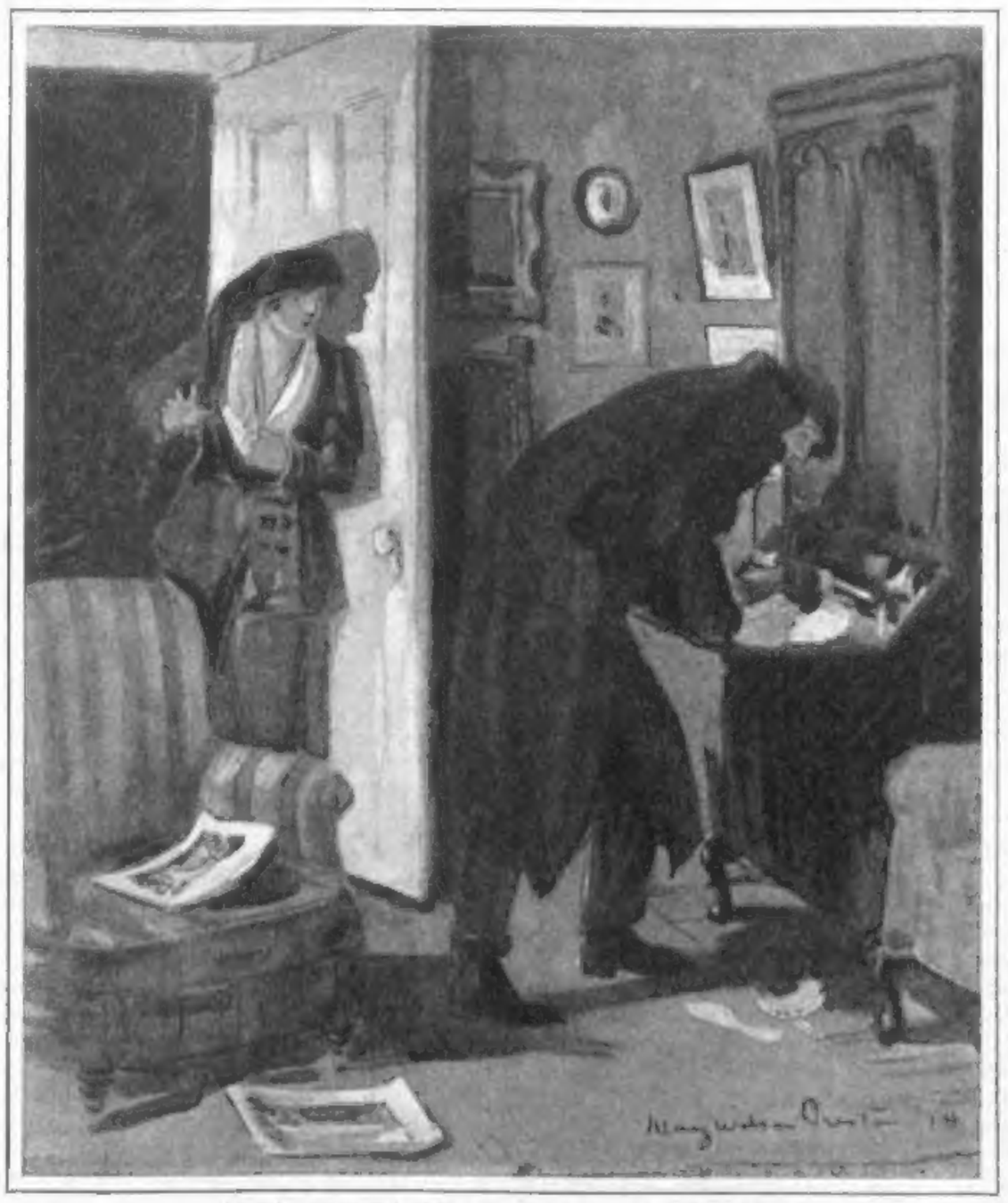
PHOTO. BY PAUL THOMPSON, NEW YORK CITY

David Jayne Hill, Former Ambassador to Germany

SAUCE FOR THE GANDER

By Mary Roberts Rinehart

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON



The Burglar Was There, Going Through Viv's Desk

IT WAS after the affair of the Prime Minister that I left Daphne. We kidnaped him, you remember—only it turned out to be some one else; and Violet Harcourt-Standish got in awfully wrong and had to go to the Riviera. I really did not wish to kidnap him, but the matter came up at tea at Daphne's one day—and one hates to stay out of things.

Poppy Harmsworth was going on a motor trip just then, and when she asked me to go along I agreed. I was spending a Sunday with her.

"I'm not running away, Madge," she explained; "but I'm stony broke, and that's the truth! I'll have to get back to work."

Poppy paints and makes a lot of money—mural decorations, you know, panels for public buildings, and all that sort of thing; but she never has any money, no matter what she makes.

"I want sea—sea with mist over it—and rocks. And a cave ——"

"Caves are damp. There are plenty of hotels."

"A cave," she said, examining her rings dreamily, "with the tide coming in against a setting sun, and the spray of every color in the world—I think it's Tintagel, Madge."

Poppy is terribly pretty and this is her story—not mine. I did not think at first that she was serious.

"That's a sweet frock," I said. "Did you hear that man today when you were speaking at the Monument? He said: 'Bless its pretty 'art! If the rest of them looked like that they could 'ave the vote, for all of me!'"

Poppy's hair is the softest, straightest hair you ever saw and her nose is short and childish. Her eyes are soft too, and her profile is so helpless that the bobbies help her across the streets; but her full face is full of character.

"Was he in front of me?" she demanded.

"At the side."

We both understood—it was her profile again. She fell back in her chair and sighed.

"If you could address the House of Lords in profile," I said, "you'd get the vote."

"That's rot, you know!" she retorted; but she colored.

She knew and she knew I knew that her new photographs were profile ones. And we both knew, too, that they were taken because Vivian Harcourt had demanded a picture of her.

"You're not doing the right thing, Poppy," I accused her. "For one day in the week that Viv sees you full face there are six days for him to look at that picture."

"He isn't obliged to look at it at all."

"So long as women beg the question like that," I said severely, "just so long do they postpone serious consideration for the Cause."

She leaned back and laughed—rather rudely. The English can be very rude sometimes. They call it frankness.

"The ridiculous thing about you is that you don't know anything about the Cause," she said. "With you it's a fad. It's the only thing you can't have; so you want it, little Madge. With some of us it's—well, I can't talk about it."

That made me furious. The idea of dedicating your life to a thing and then being accused ——

"I think enough of the Cause to stand out all day in a broiling sun," I snapped, "and be burnt to a cinder! Didn't I pass out your wretched literature for four hours and make six shillings?"

"Don't call it wretched literature," she said gently. "But—now think a minute! If it came to a showdown—your own expression, isn't it?—a question between one of these men who are so mad about you—Basil or any of the others—and the Cause, which would it be?"

"Both!" I replied promptly.

She laughed again.

"You delightful little hypocrite!" she cried. "A compromise, then! Not victory, but a truce! Oh, martyr to the Cause!"

"And you?"

"The Cause!" she said, and turned her full face to me.

Well, of course that was Poppy's affair. I believe in living up to one's conviction, and all that; but when you think of the lengths to which she carried her conviction, and the horrible situation that developed, it seems an exceedingly selfish theory of life. I believe in diplomatic compromise.

I wrote the whole conversation that night to father and he cabled a reply. He generally cables, being very busy. He said:

Life is a series of compromises. Who is Basil?

I had been in England for six months visiting Daphne Delaney, who is my cousin; but visiting Daphne had been hard work. One started out to go shopping with her and ended up at a counter in a big shop demanding of a mob of women hunting bargains in one-and-six kids—gloves—why they were sheep.

"Sheep!" she would say, eying them scornfully. "Silly sheep, who do nothing but bleat—with but one occupation or reason for living—to cover your backs!"

Then two or three stately gentlemen in frock coats would pull her down and I would try to pretend I was not with her.

Now, I believe in suffrage. I own a house back home in America. Father gave it to me so I could dress myself out of the rent. But between plumbers and taxes, and a baby with a hammer, which ruined the paint, I never get much. The first thing I knew, the men voted to pave the street in front of the old thing, and I had to give up a rose-colored charmeuse and pay for it. But that is not all. The minute the street was paved some more men came along and raised my taxes because the street was improved! So I paid three hundred dollars to have my taxes raised! Is that reasonable? Is that government?

Well, that made me strong for suffrage. And of course there are a lot of other things. But I am not militant. You know as well as I do that it is coming. The American men are just doing what father does at Christmastime. For about a month beforehand he talks about hard times and not seeing his way clear, and all that. And on Christmas morning he comes downstairs awfully glum, with one hand behind him.

We always play up and tell him never to mind—maybe he can do it next year. And we are always awfully surprised when he brings his hand round with checks for everybody, bigger than they had expected.

And so, just as soon as the men realize that we are really in earnest about the vote, and will not just smile and look tolerant when we try to learn something about politics, they will give it to us, with bells on it. Of course I am speaking of the American men. They will have to extract the vote from the English with forceps.

I have really thought a lot about it, though Daphne once said I had enthusiasm instead of intelligence, politically. But how am I to learn? Men always talk nonsense to me instead of politics. I tell you it gets on my nerves sometimes. Now and then one does tell me a little; but he is always elderly and not alluring.

Well, Poppy and I got started at last. Poppy left in a raging temper over something or other—a bill before the House, I think. I was so busy getting packed that I forgot what it was, if I ever knew—and she hardly spoke for twenty miles; but at Guildford she recovered her temper. It was during the assizes and the sheriff was lunching at the hotel. His gilt coach was at the door, with a footman in wig and plush, white stockings and buckles, and a most magnificent coachman. Poppy's eyes narrowed. She pointed to the footman's ornamented legs.

"The great babies!" she said. "How a man loves to dress! Government, is it? Eighteenth-century costumes and mediæval laws! Government—in gold lace and a cocked hat! Law in its majesty, Madge, with common sense and common justice in rags. That can vote, while you and I ——" She stopped for breath.

The footman's calves twitched, but he looked straight ahead.

I got her into the building somehow or other. She looked quite calm, except that she was breathing hard. I reminded her that she had promised to be quiet on this trip; and she powdered her nose and looked penitent and distractingly pretty.

"I'm sorry," she said. "It's this parade of authority that gets on my nerves—this glittering show of half the people ruling all the people."

When she came back from ordering the luncheon she was smiling. I thought it was all over.

"Luncheon!" she said cheerfully. "With strawberries as big as a teacup, and clotted cream!"

I think my mind was on the clotted cream, for I followed her past one dining room to a second—a long, low room full of men. She pushed me in ahead.

"I—I think it's the wrong room, Poppy," I said. "There's the ——"

It was the wrong room and she knew it! The sheriff was at the center table and near him was a great serving stand with hot and cold roasts and joints. I tried to back out, but at that moment Poppy slammed the door and locked it.

"Don't yell!" she said to me under her breath, and dropped something ice-cold down my back—the key!

About half the men started to their feet. Poppy raised a hand.

"Gentlemen," she said, "you need not rise! I have a few things I would like to say while you finish luncheon. I shall be entirely orderly. The question of the suffrage ——"

They dodged as though she had been loaded with shrapnel instead of a speech. They shouted and clamored. They ordered us out. And all the time the door was locked and the key was down my back!

"Poppy!" I said, clutching her arm. "Poppy, for the love of heaven ——"

She had forgotten me absolutely. When she finally turned her eyes on me she never saw me.

"The door is locked, gentlemen," she said. "If you will give me five minutes ——"

They would not listen, however. The sheriff sat still and ate his luncheon. Time might come and time might go, tides flow and ebb, old eras give way to new—but the British lion must be fed. But once I caught his eye and I almost thought it twinkled. Perish the thought! The old order wink at the new?

They demanded the key. The lunch hour was over. The assizes waited. In vain Poppy pleaded for five minutes to talk.

"After that I'll turn over the key," she promised.

The only way she could have turned over the key was, of course, to take me into a corner, stand me on my head

and jounce it out! I was very nervous, I will confess. No one had laid a hand on Poppy as yet. She was so young and good looking—and the minute anybody loomed very close she turned her baby profile to him and he looked as though he had been caught gunning for butterflies!

Finally, however, the noise becoming a tumult, and Poppy and I forced back against the door, the sheriff approached. The crowd made respectful way for him.

"Now, young ladies," he said, "this has been an agreeable break in our long day; but—all pleasant things must end. Open the door, please."

"Will you give me five minutes?" Poppy demanded. "I'm a taxpayer. I help to pay the people in this room. I have a right to be heard."

"Open the door!" said the sheriff.

"No!"

"Then give up the key and one of my men ——"

I caught his arm. I could not stand it another minute. It is all well enough for Poppy to say it was cowardly and that the situation was ours until I gave it away. The key was not down her back!

"Break the lock!" I said frantically. "The—the key is where I can't get it."

He was really twinkling now, but the crowd round was outraged on account of him and his dignity.

"You didn't swallow it, did you?" he asked in an undertone.

"It's down the back of my waist," I replied.

Poppy said afterward that I cried on the sheriff's breast and made a scene and disgraced her generally. It is not true. I only leaned my head against his arm for a minute—and he was not angry, for he patted my shoulder. I am terribly fond of Poppy, but she is not always reasonable.

There had been a great deal of noise. I remember hearing echoes of the dining-room excitement from the hallway beyond the door and some one pounding. They were breaking the lock from the outside. All the time Poppy was talking in her lovely soft voice. Finally she said:

"Since woman is called on to obey the laws she ought to have a voice in making them ——"

"Hear! Hear!" cried somebody.

"Since she doesn't make them, why should she obey them?" demanded Poppy, lifting violet eyes to the crowd.

"I didn't make the Ten Commandments," said a voice from the rear of the room, "but I'll get hell just the same if I break them! What have you got to say about that?"

Poppy was stumped for once. I believe it was the most humiliating moment of her public life. She went quite pale and opened her lips, but no retort came.

Luckily the lock broke just then and we were hustled out of the room. There was a crowd in the hall and it was most disagreeable. I expected to be arrested, of course; but the crowd, feeling it had the best of things with the Ten Commandments, was in high good humor. They let us by without a word and the sheriff himself stood on the steps while we got into our car.

Just as Poppy's chauffeur got the engine started the landlord ran out and demanded the key. Poppy told the chauffeur to go on in a frantic voice, but he hesitated. All the majesty of British law was there on the steps and the gold coach was waiting. Of course to be arrested for disturbing the peace with a suffrage speech is one thing, but theft is another. I threw a pleading glance at the sheriff and he came slowly down the steps. Men with wands kept the crowd back. The fat coachman with the wig did not turn his head, but the footman at the coach door leered and avenged his calves. Even Poppy flushed.

"Quick!" said the sheriff ferociously in a low tone. "Give me something that looks like a key, and then get away as quickly as you can."

I opened my pocketbook. The only thing that was even the size of a key was my smelling-salts bottle. So I gave him that and he covered it with his big hand. Then, still frowning savagely, he made a lordly gesture for us to move on.

Have you ever been in the Woman's Clubhouse that Poppy decorated? The staircase walls are wonderful—crowds of women, poor and old, young and rich, with clouds round them, and so on, all ascending toward a saintly person with a key—Saint Peter, or somebody. Well, the saint looks like the sheriff at Guildford, and the key does not look like a key!

We slept at Bournemouth that night—or, rather, we did not sleep. Poppy sat up half the night trying to think of an answer to the Ten Commandments thing. She said she should get that again—she felt it—and what was she to say? I had recovered the key and my good humor by that time, but I could not help much. Seeing her so disturbed I had not the heart to tell her what I suspected; but I was sure I had seen Vivian Harcourt on the edge of the crowd at Guildford. It would have made her furious to think that she was under any sort of espionage; but Vivian was following us, I felt confident, with money to bail us out if she did anything reckless. He knew her, you see.

"'Ousebreaking it is; I Watched You in and Hout"

Poppy slept late in the morning, and I got up and went down to the pier, a melancholy place, wet with morning mist and almost deserted. There were rows of beach chairs and overturned boats littering the beach, and not a soul in sight but a few fishermen. I sat there and thought of Atlantic City on a bright July morning, with children and nurses on the sand, and nice young men in flannels. I was awfully homesick for a minute. And it came over me, too, that I had no particular business helping the Cause in England, and having keys put down my back, and giving up my gold-topped salts bottle, which was a present from Basil Ward, when all the time the Cause at home was fighting just as grimly and much more politely.

Vivian was on the pier. He was sitting looking out, with his finger hooked round his cigarette—which is Cambridge fashion, I believe, or maybe the king does it—and looking very glum.

"Where is she? In jail?" he demanded.

"She's asleep, poor thing!" I said.

He snorted.

"Lots of sleep I've had!" he said. "Look here, Madge, is she going to take her vacation by locking up sheriffs all along the route? Because if she is, I'm going back to London."

"I think it very likely," I replied coldly. "You'd better go back anyhow. She'll be murderous if she knows she's followed."

"I can't leave her alone, can I?"

"I'm along."

He laughed. It was rude of him.

"You!" he said. "Madge—tell me honestly—where was the key?"

"She put it down my back."

He fairly howled with joy. I hated him! But he calmed before long and offered me a cigarette as a peace offering. I declined.

"You'd better go along," he said; "she may need the back again. Madge, is there any chance for me—with her?"

"Well, she likes you—when you are not in the way."

"I'd be in the way now, I suppose, if I turned up tonight at —— Where do you stop?"

"At Torquay. Look here, Vivian, I've just thought of something. She's put out about a thing a man said yesterday. She wants an answer. She's got arguments, but what she wants is a retort. If you could give her one she'd probably forgive your hanging round, and all that."

"You Haven't Got a Headache—You Have a Pain in Your Disposition"

So I told him about the Ten Commandments, and Poppy knowing she should get it again and sitting up to worry it out. He said it was easy. He would have something to break his appearance at Torquay. But it was not so easy as it seemed at first. I left him sitting there looking out to sea, with a notebook on his knee. He called after me that he would follow us—a few miles behind; but he should not turn up until he had thought of something worth while.

We did not see Vivian at Torquay. Poppy was tired that night and went to bed early. Her faith in herself had been shaken, I could see, and not even the newspaper accounts of her having locked up the sheriff at Guildford could cheer her. But she brightened that morning when she made a clever retort to a man in the Torquay public square. She was speaking from the machine and there was a splendid crowd.

"When the women go to vote, miss," said the man, touching his cap, "who is going to mind the children?"

"We intend to establish a messenger service."

"A messenger service?" The crowd was listening.

"Yes—to summon the fathers home from the pubs to hold the babies."

That gave her a laugh and we drove on in triumph. It helped Poppy, reinstated her in her own esteem, gave her a little peace—though the T. C. thing was still in the back of her mind. Then Dartmoor Forest put her into a trance—the heather was in bloom; and she made sketches and color bits, and lay back in the car in a sort of dream, planning the next winter's work.

If she thought of Vivian she never mentioned him, and she snapped me off when I spoke of him. I had a fright at Dartmoor Forest. We had climbed a long hill and Poppy had turned the glasses back along the road. Suddenly I saw her straighten and she gave the glasses to me.

"Who are those men in that car down in the valley?"

The car below had stopped also. I looked. It was Viv and Basil Ward. Poppy's lovely eyes are shortsighted; and, with her mind on color schemes and things, I knew Vivian had no business to appear.

"Well?" she snapped.

"One looks as though he might have a beard," I said slowly, "and the other—the other's driving. He's a chauffeur, isn't he?"

"I dare say!" said Poppy, and eyed me; but I looked my blandest and gave her the glasses.

She did not glance at the men again, but climbed into the car rather grimly. All the rest of the way to Tintagel she never turned her head to look behind.

Poppy was tired and went to bed early. I walked out on the terrace and Basil was there. He said Viv had sent for him on the T. C. matter and he had something in view.

"He gave it up, poor chap!" he said. "He isn't humorous, you know. As a matter of fact he and Poppy are both so bally serious that it makes me wonder how they'll hit it off."

"If she's as earnest about matrimony as she is about suffrage," I said, "she'll be a sincere wife."

Basil said nothing. We had walked out to the edge of the cliff and were leaning against the rough stone parapet.

"It's rather nice, isn't it?" he said suddenly. "Here we are

almost at Land's End and the old Atlantic. Madge, will you give me a perfectly honest answer to a question?"

I braced myself.

"Yes."

"Did you stay over here in England because your whole heart is in the Cause?"

"Ye-es."

"Your whole heart?"

"Our motives are always mixed, Basil," I said kindly. "It would have been awfully silly to have endured that miserable spring and not have stayed for June and July."

"You get a great many cablegrams from America."

"That," I said with dignity, "is, of course, my own affair."

"About the Cause?"

"Not—always."

"From a man, of course?"

"Yes," I said sweetly, and went back to the hotel.

I broke the news to Poppy about Vivian and she stormed; but suddenly she stopped, with a calculating light in her eye.

"He's a fool to follow me," she said; "but he has gleams of intelligence, Madge. I—I shall put the T. C. matter up to him!"

So I sent Viv a letter that night. You see, one must manage Poppy.

Dear Viv: She knows, and the worst is over. Breakfast early and keep out the way until noon. She is going to work. If you have a good retort to the T. C. business don't give it too soon, when she asks you. It would humiliate her. Then, if she's pleased, you can ask her the other. MADGE.

P. S. Make her promise to let you do and think as you like about suffrage. Be sure! Get her to write it if you can. I happen to know that if she marries you she hopes you'll take alternate Sundays with her at the Monument, so she can speak at Camberwell. M.

Poppy came down to breakfast in her best morning frock, looking stern but lovely, and sat with her profile to the room.

She took only an egg, though she usually has a kipper also.

Once or twice I caught her watching the door, but Viv did not appear. She loitered over the Times for quite a while, but at last she got her sketching things and we went out to the cliffhead, where there was a bench. It is a long tongue of rock, about twenty feet wide or so; and far below, on each side, is the ocean. There was a rough-haired pony out there also, and the three of us were crowded. The pony wanted sugar or something and kept getting in the way. Poppy sketched, but her heart was not in it; and at every new hello! from some tourist exploring King Arthur's ruins—the castle of course—she looked up expectantly.

After a time she grew impatient and called the pony a beast, and asked what was the use of her trying to paint the place anyhow when one could buy ten colored postcards of it for a sixpence. It was one of her difficult mornings.

At last I caught sight of Basil waving to me from the hotel and I went back. I left Poppy there alone, pretending to sketch, though it was perfectly clear to every one that the only view she had was of the pony's mangy side. Shortly after, I saw Vivian, in walking tweeds, going along one of the sheep paths, and looking very handsome and determined.

Basil and I sat on the terrace and concentrated. It was my idea.

"Will her to take him!" I said.

"I will," said Basil, looking at me.

"She's so pretty," said I.

"Lovely!" said Basil.

"And it's such a natural thing," I went on. "He has a lot of character and he's gentle as well as firm."

"I thank you," said Basil; and, rising, he bowed.

"I don't believe," I said, "that you are concentrating."

The pony had got round behind the bench and we lost them for a moment; but the little beast moved off just then, and it was like lifting a curtain. Poppy's head was on Vivian's shoulder.

"Good old Viv!" said Basil. And he sighed.

I met Vivian as I went down to luncheon. He was coming up three stairs at a time, but he stopped and drew me into a corner.

"Right-o!" he said. "You're a trump, Madge! The T. C. did it. She's promised all sorts of things."

"And you?" I demanded. I thought he evaded my eye.

"I?" he said. "Well, I've agreed not to interfere with her career. That's only reasonable."

"And—suffrage?"

"She's going to be less militant," he said. "Of course her conviction is the same. I want her to stand by her principles. I wouldn't respect her if she didn't."

That did not quite satisfy me. I knew Poppy. But he was so happy I said nothing. After all, what could I say? Viv had never opposed suffrage except in its militant form—though I don't believe he had felt the necessity for it; but the trouble was that Poppy was a born militant. And he had promised her the strength of her convictions!

I wrote it all to father that afternoon, and his cablegram came when I was back in London again and settled. It was:

No great revolution was ever accomplished without bloodshed.

II

WHEN Poppy and Vivian had been married and gone to Brittany I went back to Daphne's. Daphne was very discouraging about them. I remember her standing by the fire and orating, with her teacup in her hand.

"Of Course," Said Poppy. "Nothing Should Interfere With the Freedom and Right to His Opinion of the English Voter"

"There's a loss somewhere—bound to be!" she said. Daphne is short and stout, and wears her hair short and curled over her head with an iron. "Either suffrage loses her or she loses a husband. I've watched it. It doesn't do, Maggie!"—which is her pet name for me. "A suffragist as valuable as Poppy should not marry. You remember what Jane Willoughby's husband said to her—that he expected the Cause for his wife to be himself, and that if she'd rather raise votes for women than a family of children she would have to choose at once. When she asked him why she couldn't do both he went to Africa!"

"Without giving her an answer?"

"Bless the child! There isn't any answer! Of course she could do both. Does a man neglect his business to vote? Of course not. Raising children is a woman's business and there's no need for 'em to neglect it. It's idiocy that takes refuge in silence—or goes to Africa."

"Viv isn't an imbecile," I said feebly.

"He's a male," she snapped, and ran her fingers up through her fringe, so that she appeared to stand in a gale of wind. "A lord of creation! What rot!"

The first blow fell about a week after. Poppy and Vivian came home from their wedding trip. They were settled in Viv's house in Lancaster Gate, and one of the wings was being turned into a studio for Poppy, with a glass roof. Vivian is a playwright, you know, and his study was to be beneath the workshop, with a private staircase connecting. She was most awfully happy. She had brought home some stunning sketches and her first work was to be his study walls.

Basil and I were asked to dinner. Poppy wanted to talk over her plans with us—and there was no one else. Poppy was radiant. We drank to the pony at Tintagel, and to the key at Guildford, and to the new play and the new paintings. The thing was a great success until halfway through the dinner, when suddenly Poppy said:

"By the way, Viv, the income-tax man was here today."

I felt, for some reason, as I had felt when the key went down my back. Viv smiled and went to his doom.

"Just imagine, Basil!" he said. "The sweet young person across the table made more than I did last year! Four thousand pounds!"

"I'm too commercially successful to think I have any real genius," said Poppy complacently.

"And some small sum the same sweet young person will have to pay over to the tax man," Basil observed.

Poppy raised her violet eyes.

"I don't intend to pay it," she said.

Vivian put down his glass.

"That's what Madge would call a bluff," he said, with his eyes on her. "You'll be obliged to pay it, dearest. You know that."

"Taxation without representation is what it amounts to!" Poppy's face was dangerously agreeable. "The American Colonies seceded, didn't they, for something like that? I paid it last year; but I made up my mind then I'd never do it again."

Basil was looking very uncomfortable.

"I gave you the privilege of your conviction," said Viv stiffly. "Of course, if that's your intention there is nothing more to be said."

Poppy looked puzzled.

"But it is wrong, isn't it?" she demanded.

"The principle may not be entirely equitable. Few laws work equally well for all." Vivian now was a little white about the lips. "But, such as it is, it's the law of your country."

"I didn't choose my country or make its laws!" Poppy cried. "I have a right to protest. I'll not pay it!"

Now, as I have said before, motives are seldom unmixed. I think what Poppy meant to do was simply to register a protest—to make a lot of fuss about it. If they sent her to jail, being the prominent person she was—she was the Honorable Poppy; I think I forgot to say that before—it would make a lot of feeling. Then, having asserted her principles, she could get sick or go on a hunger strike; and Vivian would pay the tax and get her out. Basil laughed with assumed cheerfulness.

"Then Viv is stuck for the tax," he said.

Vivian looked across the table and met Poppy's eyes.

"That's hardly what you are getting at, is it?" he asked. "Your protest is against the imposition of the tax, isn't it? It's a matter of principle."

"I have not asked you to pay it."

"As a matter of fact I haven't the slightest intention of paying it, Poppy. You put me in an absurd position—that's all."

Well, we talked of other things and pretended not to notice Vivian's strained eyes and Poppy's high color. She took me off after a time to see the new studio, and it did not take me long to tell her what I thought.

"It's absurd!" I said. "Do you expect to break down iron bars by banging your head against them?"

"It's my head!" she said sulkily.

It was rather a ghastly evening. We were all most polite and formal, and Basil took me home. I told him about my house at home in the United States and the way I'd been treated, and about having nothing at the end of a year but plumbers' bills and tax receipts.

"I'm glad you haven't any particular income," he said at last. "That's one element of discord removed."

"I don't understand."

"Yes, you do," he said calmly. "You know exactly what I mean, and what I hope, and what I feel. I don't dare to say it, because if I start I'll —— Madge, I shall not propose to you until my Uncle Egbert dies. I don't

want you until I can support you comfortably —— That's a lie! I want you damnably all the time."

I do not remember that we said anything more until we reached Daphne's. Then, as he helped me out I said:

"How old is Uncle Egbert?"

"Eighty-six!" he replied grimly, and went away without shaking hands.

Well, to go back to Poppy—for, of course, it is her story I am telling, not mine—mother came over soon after that and I went with her to Mentone for two months. Then she went back to America from Genoa, and I went back to London. Mother is the sweetest person in the world and I adore her; but she represents the old-fashioned woman and of course I stand for the advanced. For instance, she was much more interested in Basil Ward than in the Cause and she absolutely disapproved of Poppy's stand about the income tax.

"I don't care to discuss the Cause," she said to me. "We have trouble enough now, with only the men voting. Why should we double our anxieties?"

"That's silly, mother!" I retorted. "Because one baby is a trouble should one have only one child?"

Basil met me at Charing Cross and I knew there was something up the very way his stick hung to his arm.

"How's everything?" I asked when he had called a cab and settled me in it. "How nice and sooty it is, after the Riviera!"

"Filthy hole!" said Basil grumpily. "Haven't had a decent day since you left."

"And Poppy?"

"Poppy's a fool!" Basil broke out. "I'm glad you're back, Madge. Maybe you can do something with her."

He refused to tell me anything further however. He asked whether I would mind going directly to Lancaster Gate and sat back in a corner eying me most of the way.

"You make me nervous!" I said at last. "If you can't look at me pleasantly, why look at all?"

"I can't help looking at you; and I'm blessed if I can look pleasant! Madge, just how much is your heart and soul in the—er—Cause?"

Well, I was pretty tired of being questioned all the time and having people insinuate that I was only posing about suffrage. And, more than that, I'd seen women carrying bricks in hods up ladders for new buildings on the Continent, and being harnessed to milkcarts to drag them about; and it seemed to me that they should be able to stand up under the fearful exertion of going to the polls to vote!

"There isn't any sacrifice I wouldn't make for it."

"Why should you have to make sacrifices? Why not let—some willing male go ahead of you through life, clearing away the difficulties, smoothing the path?"

"Not shoulder to shoulder," I observed, "but the man a little ahead!"

"The man always has gone a little ahead, hasn't he?"

"I don't remember," I replied, "that, when Adam and Eve left the garden of Eden, Adam went ahead and got everything ready, carpets down and stove connected—and all that. They went hand in hand; and, dollars to cents, Eve carried the spade!"

He seemed to drop farther back into his corner. The whole thing puzzled me. For Basil looked dejected and beaten somehow. And yet he had always believed that women should vote.

We found Poppy in her studio, but Viv's workroom below was empty and the door into the passage stood open. His desk was orderly and his pens in a row. Poppy was painting; she gave me a cheek to kiss—and she was positively thin!

"You're looking fit, Madge," she said without a smile. "We've missed her, haven't we, Basil?"

Basil grunted something. Suddenly it occurred to me that he and Poppy hardly glanced at one another, and that he was still holding his hat and gloves.

"You'll stay, won't you, Basil?"

"Sorry!" said Basil. "I'll—I'll drop in again."

"Crumpets for tea!" said Poppy. They had engaged the cook on account of her crumpets.

"Thanks, awfully!" Basil muttered; and having said something about seeing me again very soon he got out.

I stared after him. Could this be Basil—this brooding individual who did nothing but stare at me as though he were trying to work something out? Poppy came over to me with her fists in the pockets of her painting apron.

"Frightened, like all the rest!" she said. "They say I'm responsible for hundreds of broken engagements! They made the law themselves—and now, when they see it in operation, they squeal."

It came over me then—Poppy's strained eyes and Basil looking so queer!

"Then Viv ——"

"Viv is in jail, my dear," she said. "He made the law, of course; but I wish you'd hear them! The Husbands' Liability Act, child! A married woman's husband is responsible for her debts. I refused to pay my income tax as taxation without representation. Viv got stubborn and said he wouldn't. Result—the entire male population screaming for help; engaged men breaking with suffragist fiancées; the population prospects of the country poor; and—Viv in jail!"

"That—that's what is wrong with Basil?"

"Of course I'm sorry, Maggie. The men have banded together. They call it the Husbands' Defense League! They take turns at visiting Viv and sending him books and things. It's—it's maddening!"

Poppy asked me to stay with her. She was really in a bad way. She was not eating or sleeping; and that very night a crowd of men gathered in front of the house and hissed and called her things. One of them made a speech. He said his wife was holding out her taxes on him and he expected to go up the next day. Poppy went out on the balcony and tried to tell them why she had done it, and that it was a matter of principle—and all that.

(Continued on Page 57)

Cutting Down Some Staple Unnecessaries

By James H. Collins

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

WHEN the insurance man undertakes to sell you an accident policy he dwells on the big disasters that might happen to you—such as being caught in a railroad wreck or a sinking ship—and gives you a graphic schedule of what the company will pay you for each arm and leg you lose, and for fractures of such odds and ends of anatomy as your ribs, fingers and skull.

When you get your policy, however, probably none of these well-paid disasters will happen to you. The only claim you ever make may be for something like injuries due to falling from a step-ladder while taking down the stovepipe; for such minor humdrum mishaps cause a large proportion of the losses paid by an accident company. If you can manage to get hurt in a big disaster—like a trainwreck or a boiler explosion—the company will pay you double indemnity; but it is not so easy as you may imagine.

The business world has now seriously set about eliminating certain things connected with its affairs that are not needed. Among these unnecessaries are industrial accidents.

Until quite recently industrial accidents were thought of as big, dramatic affairs, like the major disasters that help insurance agents to sell accident policies; also that most of them happened away off somewhere and happened to the other fellow anyway; and that, therefore, the average workman and employer could not do anything about it and were not concerned.

Today, however, all business is out for safety first; and the most hopeful phase of this new movement is a mental one—the general recognition by everybody that the industrial accidents which really matter are the little ones; that even the big disasters usually have very trifling causes; and that everybody is in some way responsible.

In the End, No Matter Who is to Blame, the Accidents Come Down to So Many Little Causes

A railroad engineer took out an extra locomotive instead of the engine he was used to running. He is a careful man and inspects everything before pulling out; but this time he neglected to inspect the whistle rope. Two hours later, while he was bowling along downgrade, a man stepped on the track right ahead, with his back turned to the approaching train. The engineer reached for the whistle rope and gave a yank, and the rope broke—it was rotten. Fortunately he got one good blast and that toot saved the man's life.

Another case that turned out less happily happened in the construction of a building. The contractor had hired a hoisting engine from a near-by factory. One day while a six-ton load of lumber was being lifted with this engine the load fell and killed a man. Investigation showed that the hoisting engine had a bad habit of reversing when too heavy a load was put on it. At the factory where it was owned the engineer had taken off the cylinder heads and found the piston rings worn; so that under a heavy load the steam escaped past the rings and the load simply turned the engine backward.

Instead of fitting new rings, however, he had reported to the superintendent and replaced the cylinder heads. The superintendent did nothing about it; so thereafter the engineer ran that engine with allowance for its eccentricities, splitting heavy loads and doubling up on the pulleys and purchases. When it was handed over to an engineer ignorant of its personal equation there was a tragedy.

Little causes lead to most accidents, large as well as small, and everybody is responsible—including the public.

About a year ago an alarming increase in mishaps to women began to attract attention at the terminal of a big railroad. It seemed as though women had suddenly taken to falling down the stairs, tripping as they left or entered trains, and finding similar ways of hurting themselves and boosting the accident statistics. Investigation revealed the cause—one already familiar to trolley people in connection with the alighting and boarding accidents that make up a large percentage of trolley mishaps.

The cause was high heels or hobble skirts. The railroad company announced that it would not be responsible for injuries to foolishly dressed women, and that when they were hurt through their own freak clothes it would publish their names, addresses and ages.

In the end probably some of these high-heel and hobbleskirt mishaps would get into the statistics showing the number of people injured and killed by our railroads. That is what might be termed a very popular schedule. Many an editor has written about the terrible toll of human life exacted by our railroads, contrasting our statistics with those of Europe and ignoring the fact that about every other person killed in this country is a trespasser.

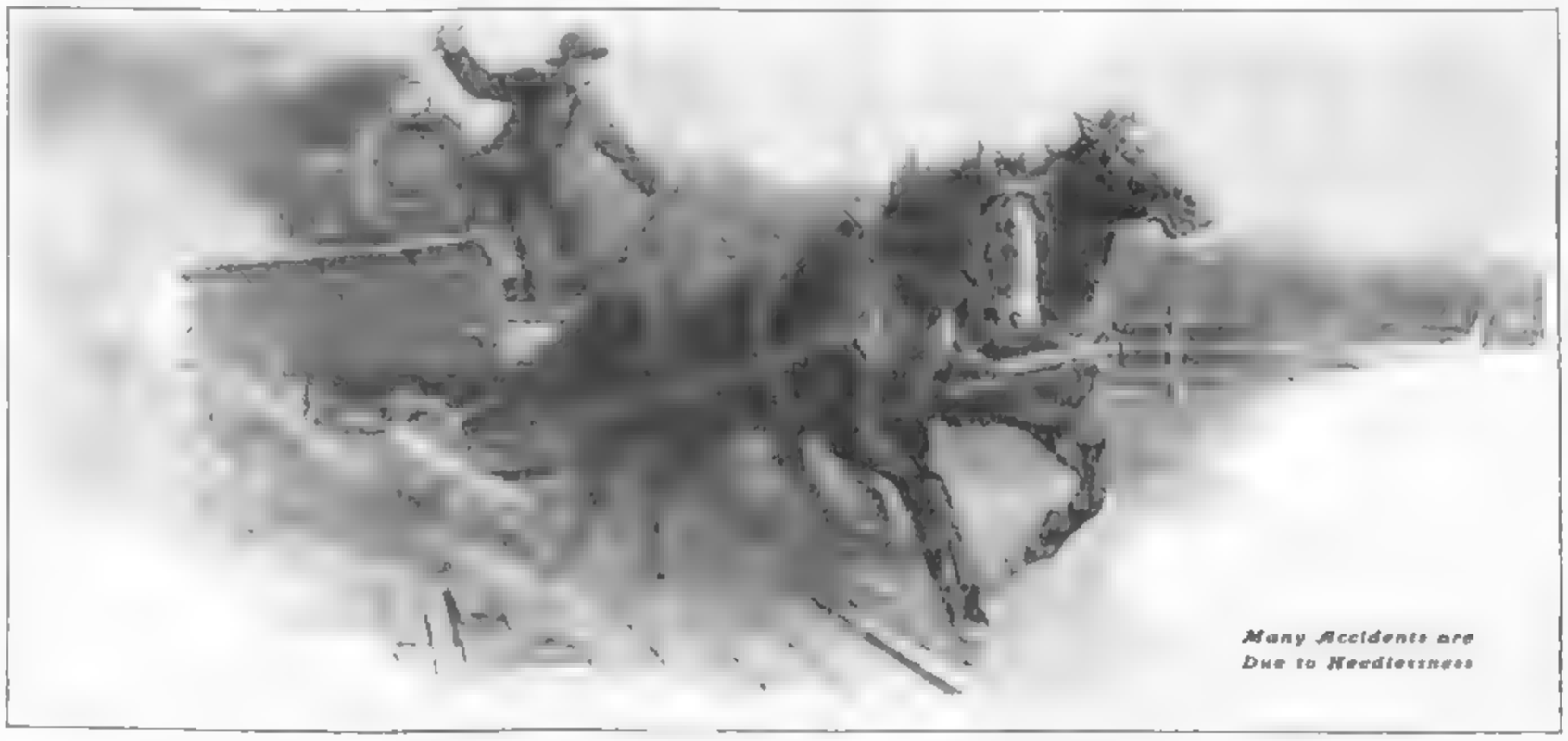
Last year, out of ten thousand five hundred and eighty-five fatalities on all American railroads, only three hundred and eighteen persons killed were passengers and three thousand six hundred and thirty-five employees. The rest were chiefly trespassers—six thousand six hundred and thirty-two persons—leaving about five thousand trespassers after deducting for grade-crossing accidents. Figures gathered by an Eastern road show that four out of five lived near the scene of the accident; so it is not the tramp who suffers. They were people walking on the track or crossing the right-of-way instead of using the crossovers provided for safety.

In Europe it is against the law to walk on railroad tracks; but in this country, where railroads have tried to stop trespass by arresting offenders, there is a disposition among courts to dismiss the case because the offense seems trivial.

Now that it is understood how accidents arise from trifling causes, that many are due to heedlessness or ignorance, and that everybody must help reduce the number, there is much fine prevention work going on everywhere. Accident prevention is like playing baseball with a good team. The statistics of mishaps in a given plant or industry can be studied like a ball score and better play developed to make a better showing.

About thirty accidents in every hundred appear to be up to the boss. On the whole the boss realizes this and is trying to play better ball at his end. Automatic safeguards are being devised very rapidly. Gears, belts, wheels, charged wires, and so on, are being screened; dangerous machinery made safe or self-feeding; defective equipment repaired or sent to the scrapheap.

Exhibitions of safety devices are being held and museums established where men responsible for the management or installation of plants can see what is available to reduce the risks in every line. Improved apparatus tends to eliminate much danger—the direct-drive motor on machinery, for example, has abolished dangerous shafts and belts, and its tiny switch close at hand permits instant stopping of machinery when anything goes wrong. Not only is machinery safeguarded but industrial plants are studied as a whole to provide safer working conditions.



Many Accidents are Due to Heedlessness

Last year in one great electrical works more than twelve hundred unsuspected danger spots were found and abolished—improper grouping of equipment; narrow passages; dark corners; slippery places, and the like, where a man might safely pass ten thousand times and be hurt the next time. During the past five years a big steel company has spent three-quarters of a million dollars for accident prevention, and reduction in serious and fatal mishaps has effected the saving of life and limb for more than eleven thousand employees in that period. In money it works out at a cost of sixty-five dollars to save a man; but ultimately the cost will fall far below this, because much of the work is permanent improvement.

Accidents the Result of Vanity

DESPITE popular belief, it is not machinery that causes most industrial accidents. An orderly German investigator has looked into the records and finds that men at work are hurt chiefly by the crude forces of Nature—especially by the force of gravity. Accidents come largely from using men to carry burdens, lift loads, climb heights. The cure for many such accidents is to stop making mules and monkeys of men and turn the work over to mechanical appliances. In just about the degree that mechanical equipment is employed man is in control of the situation and fairly safe. Seventy accidents in every hundred are said to be due to shortcomings that lie outside the boss' field and often beyond his control. Therefore they are up to the organization; and at this end of the team, too, good ball is being played.

When the organization runs down the first causes of this big percentage of accidents it finds all sorts of important trifles. Hobble skirts and high heels are large items, for instance.

Mechanics are not supposed to be vain; yet in machine shops many workers are hurt by flying metal chips and the dust from grinding operations, simply because they will not wear the goggles and respirators that would give protection. Factory inspectors say the chief reason is appearance! Goggles make a man look like a guy! And the inspectors themselves admit that in visiting shops where these devices ought to be worn they seldom wear them and for the same reason.

In one plant the men thought the boss childish when he advised them to cut their shirtsleeves off at the elbow, turn them up and fasten them with rubber bands, always to wear shirts tucked into trousers and never to wear neckties at work. Some of the men followed this advice, however, with such a reduction in the number of hurts received by being caught in machinery that the whole force soon adopted the boss' fashions.

In a foundry men were being burned by hot metal and laid up for a week or so at a time. By adopting hard-woven overalls and old-fashioned gaiter shoes the number of severe burns was cut down eighty-five per cent—the hard cloth turned chance splashes of metal; and the shoes, clinging tightly to ankles, did the same—while in an emergency they could be slipped off in an instant. Lace shoes, dangling shoestrings and frayed trousers were found to be responsible for so many hurts in another plant that they were abolished by rule.

How important it is to dress properly for work was shown when the foreman in an electric-light plant, pointing out to some of his men a joint in a charged wire, touched it with the rim of his hat and was fatally shocked. Ordinarily clothing is pretty good insulation if used in the right way—men who work round electrical apparatus use it as such in an emergency; but the foreman's hat was a derby, and in the rim of a derby hat there is a perfect electrical conductor—the steel wire that reënforces it.

Carelessness and ignorance on the part of employees are responsible for many accidents.

In the factory-inspection bureau of one city a study was made of mishaps due to bursting grinding wheels—a class of accidents long thought to be mysterious and unavoidable.

Step by step each mishap was classified by its general cause, and the general causes were carried out into a larger number of secondary causes, and these into still more remote causes, until all the big accidents were split up into as many small final causes as one of the burst wheels itself had been split into pieces.

They looked like a genealogical tree turned upside down, with the one child in the present generation a serious mishap, in which somebody had been hurt or killed, and the great-great-grandparents of that mishap a group of very commonplace and unpretentious persons of the following sort:

Carelessness	Thoughtless increase	Improper size
Horseplay	of speed	Ignorance
Lack of oil	Loose belt-shifter	Indifference

About two-thirds of these items were chargeable to workmen—a good many to foremen; and very few could be carried all the way up to the boss. This genealogical tree of grinding-wheel-accident causes was published for general enlightenment.

One day a trolley car being taken into the shops over a certain Y was smashed against a wall that was too close to the rails for clearance. This hurt the professional feelings of the engineering staff, because it thought ample clearance had been provided over every track for every piece of rolling stock the company owned.

An investigation was held and it was discovered that when the forward trucks of a few cars were on one branch of this Y and the rear trucks on the other branch a car would foul the wall. This had been known by all the motormen for some time, but accepted as a matter of course, nobody considering it his business to tell the engineering staff its business.

Ignorance as a cause of mishaps lies partly with the organization and partly with the boss.

The organization can instruct and caution fellow employees likely to bring about a mishap through lack of knowledge or experience, and particularly it can report the man who, through persistent carelessness or incurable stupidity, is apt to hurt himself or others. The false sense of honor that often makes workers hesitate to report that man is being replaced with the understanding that he had better be out of the organization and in some other line of work; for the man he ultimately hurts or kills may be one who is too conscientious to report him.

Other forms of ignorance come within the province of the boss. He can instruct men put into responsible positions and safeguard dangerous places where they are apt to blunder.

One very essential thing in accident prevention is clear labeling about every plant, with warning signs on all the danger spots that cannot be abolished. Apparatus is marked with red paint or signs. For foreign employees these last must be in several languages or reduced to symbols that will convey Danger! Hands off! without words.

One ingenious device for this purpose is a round card, to be hung at danger spots, with a terrifying red-and-black skull printed on both sides, furnished by a big machinery house to any of their customers who want it.

Don'ts

HOWEVER, after the warning has been reduced to pictures there is still a chance that the foreigner may be color-blind and, because this red-and-black sign is not seen in its true colors, may touch a charged electrical conductor or turn a valve that will burn somebody with live steam. For that reason it has been suggested that all such warnings be printed in blue and yellow.

Then comes in the public, which complicates the accident situation in many ways through ignorance of the hazards in transportation and the use of public utilities of various kinds. This has lately led to systematic campaigns by corporations to reach people through moving pictures, advertisements and pamphlets, with clearly illustrated Don'ts! for their protection, and to teaching safety principles in the public schools.

Sometimes the purpose is accomplished in a roundabout way. The division superintendent of a Western railroad found that there was a bad record in accidents to boys on his part of the line, due to their love for hopping trains. This superintendent was an athlete, having formerly been a physical-culture teacher. Don't! had never made any impression on the boys; so he worked out a successful scheme based on Do!

Opposite his office there was a fine swimming hole in the river, and this was fitted with a platform, steps, springboard and a dressing room. Then he called the boys together, told them that was their swimming pool, and that he would teach them to swim and do other athletic stunts; but they must stop hopping trains—any boy caught hopping trains would be barred from the pool. In a year the personal-injury accidents at that point dropped sixty-three per cent and not a boy was hurt on the railroad.

In the end, no matter who is to blame, the accidents come down to so many little causes that—after all the machinery has been safeguarded, and all the inspection provided, and all the workmen's compensation laws passed, and all the indemnity insurance taken out—the big part of the accident problem still remains to be reckoned with.

That is the human equation. It persists. It turns up unexpectedly in strange places and is such a negligible factor—until it really matters.

A railroad can be bulldozed into safe operation for a year—two years—five years. Workers can be coached to be careful for a while and the public held to safe habits so long as it is interested; but by and by, if accident prevention is undertaken spasmodically, the idea becomes

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WITH TABASCO SAUCE

By Kennett Harris

ILLUSTRATED BY PETER NEWELL

IT WAS the last of the season. Lismore's Mammoth Aggregation could hardly have been classed higher than tenth rate and had unfortunately been preceded quite recently by the Wormwood Brothers, which was at least a fifth-rater. Moreover the town was, according to Lismore, "a bum burg at that." The hour was eleven A. M. of the second day. By reason of these circumstances a large group of Lismore's talent had leisure to enjoy the shade outside the big tent and to discuss Barker—Barker, of the Barker-Biggs Consolidated.

Old Ed Callahan, Marvelous Mimic and Monarch of Merrymakers, seemed to be the authority and was having a hearing from all but Frenchy. Frenchy was a withered little professor of faunal pedagogics, black-eyed, vivacious,

"Pierrot, He Waits Like Some Chicken at Coney Island"

a wizard at his craft and a disturbing element. Just then his attention was wholly centered on the activities of one of the canvasmen, who was chasing a persistent razorback hog from the fodder pile.

Callahan admired Barker. He admired Barker's resourcefulness, his resiliency and his vocabulary. He related incidents of each quality and acquirement—how, for instance, in 1889 Barker had taken a bale of hay and stuffed Ajax, the decrepit lion who had "died on him," and had done it in such a manner as to improve on life and delude the most sophisticated of his public; how Barker had painted the spots on the hyena, so that, until the ferocious animal had got into a fight with another dog and had the pacifying hose turned on him, it had been one of the main attractions of the menagerie.

He told of Barker's apt reply to the old gentleman who complained of a marked discrepancy between the melancholy monkey in the three-by-four cage and its pictorial representation as a man-eating chimpanzee of the African jungles tearing up a banyan tree with one hand and abducting a beauteous savage maiden with the other in the face of an infuriated but terrified native population. Nevertheless, Callahan admitted that Barker had a vindictiveness of character that was often allowed to interfere with business.

Here the razorback emitted a rasping squeal as a four-foot tent peg came into violent contact with his prominent spareribs. Then he trotted briskly off in the direction of Main Street, grunting disgust as he went, while the grinning canvasman leisurely recovered his missile. Frenchy wiped his dyed mustache with the sleeve of his shirt and twisted the ends upward.

"That pig, he squeals C sharp," he remarked. "For a squeal that has not been cultivated, it is *magnifique!*"

"Yes; Barker's all right," concluded Callahan; "but he'll bite off his nose to spite his face any old time and he's no contortionist at that. That's his weakness."

Frenchy's black eyes glittered.

"That's Sam Barker you talk about, eh?" he said in a harsh voice. "I tell you what I do to him some time: I cut that nose off his face for him all right, by blue! And I do it with a blunt knife and I do not hurry. Then I take his skin off and I stuff him with hay like your Ajax; and I say: 'How you like that, Mr. Barker—eh? R-remember R-roland and Tou-tou and Dagobert and Pierrot and Henriette and Mimi, big animal that you are!' That's what I do to Sam Barker. You wait!"

"Don't you let him find out you're doing it or he'll get peeved and hurt you in several places," advised the old clown. "What did Barker do to you, Frenchy?"

The animal trainer made a gesture that sprinkled the company with tobacco from the cigarette he had begun to roll.

"Only he r-ruin me," he declared; "that's all! Knock me out of six thousand dollar, and more'n that, *sac à papier!* If you like I tell you about it. You see that pig with the C-sharp squeal, that r-razorback Bill soak with the peg—eh? You see him? Eh, well; wait, and I tell you.

"I come through this country sixteen, maybe seventeen year ago, with Joe Collins. That Joe he bust up the same year. His boy, Henri, he's doing ground-and-lofty stunt for Rosbeck now and he keep the old man like sick monkee. He's good boy, that Henri. Well, then I got some dog. Not much good, those dog. They have not the capacity for learn, and it is with dog like folks—some you can't learn damn thing, no matter. So I feel sick. Right then my luck fell from the sky—bing! But I do not know my luck.

"He sport ginger whisker on his face"—Frenchy, with rapid pantomime, indicated a flowing and irregular beard—"and his panta, they have patch to beat the band. He is sad, this rube, most sad, because he want to see the show and he have not the mazoum. He have in his wagon one old sow and six leetle peeg he will sell, but nobody want to buy him.

"'S'pose you come see those peeg, mister?' he say.

"Well, I don't care, me, and I go to his wagon with him; and there is the mamma peeg and six leetle peeg. You can hear them three mile. *François de bas bleu!* They make r-racket. They is r-razorback. I lift up one leetle one by the ears, and his nose go down and his tail go up—*comme cela;* but all the same they are *très chic,* cunning as leetle red-spotted pup.

"'I let you have them peeg cheap,' he say, this old rube.

"I shake my head. '*Mon Dieu!* What you think I do with them peeg?' I say; but I have g-grand idea all the same. 'Heich, heich, heich!' go the leetle peeg: 'Harumph, harumph, harumph!' go the mamma. With that, I know what I shall do. Also, I think it is good thing when the most heft of those animal is above the ear. Napoleon, he say: 'Give me the man with the big nose. Those man is the smartest.' And, by blue! Napoleon he know what he is talk about, you bet you! Your friend Barker, he have nose like shoebutton—only it is red.

"Eh, well, I buy those six leetle peeg. I give two bit each for them; and that old rube, he is tickled to death. I guess when he get that dollar and half cold cash he feel so rich he would start a bank if there was not a show in town. Me, I take those peeg and I put them in a spare cage, and all the boys laugh to beat the band. Joe Collins, he say: 'What you think this is, a packing house?'

"'All right,' I say. 'You watch the smoke I make. Wait and see! I bet you I make thousand dollar out of them *p'tits cochons.* You see!' Then they holler and laugh plenty; but I tap my nose and I wink my eye. '*Nous verrons,*' I say. 'Watch me!'

"So I go to work with those peeg. I call them R-roland, Pierrot, Tou-tou, Dagobert, Henriette and Mimi, and I tr-rain them all the time I get; I wash them and curry-comb them every day, and I feed them like they was my child. I tell you they was smart. I have tr-rain dog and snake and rat and pony and flea and monkee—the fleu and the monkee separate, *entendez-vous*—but never have I seen animal so smart! In three month I have gr-rand act; concert unique! Each peeg, he squeal in different key and then *ensemble*—also, pyramid; and Pierrot, I teach him to waltz. You never see peeg waltz, eh? Well, Pierrot, he waltz like some chicken at Coney Island. La-la-la, la-la-la, la-la-la—to a miracle—*ravissant!* Tou-tou, he pick out the letters of his name with his foot; R-roland and Mimi, they seesaw together; and Mimi, she ride in leetle cart and drive Dagobert and Henriette round the ring. It was bullee act, I tell you! None of them peeg talk ——"

"Why didn't you learn 'em?" demanded Callahan rather surlily.

"No, they do not talk," Frenchy continued, ignoring the interruption; "but they do 'most everything else. Well, Joe Collins, he bust up and I take my leetle peeg to N'York and I make good money there with Bloodgood & Corwin till we go to Chicago. I make good money in Chicago. They are all crazy about my peeg there; but I like tr-ravel, me, and I go back on the road to N'York and get concession at Dreamland. While I am there Pete Grunewald, he come to me and say: 'How you like take them peeg of yours South for the winter—eh, Frenchy?' 'Well, I don't care, me,' I say; 'but I am from Missouri and you've got to show me how much I make.'

"'One hundred per and expenses for the tour,' he say.

"Well, I make more as I am, but I got leetle touch of rheumatism and Pete, he's most crying he want me so much; so bimeby I say all r-right, we go.

"We show at Memphis and Vicksburg and New Madrid and Natchez and Baton Rouge; and finally we get down to New Orleans and make a pitch over by Bayou St. John. Well, we do land-office business there and have bullee time. I tell you that New Orleans has got the finest people what there is—big heart, open hand, *très gentil* and there is the opera and Bayou Cook oyster. Me, I have the time of my life. I say to Pete: 'We stay here till after Mardi Gras.'

"We are sitting in the St. Charles lobby, smoking our good feefteen-straight cigar. Nothing is too rich for our blood, you bet!

"'Sure thing,' Pete say. 'Pretty smoot'! I ain't mad at nobody, me.'

"'And you make that hundred dollar a week hundred and twenty-five,' I say.

"'Make another guess,' Pete say. 'Maybe you get him r-right the next time.'

"I do not like that. Here we are jam full—the people bulge out the side of the canvas, by blue! And Pete, he can't shut the lid of the cash box after the performance. The Picayune give my peeg half-column notice and josh story for Ingniappe. Me and my leetle peeg, we are the whole show. I bite my teeth, I am so enrage; but I say nothing, and just then there come up to us one big animal, with red face and fancy vest, and he slap Pete on the shoulder. It is Barker. He have come in from Hammond with two-ring show and he pitch 'long out by Carondelet.

"'Plenty room for us both,' he say. 'The more, the merrier. Come up and see me sometime.'

"'Sure thing,' Pete say. 'You come over and see us. We got the swellest line of attraction ever you lay eyes on.'

"There is more talk, and then we take friendly drink at the bar and Barker go away. Pete, he is mad. Two circus in one town make punk business for one of the two, you

know—eh? Still, he have me and R-roland and Pierrot and Dagobert and Mimi and Tou-tou and Henriette, and we do land-office business just the same.

"Bimeby, in two, three day, Barker he come up to Bayou St. John for see our show. He sit in the front row and I keep my eye on him sharp. Fine! *Splendide!* He like everything. He clap his hand and stamp his feet to beat the band. When the clown come on he laugh fit to bust himself, and the clown is punk—r-rotten! Then I come with my leetle peeg. I give the concert unique. Barker, he is like stone image. They sing *ensemble*. Barker, he is think of his old mother who is dead. Tou-tou, he spell his name. Barker have still expression of sorrow. The seesaw follow and the waltz, and Mimi drive Dagobert and Henriette in the little cart. Everybody is crazy. They holler; they clap; they yell 'Encore! Encore!' Only Barker is *ennuyé*—bore. He yawn behind his hand. He would like leetle sleep, eh? I smile in my sleeves. 'Aha!' I say to myself.

"Sure enough, the next day I meet Barker in oyster saloon on Royal Street and we talk long time round the bush; but bimeby he say:

"'Frenchy, what you take for them peeg?'

"'I do not sell those peeg, me,' I say. 'I have affection for them because I br-ring them up from babee; but if I am offer five thousand dollar maybe I sell them.'

"'Five thousand dollar, my foot!' he say. 'Talk sense.'

"'I talk dollar,' I say. 'If you do not like that talk, ring off!'

"He look at me. Bimeby he say:

"'I give you two thousand for them. Take it or leave it.'

"'I leave it,' I say, and I walk out of the saloon. But he do not follow; so after minute I go back and, by blue! he is shake tabasco sauce on his oyster. 'I am sick of peeg, peeg, peeg all the time,' I say. 'I like the variety. Give me two thousand dollar and the peeg is yours.'

"'Wait till I have finish these oyster and we go fix it up,' he say, and he shake more tabasco sauce.

"Well, then I go back to Pete and I tell him. Pete is mad. He shake his fist and he swear blue streak. By gosh! you would think he have lose an act worth hundred and twenty-five dollar a week. I tell him that.

"'I'll get your goat just the same. I have you arrest for breaches of contr-ract!' he say.

"'R-retain your shirt on your back, my friend,' I say. 'Maybe if you wait leetle while you will see something what you see.' Then I talk some more to him, and bimeby he see reason and he say he wait.

"After that I take leetle holiday. I buy me swell r-rag and diamond ring. I have change my apartment at the hotel. I put leetle coat red paint several place back of old St. Louis Cemetery. I am at the opera. I hire automobile. I r-raise Cain! I have time of my life!

"Then come Barker. He is more red in the face than ever and his voice is like lion roar.

"'What kind of bleeding swine you sell me, eh?' he say. 'Those *sacré* peeg, they do nothing—only eat and fight and squeal. *Nom, d'un nom, d'un nom!*' he say. *Sapristi!* He is hot under the collar. 'They will not work for sour apple,' he say.

"'Maybe you do not understand them peeg,' I say. 'They work for me all right.'

"'You come and make 'em work,' he say.

"'Just now I take holiday,' I say. 'Also, I am sick of peeg! I would not take job for less than two hundred and fifty a week.'

"'You ought to understand them peeg,' he say—'you talk their language. I give you one hundred for one week.'

"I shake my head and blow rings of smoke.

"'I am capitalist now,' I say. 'Two hundred and fifty.'

"Eh, well, I have him by the short hairs; so he come down off his perch and I work for one week. The tr-rainer he have, Bill Jordan, he watch me with eye like hawk. He is wonderful tr-rainer, that Bill Jordan—eh? Oh, *mon Dieu*, yes! You know him, eh? Well, when my week is up he take hold, this Bill Jordan; but it is to laugh. He can do nothing, no more than before. You see I have my method, scientific, psychic, and I stand alone, me.

"Eh, well, again I take my holiday and all time I wait. Pretty soon again comes Barker to my apartment and he ask what I take for steady job, season contract, with the peeg. I press the button for the bell boy and I consider.

"'Two hundred fifty dollar a week,' I say presently. 'Not one damn cent less, by gosh! Take it or leave it.' The bell boy he come. 'Br-ring me some Bayou Cook oyster,' I say, 'and tabasco sauce also.'

"Barker laugh fine laugh; but I feel a leetle nervous and I sit light on my chair, ready for jump.

"'I get you,' Barker, he say. 'You win this hand. Eh, well, how much you give me for those peeg back? They are no use to me.'

"'I am sick of peeg,' I say. 'If you have good tr-rain sheep, that is different; but I give you five hundred dollar cold cash for them. Not one cent more will I pay you, by blue!'

"Barker, he say —— Well, no matter what he say. He is angry man and I make allowance. But he go away and I smile and tap my nose. I can wait. I eat my oyster, but he does not come back. Instead, comes Pete. He is not polite, Pete, no more than Barker is. I explain to him that he is most unreasonable.

"'You make me pain in the neck,' he say. 'One week you have play me this monkee business. Now you get them peeg back right away and you pay me fifty dollar for each those six night—three hundred dollar. If them peeg is not back in the show for the evening performance I have you arrest, and I soak you couple thousand on the contr-ract. You know me!' he say.

"I explain some more. At last he agree he wait two day if I pay him fifty dollar each day. That make hole in my profit of four hundred dollar; but I figure to myself I make Pete take that four hundred in installment when I get the peeg.

"I wait one day, two day; then there is note from Barker.

"'Come up to pitch and see me. Maybe you like buy them peeg now?' the note say.

"Well, I wink my eye, and I make toilet and take Carondelet car. Where I get off it is one block from the empty lot where Barker have his circus. I swing my cane and hum leetle tune, and step out along the *banquette*. Then—what you think?"

Frenchy glared round the circle, his leathery, wrinkled face working with tragic grimaces and his hands clenching and unclenching spasmodically.

"I am approach the corner. I stop! I choke! My head go r-round. I am transfixed with horror! Before me is butcher shop. Just inside, Barker gr-rin like hundred devil; and on long bar outside, hang by the hind feet, is six corpse! The hair is scr-rape off and the inside of them is open with leetle stick; but I know them corpse: R-roland! Mimi! Tou-tou! Dagobert! Henriette! Pierrot!"

"'*Mon Dieu! What You Think I Do With Them Peeg?*'"

Comfort in Camp

IN NORTHERN winter travel, when the temperature is low, the Indian or any other man must have a fire at night or perish. He builds it then of as heavy stuff as he can get to hold the heat. Sometimes he will use a rock or an upturned root as a background, and sometimes he will rig a lean-to shelter back of his bed to reflect the heat. Of course in this sort of camp he will be apt to have a fur robe, a blanket or so, and perhaps a tarpaulin from his sledge. In this way he can stand very cold weather and keep going. For a camp of this kind you need both a good fire and a good robe. A robe made of lynx pads is as good as any, the fur of the foot of a lynx being deep and springy.

In the Northern woods birch makes a good backlog. Perhaps you can get dry pine or cedar for your light wood—cottonwood or aspen for your smaller wood. Again you may be in some country where there is plenty of hardwood—oak or ash or hackmatack. Use what you can get and begin your camp early, so that you may have time to get plenty of wood. It will take two or three times as much wood as you think, because the nights are very long.

When you go into camp in the wintertime things may look pretty snowy. Your firewood sinks down in the snow and it does not look as though you could start a fire. The first thing to do is to kick away the snow and get your firelogs as close to the ground as possible. Pile up two or three for a sort of backlog if you can. Go to the nearest spruce or pine tree and you will probably find near the bottom some dead twigs or branches sticking out—perhaps with dry moss on them. Get one of these large enough so that you can make a shaving stick out of it if you can find no birch-bark. Start your fire going as soon as you get into camp. Then go to the other end of your scooped-out place and build another fire at right angles to it.

You will find that these two fires will keep you warm much better than one. If there are two of you in camp you can sleep at right angles and each have a fire to keep his back warm. When the thermometer registers thirty degrees below zero it gets cold very quickly when the fire begins to drop. Have some logs where you can reach them handily in the night and so avoid that dreaded chill—the rigor—so uncomfortable or dangerous when one wakes in a cold night and finds the fire gone down.

Your bed should be made to keep the cold out. Pile up all the boughs you can get. Put your fur robe or thick blankets on top of them and rig yourself a shelter of boughs back of your bed. Sometimes one can use a strip of canvas back of the bed in the winter camp, with snow piled in behind it. The heat is reflected considerably in this way.

In short, the things to be remembered about the winter campfire are that it should be long, that it should be reflected in from a backlog, and also reflected down on the bed.

Such a campfire implies regular use of the ax by a skilled axman. That breed of man is passing away, along with those who knew how to build a kitchen fire. Never rely on a small ax in winter camping, but have a good one—man-size and sharp. Your belt-ax is useful none the less; and every man who goes hunting alone or who camps out at all ought to have a belt-ax with him all the time—in case of an emergency at least. It may save his life, and it certainly will save time and lessen discomfort.

In spite of the general advice not to build a circular or conical fire, there are exceptions to the rule—as there are to all rules. Suppose you are traveling on snowshoes in deep snow and stop at noon to boil the kettle and warm your feet. You do not want to dig down in the snow and you do not need a long fire. Go, therefore, to the nearest dead pine tree, cut it down, log it out into six-foot lengths and split each section once or twice.

Now take your splits to a nearby tree and stand them up on end in a cone, as men do cordwood when they are drying it in the woods. Touch this off, and you will have a sheet of flame in front of you higher than your head as you sit on a nearby log. It will warm you very soon and is very quickly built.

As to the material for your fire, that depends on where you are and what you can get—driftwood, downwood, willows, alders. When you have a selection it is another matter. For any cold-weather fire you want some dry wood.

A time-honored fashion among woodmen is to put two or three green logs one on top of the other, slanting back slightly, and supporting them by stakes at the rear. This practically makes a backlog. Cut a couple of short logs, say six inches through and a couple of feet long, for handlogs or forelogs, and lay these at right angles to the backlog. Build your long fire, supporting your long firewood on these handlogs.

This will give a good draft and soon make a big bed of coals. The heat will be reflected to you by the backlogs, which ought to last all night. Green birch makes a good backlog. Get anything green and heavy and thick that you can find.

WRITING FOR THE MOVIES

A Moving-Picture Company in the Field

Director Rehearsing a Ballroom Scene

By Roy L. McCardell

THOUGH a police-court justice in Los Angeles recently declared that moving-picture scenarios had no value and dismissed the case against a producer who had used the written ideas of a photoplay writer without paying for them, the amateur and professional moving-picture scenario writers of America—and that means almost everybody in the country—are not a whit discouraged; in fact they are very much encouraged, for the prices paid for photoplay ideas have gone up tremendously in the past few years.

Up to four years ago the producing photoplay companies paid from five to ten dollars for plots of moving pictures. Since then the prices have gone up to twenty-five and fifty dollars a reel, and in some cases more; and in consequence, as I said, everybody is writing for the movies. A thousand moving-picture plays are written and sent to moving-picture companies every day in the year.

However, though everybody is writing moving pictures, everybody is not selling them; in fact the business of writing photoplays is almost entirely in the hands of salaried staff writers with the moving-picture companies, and there are not over one hundred free-lance writers of moving pictures in the country who sell enough photoplay plots, or scenarios, as they are called, to make it worth their while.

A dozen moving-picture magazines and countless correspondence schools of photoplay writing encourage the amateur to take up this alleged profitable field of scenario writing. Yet so worthless are the majority of contributed photoplay manuscripts that many producing companies will not consider manuscripts except from trained writers. Other companies welcome manuscripts from whatever source they may come, but have practically decided it is hardly worth while to read them. Mr. Frank Woods, head of the manuscript department of the Mutual Film Corporation, one of the large combinations of producing companies, received and looked through contributed manuscripts at the rate of a thousand manuscripts a week for six weeks, and found only seven manuscripts worthy of filming!

The Silent Drama to the Fore

ON THE other hand, the vast army of amateur moving-picture writers are encouraged to persist by the continued announcements of prize offers for film stories of exceptional merit. The Balboa Amusement Producing Company, of Los Angeles, began by offering a prize of two hundred and fifty dollars for the best picture story sent them. The Italian Society Cines, of Rome, offers five thousand dollars for the best moving-picture play submitted to it. The second-best writer is to receive one thousand dollars; the third-best, five hundred dollars; the fourth-best, two hundred dollars; and there are five consolation prizes of one hundred dollars each.

The Cines Company is the producer of the most famous of all picture plays, Quo Vadis? To take this picture, it is said, cost three hundred thousand dollars, and it has already earned five millions, for it has been exhibited with great success all over the world.

Through the New York Evening Sun, the Vitagraph Company of America is conducting at this writing a prize photoplay contest. The first prize is one thousand dollars; the second, two hundred and fifty dollars; and there are consolation prizes of one hundred dollars each. These prize contests have greatly encouraged and stimulated the amateur photoplay writers throughout the country. They have also delighted the overworked staffs of readers of the many producing motion-picture companies, as these contests are deflecting tens of thousands of more or less hopeless manuscripts these people would otherwise have to read.

The interest taken by newspapers all over the land in motion pictures during the past year is significant of the tremendous impression the moving pictures have made. For years the newspapers ignored the silent drama. Now, in conjunction with the moving-picture companies, many newspapers are running serial and complete moving-picture stories contemporaneously with their showing in the local picture theaters.

The contention held by experienced photoplay producers that only trained fiction writers can conceive and execute moving-picture stories to any extent worthy of attention is proved by the success and popularity of the big moving-picture serial films. The first of these, What Happened to Mary, put out by the Edison Company, was the work of a trained magazine writer. The second and biggest of the successful moving-picture serials, The Adventures of Kathlyn, was written for the Selig Polyscope Company, by Harold MacGrath, the novelist, and was then arranged for the film by Gilson Willets, also a noted fiction writer.

For writing The Adventures of Kathlyn, MacGrath received twelve thousand dollars. He receives a larger sum for another serial in twenty-six installments, which will be arranged for the screen by Lloyd Lonergan, the salaried photoplay author of the Thanhouser Company.

Dustin Farnum, Star; Augustus Thomas, Dramatist; Richard Harding Davis, Author, Discussing a Point During the Taking of Moving Pictures of Soldiers of Fortune

The Men Who Make the Money

THE Thanhouser Company buys few if any pictures from outside writers, Mr. Lonergan having been practically the sole writer of this company's pictures for the past four years. Previous to his becoming a moving-picture author, Mr. Lonergan was on the editorial staff of the New York World, and was known as a writer of adventure fiction for the magazines.

Mr. Frank Woods was a newspaper and magazine writer of note, and had been successful as a free-lance photoplay writer before he was made scenario editor of the Mutual Film Corporation. The same may be said of Russell E. Smith, son of Edgar Smith, the playwright. Russell E. Smith is one of the youngest of the photoplaywrights; but he made a name for himself as a brilliant short-story and vaudeville-sketch writer before he went into the movies.

Bannister Merwin is one of the best-known photoplay authors and writes almost exclusively for the Edison Company. He lives in England in an old Tudor house on the Thames. William H. Kitchell, Ernest Campbell Hall, James Oliver Curwood, Edwin Ray Coffin, Captain Leslie T. Peacocke, C. B. Hoadley, George F. Hennessy, E. Boudinot Stockton, Marc Edmund Jones and Lawrence S. McCloskey, all leading photoplay writers, were each and all experienced and successful journalists, novelists, stage playwrights and magazine-fiction authors before they took up motion-picture writing almost exclusively.

Epes Winthrop Sargent, noted as a writer of serious as well as farcical photoplays, and also as an authority on the technic of photoplay writing and author of textbooks on the subject, is a magazine editor and short-story writer of established reputation. Under the *nom de plume* of Chicot he was a vaudeville critic for the leading New York newspapers.

Clay M. Greene was one of the first of the established dramatic authors to take up writing for the silent drama. His success as a writer for the stage has been followed by equally gratifying success in photoplays.

Mrs. Hartmann, who writes under the name of Elizabeth V. Breuil, and Miss Marguerite Bertsch, of the Vitagraph Company, are generally considered the foremost of women photoplaywrights. They both were and are fiction writers of reputation. The same may be said of Mrs. F. Marion Brandon. She is also a lawyer and was an advertising writer of prominence. Mrs. Louella Parsons was a short-story writer of note, as was also Miss Peggy McCall. Two other noted

women photoplaywrights are Miss Gene Gautier and Mrs. Lois Smalley. These two began as and still are film-drama actresses, and as such are known to all the moving-picture fans who are not aware that these ladies write most of the pictures they dominate as heroines.

Captain Charles Kiener, an ex-army officer, now in the Library of Congress Copyright Department, is also one of the most successful photoplay writers. Calder Johnstone, scenario editor of the Universal Film Company, is also a newspaper man and a writer.

These names comprise practically the entire list of people who make a good livelihood by writing moving pictures. Four out of five of them are salaried staff writers.

The truth is, though almost everybody is writing for the movies, the moving-picture producing companies saw, as far back as five or six years ago, that of the hundreds of manuscripts they received only about one out of a hundred was worthy of consideration, and these were the work of trained newspaper, magazine and stage writers. Immediately the motion-picture companies secured the exclusive services of these writers on a generous salary basis. The duties of many of them, as salaried scenario writers, include scenario editorship—that is, they look through the manuscripts of outside or free-lance writers, and select and adapt for the camera such as may possess any novelty of plot or theme.

Sad to say, the ratio of acceptable manuscripts from untrained writers is just about one in a thousand. The writers mentioned, and some few others who may have been inadvertently omitted from the list, comprise the names of those who have furnished the bulk of moving-picture plays for the past six years or more.

Now, however, following the lead of Harold MacGrath the big names of fiction are coming into motion-picture playwrighting. Already Rex Beach and Richard Harding Davis are under contract to write moving pictures, as are James Oppenheim and Jack London. Percival Gibbon, Montague Glass, Irvin S. Cobb, George Randolph Chester, and other contemporaneous writers of note both here and abroad are being approached by the motion-picture people to furnish stirring stories for the film.

Laughing When You Say Good-By

THE books and short stories of every writer of consequence, living or dead, have been or are being dramatized for the motion-picture camera. There are twenty-five thousand moving-picture theaters in the United States and Canada alone, and it is estimated there are a hundred thousand in other countries. Their demands are insatiable, for at least one-half of them have a daily change of program—new films every day.

The price of admission being so modest in the majority of moving-picture theaters throughout the world, their patronage consists of the same people night after night. Especially is this true of what are known as community houses—the little five and ten cent theaters that are conspicuous in residence neighborhoods of the large cities and the main streets of small towns.

Daniel Frohman, Madame Bertha Kalich, J. E. Dawley and a Supporting Company in Cuba, Going Over the Manuscript of Marta of the Lowlands, Produced in Motion Pictures

So pressing is the demand for more and new pictures, and so critical have the audiences of even the lower-priced moving-picture theaters become, the film-producing companies are at their wit's end to supply good pictures. Of bad pictures and dull pictures there is no end; but of good pictures, especially good comedies, there is a disheartening dearth.

The little exhibitor, whose name is legion, clamors at his exchange, as the film-supply bureaus of the various producing combinations are called. He clamors for comedies, one-reel comedies, to close his show. The little exhibitor is a protagonist of that shrewd young showman and playwright, George M. Cohan, who lyrically voiced the axiom of the amusement world when he wrote and sang: Always Leave Them Laughing When You Say Good-By.

An average of a hundred letters a day are received by the big producing combinations' film exchanges demanding one-reel comedies. Many write to the effect that deathbed scenes and horror pictures are all well enough in their way to get the crowd interested and its emotions stirred up until toward the end of the film show; but, say the little exhibitors, if audiences do not go away laughing and pleased at a good comedy at the end of the show they do not come back the next night. "Anybody can tell a hard-luck story," say the little exhibitors—"and most everybody does," they add. "And hard-luck stories are all right for the first films; but if you do not hand your audience a laugh in the last one, then it is good-by to good business until you get a feature film to pull the crowds again."

This mention of feature films brings to attention one of the remarkable phases of the moving-picture craze. A feature production is a multiple-reel story, either part of a weekly serial or a complete show in itself in two, three, four, and even six reels, shown continuously at the same performance.

These feature films were first taken and gained popularity abroad; and until Quo Vadis? was shown in this country the American photoplay producers gave little attention to them. After the remarkable vogue of Quo Vadis? the American producer sat up and took notice.

Among those first to recognize that feature pictures were in demand in the United States were Adolph Zukor and Daniel Frohman. Mr. Frohman was long one of America's leading producing theatrical managers. Mr. Adolph Zukor was connected with the Marcus Loew Vaudeville Enterprises. These two men secured the services of Mr. Edwin Porter, an experienced and notable moving-picture director. They formed what they called the Famous Players Film Company and turned their attention to securing famous plays and famous players for film production.

Their first effort was putting out Sarah Bernhardt in Queen Elizabeth. This picture was taken in Paris and Madame Bernhardt was paid thirty-five thousand dollars for appearing in it. Next followed James K. Hackett in The Prisoner of Zenda, and Mrs. Fiske in Tess of the D'Urbervilles. These feature films were a success from the first and were put out in the beginning exclusively in the moving-picture houses; but meantime, as everybody was going to the movies as well as writing for them, the attendance at the regular theaters at regular theater prices fell off alarmingly.

The New Line-Up of Movie Magnates

THEATER after theater in New York and other cities throughout the country was compelled to close through lack of patronage, while many of those that remained open were conducted with a disheartening decrease in receipts. One by one half the big theaters throughout the United States went into moving-picture shows. It was in these theaters that the big feature productions were found most suitable. At prices ranging from twenty-five cents to one dollar the established theaters that had closed were opened again with moving pictures; and they found the feature productions profitable attractions. Feature-producing companies sprang up like mushrooms.

In one month alone over two hundred moving-picture feature companies were incorporated in the state of New York. All the theatrical managers in New York went in for moving-picture features. Some of the managers arranged with established film companies to reproduce their old dramatic successes in motion photography and some of them formed companies of their own for that purpose.

Klaw & Erlanger combined with the Biograph Company; Liebler & Company allied themselves with the Vitagraph; the Shuberts negotiated with the Mutual Film Corporation; and William A. Brady went it alone. At this writing Charles Frohman has joined with the Famous

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Supers Near Quebec, Rehearsing for Wolfe, or The Conquest of Quebec

Scene From Love's Old Dream, Photoplay by Roy L. McCardell

THE HEAD OF THE FAMBLY

By Calvin Johnston

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

JANIE was seventeen then and Grover five, and me only eleven. We three was all Pa had to take care o' him when the old wreck wounds made him leave the engine and come home to live as long as he could. One night he called out for us all to come visit him, and we huddled in the doorway lookin' at his old lantern, which he kept lit and hangin' to the head o' the bed. He'd wound a piece o' red cloth about the globe so it signaled danger.

Pa's face showed white even in that light and his eyes were blazin'.

"Stand in line," he said, very low and plain; "Cole first; you hold fast to him, Grover; and now, Janie, you hold to the little feller."

Even Grover knew this was no game, and they both held fast.

"Take your orders!" said Pa to me. "Those two are your train—you're the engine. Run to the card, Cole, but mind your signals; here, move up and down, stoppin' at this red lamp. Hold fast to him, Grover, and he'll get you through—understand!"

"Run to the Card, Cole, But Mind Your Signals"

The little feller, trippin' over his nightgown, had hitched it up with his teeth. Now he let go and looked back at Pa, with his forehead scowlin'.

"Mogul," he answered, meanin' I was that kind of engine.

Pa looked hard at me, sayin':

"I'm glad you're 'fraid o' nothin'."

And Grover said:

"Nussin!" just as plain.

Three days later, when pore Pa was gone, we three came home and walked up and down the room; and it was mighty good to feel them two orphans holdin' so fast to me, which they've been doin' ever since, for two years.

The old superintendent had made me night call boy, and we got along fine on the salary and Pa's insurance, which came in every three months.

One payday mornin' I was comin' back to the dispatcher's office after callin' the last crew for the night runs, when Second Thirty-six slowed down for yard limits, and the engineer, leanin' out o' the cab, signaled me to board him for the ride down.

But I gave him the high sign and, it bein' daylight by then, put out my lantern. The engineer called to know if I wanted him and the fireman to stop and help me aboard, but I didn't answer. They was used to seein' Smoke Fish, the day call boy, swarmin' over the trains like a wildcat, and I was thirteen years old and pretty near as big as Smoke; but I didn't have his nerve.

Down at the office Mr. Charley Barrens, the new superintendent, stood inside the rail smokin' a cigarette; he was watchin' me over a trainsheet and listenin' to the engineer and Smoke Fish ask if they might give me lessons in boardin' a stationary engine. My! but he was a fashionable, flabby young man, who was kin to big folks and said he'd taken to railroadin' 'cause playin' polo was such a hard life; and besides, in polo, you didn't have any chief clerk to buck the game for you.

All at once the chief dispatcher bawled out the engineer.

"You let Cole alone!" he said. "The boy only plays 'em safe, like his daddy; though old Flynn would run on time with only a teakettle for an engine."

The engineer, who'd just signed thirty minutes late, bawled him back, with eight good reasons for it, and asked the superintendent if he wasn't right. No engineer would have dared to bawl out the old superintendent that way.

O' course everybody grinned, knowin' that Mr. Barrens couldn't tell whether water made suds or steam in the boiler. But he answered, "One excuse is enough, if it's a good one," and went on studyin' the train-sheet.

The engineer went out swaggerin'; and then I saw Brother Grover standin' in the corner, havin' come down to see me sign the roll along with the men in the paycar.

He was just old enough to go to school with his primer, but he's wise, and his face was so red I knew he'd been listenin' to 'em roast me.

Grover ain't 'fraid of nothin', and he went up to Smoke Fish and said:

"Cole rides on engine pilots and he grabs hold o' cars goin' miles a minute!" Then he kicked Smoke on the shins.

"What a lie!" said Smoke, whistlin'; and, havin' his first crew to call, he went out and caught a freight roarin' past with the exhaust open.

The little feller looked at me so worried that I was sorry for him; you see I was the only head he had to his fambly and it was pretty tough to hear everybody sayin' I was so scary, though it was a wonder he hadn't heard it before.

He asked me right out if I was scared o' the cars, and I had to tell him yes. Grover was pretty well broken up by the news and stood lookin' at me without speakin' till the paycar came in; and when I whispered to him to hold fast and the Mogul would pull him in to the payroll he shook his head.

"You ain't Mogul any more," he said, and wouldn't go with me.

This was the first time our train had ever broke apart and I didn't know what to say for a minute. Then I splained it wouldn't do and hustled him into the car by the shoulders.

Mr. Barrens watched us, laughin', and Grover was pretty mad.

"I bet you'd be 'fraid to grab Smoke Fish!" he said; and after we'd come out to the platform again: "Well, ain't you 'fraid to grab Smoke Fish?"

I had to tell him yes, with Mr. Barrens still grinnin' and listenin'. Then the superintendent threw down his cigarette and stepped in front of Grover, leanin' over with his hands on his knees.

"Wha' d'ye mean, tryin' to get my men to fightin'?" he said.

Grover was so sulky that I said:

"I'll tell Janie you ain't had any bringin' up: I'm 'shamed of you."

"I'm 'shamed o' him too," he told Mr. Barrens, pointin' to me, and wouldn't say anything else.

"Now you trot on to school while I go home for a nap," I told him; "and this afternoon we'll take in a show."

He pretended not to hear; but after a while I saw him start up the street to school, where he got into a fight and come home with a black eye.

I stopped at the store to pay the bill for that month, and the groceryman said the fifty dollars' insurance, which was about due, ought to go on the old account. He splained that Pa would sure want to have it paid up; so I had to promise, though Janie needed a new dress pretty bad. O' course every head of a fambly has to stand such things; Pa had never worried me 'bout debts, so there wasn't any reason for me to worry my folks by tellin' about this one.

When I got home Janie showed me in the catalogue a picture of the new dress she'd picked out, and I hadn't fallen asleep yet at noon when Grover got home with his eye.

"Is it mighty black?" he asked, comin' in; and then I knew how I must have worried Pa and Ma by fightin' when I was at school.

Janie thought we ought to go to the mat'nay without 'im.

"Look at Cole; he never is such a disgrace to the fambly!" she told him; and Grover was all broke up 'cause she didn't praise him for fightin'. He came up in his temper to yell at her:

"Cole's scared o' everythin'—Smoke Fish and the engineer said so."

Janie gave me a quick look and her eyes snapped:

"Cole ain't 'fraid—none of us Flynns is 'fraid; but we don't go round huntin' trouble."

In all the two years I'd never seen 'em in a temper afore and it scared me.

"There's no use quarrelin' over me," I said. "I won't fight—you might as well know it now, Janie, 'cause you'll hear it anyhow."

I noticed for the first time how tall she'd grown, with dresses comin' down to her shoetops like a young lady's. Janie tried to look pleased, but her shoulders set back a little and her under lip dragged in a sulky way.

"You used to fight sometimes—just a little bit. You wasn't 'fraid," she said, with a kind o' blush, as though 'shamed o' sayin' it.

"I'm 'fraid now," I answered; and they both looked at me and then down at the floor.

We all started uptown pretty soon, with a quarter apiece to treat each other, as we always did on payday; then we went to the mat'nay, but didn't talk or laugh at everything as we used to. And when the time came for me to go to work the others didn't start home as they'd always done before.

Grover stood with his hands in his pockets and his feet wide apart, tryin' to start a fuss with a ragged little boy, and Janie stared into the shopwindows. Once I looked back and saw Dan Robbins, the operator who was always gettin' laid off for drinkin', talkin' to Janie. Then she boxed Grover on the ear and he walked ahead with his fists doubled, while the others came on laughin' and talkin'.

There was sure trouble on the line now and already my chest seemed achin' with wreck bruises, though maybe it was only the scare. There's nothin' to do 'cept follow orders, and I'd had mine from Pa not to run by signals—the red sign was up against me; but in daytime things are all hard and unfriendly, and I thought the color might come out white in the night shadow pretty soon.

There wasn't many trains that evenin' and after callin' two crews I sat on the upper platform, where pretty soon I thought just what to do about us Flynns, and was all right and whistlin'.

The yards was still and I could hear some boys playin' over in the town. A feller can't be always playin' about his job, and at home your fambly spects somethin' else of you besides foolin' with games, or they wouldn't have no trust in you.

But I kept a top under the toolhouse up the platform, and right in back was a cinder bed, hard as a floor; so I got the top, which was rubbed over with wet matches, and spun it like a white-hot coal—it was 'bout the same as playin' with the other boys.

An engine slid down the track soft as a big black cat with one eye, and stood opposite purrin' a little, with a big private car coupled on. A porter ran over to the superintendent's office and Mr. Barrens hurried out. He was dressed in white flannels in that sooty place, and the car bein' dim lit I could see him meet a lady inside. After a while they come out and walked up and down the upper platform, laughin' and talkin' o' polo and old times.

Her voice was low and soft, but so clear I couldn't help hearin' her ask, as she went back to the car:

"And how do things go here with you, Charley?"

"Ripping!" he answered.

Then she said good-by and stepped aboard, and the big passenger engine flew on down the main line, whistlin' for crossin's. I couldn't help runnin' to ask Mr. Barrens, who didn't know nothin' about railroadin' yet:

"Have they got orders for right-o'-way? I mean a clear line ——"

He looked down at me s'prised and held my lantern to my face.

"They have," he answered, laughin'. "Do you think a railroad superintendent would send the car o' the president o' the board o' directors into a smash?

"I wasn't sure if you understood," I answered, and knew I'd been too fresh.

"What are you scared about now?" he asked, still holdin' up the lantern; and my face was pretty white.

"I don't want to lose my job," I told him.

He asked:

"Why are you 'fraid o' losin' such a job? The boys round here lead you a dog's life." I splained I wanted to keep it 'count of us three Flynns, and he said: "Then don't have a cold chill every time one o' these blackguards bawls you out, you know."

The dispatcher came to the door o' the office, looked round and, seein' my lantern, screeched out:

"Where's that pinwheel?"

"Down the main—West—five minutes," I told him.

He rushed back inside talkin' o' God, and I heard the drummin' o' his sounder, which had a piece o' zinc over it, so it would wake him up any time.

"What's the matter o' that feller?" asked Mr. Barrens.

I knew so well what was the matter that I could hardly answer that he was always rushin' about excited.

O' course by pinwheel the dispatcher meant the light-racin' passenger engine which was drawin' the private car. Mr. Barrens, knowin' the young lady wished to visit him just thirty minutes, had made out the train order himself and given it to the engineer. Before leavin' the office he had hung the duplicate on the hook; but the dispatcher, supposin' the engineer himself would come in to sign the register and ask for orders, had let a stock train in on the line. Now the two trains were headin' into each other pretty fast! Things sure were runnin' wild on that division.

"By the way, I told that engineer I'd sign the book for him," said Mr. Barrens, and we went into the office.

The dispatcher was leanin' over his key, white as paper. He raised his hand as Mr. Barrens spoke.

"Shut up!" he said in a kind o' croak.

Mr. Barrens stood stonestill, and then went through the gate after him.

"I'm a good feller with all the boys, y'understand," he said; "but I guess you've overshot the mark a bit ——"

Just then the sounder began drummin'—it was the O. K. to an order just given. The dispatcher wrote it down on his sheet, and then for a second leaned back limp, with his hands over his face. All of a sudden he broke out with what had happened:

"I caught that stock train by yards—feet—inches!" he said. "That engineer on the special didn't come in to sign."

The superintendent stared and, after bearin' him out, walked back to the platform. I went out to call a crew and about midnight found him still sittin' there on a truck.

"If you hadn't answered the dispatcher like a flash," he said, "that stock train wouldn't have been caught by inches." He splained that the lady on board the special was Miss Cloud and he thought more o' her than he did o' anybody.

People sittin' together in shadow are always talkin' friendly. He asked 'bout the Flynns, and I told him how nice Janie kept house and Grover went to school.

"But you're the head o' the fambly," he said. "What do you do when little brother kicks over, as he did this mornin'?"

I told him I could hang up Pa's lantern, burnin' red, and it would be all right. He thanked me for answerin' the dispatcher and rose, lookin' up at the stars.

"Miss Cloud might have been lyin' under 'em white and cold!" he said, and wiped his eyes with his handkerchief.

Then he went in to the dispatcher again, and said that he was to blame for the engineer's not signin' the book. When I went home next mornin' Janie and Grover watched me without sayin' much, 'cept "Howdy?"

"We'd better meet in Pa's room," I told 'em; and lightin' the old lantern with the red cloth wound round I hung it on the bedpost. That room was always kept dark, and Grover's eyes were right round watchin' me by danger light.

"Pa said to mind signals; and now we're in trouble I know he'd want this lit up," I splained; "it'll warn us that we must hold fast together to keep out o' wrecks." Janie watched me very close, with her chin in her hands; but Grover sat straight without touchin' the back of his chair.

"What you goin' to do if we won't hole fast?" he asked.

"I can't do anything 'cept leave the lantern burnin' and keep close as I can with you," I answered.

"Ain't you goin' to call us on the carpit, or rough us up, or nuffin?" he asked, frownin'; and Janie tossed her head.

I had to answer that I wasn't any fighter and Grover said, very earnest:

"It ain't hard, and when you're mad it don't hurt. You just hit a feller like Smoke Fish in the eye and he hits back ——"

"Fightin' is all you think about!" said Janie, sniffin' at him. "Cole's got somethin' else to do. But I don't see why I should hold fast to him ——"

"Pa's orders," I minded her, and Janie stood bitin' her lips.

"Oh!" she said, pantin', and then, with a quick motion she threw up the curtain.

The daylight came in, showin' all our faces white and angry, so that we moved still farther apart; and I guess Pa lost us with the shadow, for we began to quarrel.

"Pa didn't stop to think that I was most grown up," said Janie then; "and he might have thought you'd turn out bolder. And I'm goin' to do as I please and have my party dress, and go to the dance-hall next week with Mr. Robbins!"

"He ain't fit company," I said; but Janie's face set hard and pink against me. It was a terrible danger signal itself.

"I'm a young lady," she told us, "and I'm goin' to have my good times and you can ——"

"Go to sunder!" said Grover.

"I don't mean that," said Janie; "it ain't nice. I'll keep house the best I can and be polite to Cole; but I'm my own missus from now on and he must understand it."

"I understand," I told her.

She bowed and was always polite to me after that. Grover, he went out right away and beat his drum all round the house; and then he went off to play hooky from school.

So there was nothin' to do but darken the room and keep the lantern burnin', though the other two never did go in there any more.

That evenin' was pretty busy; but 'bout midnight I was sittin' on the platform eatin' my lunch when Mr. Barrens came up. He said that Miss Cloud and her father were comin' through on their way back East. Mr. Cloud was figurin' for the directors on buyin' a short line which had a junction with ours, and the lady just traveled with him for company.

"I dropped my fortune and somebody had to give me a job," explained Mr. Barrens; "so she told the old gentleman to offer me this one for a starter."

Pretty soon the special came slidin' in and he boarded it to speak to Mr. Cloud; then the lady came out on the station platform and walked up and down with Mr. Barrens.

Once they came up to me and Miss Cloud shook hands.

"Your name is Cole, and I know that you saved me from a wreck last night," she said. "How are little brother and sister?"

I couldn't see her face very plain, but liked her anyhow, and answered that they was well.

"They're lucky to have such a head to the fambly," she said, "and I know you're just as brave as you are quick-witted. Now hold up your lantern so I'll know you next time we meet."

I did so, and could see her face a little; she was very pretty, with big gray eyes.

"Wouldn't you fight for such a lady?" asked Mr. Barrens, jokin' me.

"O' course he would!" she said; but I told 'em no, though I'd like to. And Mr. Barrens laughed right out; but Miss Cloud stood watchin' me a minute before sayin' good night.

"Papa hasn't finished his business and we'll be back next month," I heard her say; and then:

"Oh, Charley, I'm so glad you like railroadin' and are makin' good!"

Then the engineer ran out with his orders and the special began slidin' through the yards. We stood watchin' the tail-lights swing out o' sight round a long curve.

"Damme! Damme! Damme!" said Mr. Barrens, louder and quicker each time, and walked up and down wavin'

"Well, Ain't You 'Frald to Grab Smoke Fish?"

"Yourself, Cole Flynn, Is Bein' Signaled to Stop Where You Are. Understand!"

his stick. I asked what for, and he said: "I am a rascal, she has backed me for a winner and I am left standin'! Can I ride an engine, you know, and hammer trains up and down the division like polo balls?"

I answered, "No, sir!" and he grinned at me with all his teeth, like a skull.

"Then I am a rascal," he said, " 'cause that's the only way I can run a division. And she thinks I'm makin' good!"

It was time to go callin' then, and I went down the main street thinkin' of the danger light burnin' in my home night and day, and hopin' the folks remembered it afore goin' to sleep. I b'lieved they would, and was whistlin' when I came under the windows o' the dance-hall and heard Janie's voice and laugh. Then the music started up.

I climbed the stairs and asked the ticket taker to let me stand in the door; and when Janie came waltzin' by I called that I'd come to take her home. The crowd was pretty noisy, but she heard; and walkin' over to the door she whispered for me to go 'bout my own business; but I set my lantern by the wall and just waited.

O' course Janie was too proud to quarrel before people; and without sayin' anything to Robbins, who had brought her to the dance, she got her wrap and followed me to the street, but wouldn't speak any more.

At the gate I told her she would have a new dress to go to the neighbors' parties in, which were nicer than the dance-hall. Janie laughed and said:

"Thank you."

She pretended it was polite of me to bring her home, and hoped I'd call at the hall for her every night. Then she danced up the walk to the porch and went inside, without seemin' to notice the dim red light shinin' on the curtain.

I had to run fast to call the crew and got to one of the brakemen so late that he gave me a fierce call down.

Janie was polite as ever next mornin', but went to the dance again after Grover was in bed that evenin', and between callin' crews and takin' her home I had to hustle every night. She did look mighty pretty when dancin', bein' slim and light as a feather. Her black eyes would shine, too, and her cheeks flush pink; so it wasn't s'prisin' Robbins was always at her heels; but she pretended I wouldn't let him walk home with us.

In about a week I missed a fireman spite of all the runnin' I could do, and was reported to Mr. Barrens' chief clerk, who called me on the carpit and swore at me.

"One more break like that and you're fired!" he said, and the superintendent heard him.

The insurance fifty came that mornin'; so I gave Janie twenty and told her that all the neighbors would want to see her new dress. Then I paid the old account at the groceryman's, and there wasn't any left for Grover's suit, who was wearin' out a terrible amount o' clo's fightin' and playin' hookey. As they didn't know what had gone with the other thirty dollars I didn't blame' em for accusin' me of spendin' it on myself.

Next night bein' Sunday there was no dance and only a few trains; so I sat on the upper platform 'bout midnight, wonderin' where I'd be this time next month if things kept a-comin'.

Mr. Barrens, who seemed to walk round a good deal at night now, stopped long enough to say that the chief clerk would not fire me.

It was that very night, while we were standin' there, that a flathead, inspectin' an oil-tank car just below the depot, found a leak with his torch. It didn't blow up loud—just split the rusted old tank; and the flathead hotfooted it with a wave o' fire behind him. O' course everybody in the yards started down there on a run 'cept the superintendent.

He thought a minute and said:

"Demmed if I'll go down where the light's brightest to show my ignerance."

Now the whole yard just below the depot was swimmin' in fire and a stream of it was runnin' under the rest o' the string o' cars, the oil tank bein' in a train made up to go East. The fireman had even brought the engine down from the roundhouse and it was standin' just above us.

It was one of our big new engines which, bein' too heavy for the old turntable, had its own stall built over one of the switch tracks at the end o' the roundhouse. The track must have been a little downgrade from the fire, for the oil came pourin' in a flood between the rails—it ran under a car with a red powder-card nailed to its door which stood just opposite the superintendent and me.

O' course if that blew up it would wipe out the comp'ny buildin's; and it would wipe out my home, too, which stood facin' the yards only a block away. I yelled for the fireman to couple up and found enough slack to cut the train just back o' the powder car. The oil was under the engine now, burnin' red, with clouds o' black smoke, and runnin' down to the roundhouse, only about two hundred yards away. The rails held it banked up, and some twist of the tank which had wrecked itself sent a new flood down.

As the engine didn't move I ran up, to find the cab empty—the fireman had gone down the track to see what was goin' on. So I started the Mogul backin' and dropped down to make my own couplin'—it was terrible smoky in there by that time, but I was lucky and made it. The Mogul kept backin' till I climbed up and shut her off.

All this time Mr. Barrens had been follerin' in and out of the smoke, and across the engine and back in again—learnin' what was goin' on. He'd seen how I started it and how I stopped it. The powder car seemed to be smolderin' from the heat below, and I'd have to move fast to get her out o' the blazin' oil in time.

As I held the lever, Mr. Barrens shoved me away.

"Sportin' chance—one to three!" he yelled, and I nodded in such a scare that he saw I'd never take her through; so, catchin' me by the back o' the neck, with a laugh, he leaned out and dropped me clear—then threw her wide open, I guess, for the wheels spun, the rails beginnin' to grow slippery with greasy smoke. Then the big drivers caught—and she lunged straight at the roundhouse, where, the stall doors bein' closed, she went through 'em like paper, and then on through the back door, strippin' off the dome and stack and cab. Lucky Charley Barrens stood low behind the boiler head! But he must have been as cool as ice, for he shut off steam at the very moment o' the first crash, and the Mogul, holdin' to the rails, beat her way clean through and stopped up by the blacksmith shop.

When I got there I found Mr. Barrens pullin' himself out o' the wreck o' the cab; he leaned on me some comin' down the gangway and said in a weak voice:

"Old chap, you miscalled the odds a bit—it was one to a thousand!" Then he grinned and settled to the ground. I'd forgot to tell him that he would have to take his run through the roundhouse.

The foreman and two or three wipers, who had been watchin' the oil spread toward 'em, came runnin' up; and when I splained they doused the smokin' powder car good before goin' to fight their own fire. Mr. Barrens staggered to his feet agin and, holdin' to my shoulder, managed to walk across the yards and down the street to my house.

I called to Janie that it was only me, with a hurt friend; and I had him lie down on Pa's bed. Mr. Barrens kept talkin' a little dazed till we come in on the red lantern; then he went perfeckly still and stared at it from the pillows till I set it in a corner and lit a lamp. I remember his sayin' that he didn't want to get his signals mixed again.

Janie, who'd helped in accidents before, asked if there was anything she could do and came to the door with her street cloak over her nightdress. I told her she might go to the neighbors and telephone the comp'ny doctor that Mr. Barrens was hurt at our home.

Janie's black hair was wound loose and her face was pale, so that Mr. Barrens stared as though seein' a ghost. Then he began pullin' himself together and asked in a weaker voice:

"Have you brought me home, old chap? It's awful good of you!"

He was watchin' Janie and seemed fightin' to keep his eyes open; but the lids sank down and closed tight. Then Janie ran to fix the pillows so his head wouldn't slip down and I went to the neighbor's telephone.

When Janie heard me comin' back she tiptoed out to learn 'bout the wreck and if anybody else was hurt, Mr. Barrens seemin' to be in a kind of deep sleep; she said that smashin' through the roundhouse with that powder car, over burnin' oil, was a brave thing to do. Then we went into Pa's room and watched till the doctor came.

I helped put Mr. Barrens to bed; he had three broken ribs and a bruise on the head and some sprains, but nothin' dangerous; so after telephonin' the doctor's 'sistant to bring splints and things I went back to the office.

They were just clearin' away the blockade o' burned cars so trains could get through and I was in plenty o' time to call the first crew out.

Next mornin' Mr. Barrens told me to take a layoff and let somebody else do the callin' for a few days. He braced up on the pillows and pretended he'd just come to visit us. He grew 'quainted with Janie and Grover right away, and was so funny that I never had so good a time since I was little.

Once I played a joke. It was on Grover and was played by puttin' a dynamite cap in the head of his drumstick. The first beat blew in the head o' the drum and he never did understand how he struck such a hard blow. He guessed he'd better be careful how he hit anybody else in the eye and kept measurin' up his muscle.

Janie was always good in times o' accident and she played cards with Mr. Barrens; he said he'd never forget her standin' in the door, with face pale and her black hair tangled, the night he was hurt.

"You thought you was seein' ghosts," I said; and he answered: "A angel!" So we all laughed—Janie most of all.

O' course everybody was talkin' 'bout the run he'd made with the powder car; it was a short run, but somethin' happened every second. The dispatcher and two roadmen came down to thank him for savin' their lives, and Grover stood by frownin', and puffed up that he knew such a brave man.

Mr. Barrens told 'em square that he didn't know he was runnin' into the roundhouse.

"Cole was the one who coupled up, and he was startin' the engine when I took it away from him—and Cole knew what he was gettin' into," said Mr. Barrens.

They all looked at me; Janie's eyes shone, and Grover left Mr. Barrens to come over and hold on to my coat. I never did want to lie 'bout anything so bad and might 'a' done it if I hadn't known they'd always expect me to be reckless after that—and my nerve wasn't good for it.

"I was only goin' to start her and then jump," I splained. "All I'd been figurin' on was to send that powder car out o' the fire and take chances on what might happen to it and the engine after that."

"And I didn't have wit enough to think o' that," said Mr. Barrens, feelin' his ribs; and the men, laughin', said I was all right, and they wouldn't take out a smokin' powder car, either—even with a clear line and rights over every train on the system.

Janie looked down and Grover went back to Mr. Barrens; but that evenin', while I was standin' in the shadow o' the porch, they both came up.

"Cole, it's all right 'bout your not bein' reckless," said Janie. "You handled me just right by being patient, and I'm not goin' to the dance-hall any more."

She said she'd only done it in contrariness and never did like it much.

"I knew that all along," I told her; and when Grover spoke up and said he wouldn't play hooky I went in to take the red lantern from the corner and put it out.

Mr. Barrens had been too polite to notice it, b'lievin' it was kept burnin' 'count o' trouble between Grover and me: but when I put it out he

(Continued on Page 62)

"You Mustn't Come to Our House Any More," I Told Him

AN AMERICAN VANDAL

That Gay Paresis!—By Irvin S. Cobb

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN T. McCUTCHEON

Gallus Mr. Fly, From the U. S. A., Walks Debonairly In

Moldy Old Whiskerados Hover About You, Watchful as Chicken Hawks

AS YOU walk along the Rue de la Paix* and pay and pay, and keep on paying, your eye is constantly engaged by two inscriptions that occur and recur with the utmost frequency. One of these appears in nearly every shopwindow and over nearly every shopdoor. It says:

English Spoken Here.

This, I may tell you, is one of the few absolutely truthful and dependable statements encountered by the tourist in the French capital—for invariably English is spoken here. It is spoken here during all the hours of the day and until far into the dusk of the evening—spoken loudly, clearly, distinctly, hopefully, hopelessly, stridently, hoarsely, despondently, despairingly and finally profanely by Americans who are trying to make somebody round the place understand what they are driving at.

The other inscription is carved, painted or printed on all public buildings, on most monuments, and on many private establishments as well. It is the motto of the French Republic, reading as follows:

Liberality! Economy! Frugality!†

The first word of this—the Liberality part—is applicable to the foreigner and is aimed directly at him as a prayer, an injunction and a command; while the rest of it—the Economy and the Frugality—is competently attended to by the Parisians themselves.

The foreigner has only to be sufficiently liberal and he is assured of a flattering reception wheresoever his straying footsteps may carry him, whether in Paris or in the provinces; but wheresoever those feet of his do carry him he will find a people distinguished by a frugality and inspired by an economy of the frugalest and most economical character conceivable.

The Frugal Habits of Good Saint Denis

IN THE streets of the metropolis he is expected, when going anywhere, to hail the fast-flitting taxicab‡, though the residents patronize the public bus. Indeed, the distinction is made clear to his understanding from the moment he passes the first outlying fortress at the national frontier§—since, for the looks of things if for no better reason, he must travel first-class on the de-luxe trains‖, whereas the Frenchmen pack themselves tightly but frugally into the second-class and the third-class compartments.

Before I went to France I knew Saint Denis was the patron saint of the French; but I did not know why until I heard the legend connected with his death. When the executioner on the hill at Montmartre cut off his head the good saint picked it up and strolled across the fields with it tucked under his arm—so runs the tale. His head, in that shape, was not of any particular value to him any more, but your true Parisian is of a saving disposition. And so the Paris population have worshiped Saint Denis ever since. Both as a saint and as a citizen he filled the bill. He would not throw anything away, whether he needed it or did not.

Paris—not the Paris of the art lover, or the Paris of the lover of history, or yet again the Paris of the worth-while Parisians—but the Paris which the casual male visitor samples, is the most overrated thing on earth, I reckon—except alligator-pear salad—and the most costly. Its system of conduct is predicated, based, organized and manipulated on the principle that a foreigner with plenty of money and no soul will be along pretty soon.

Hence by day and by night the deadfall is rigged and the trap is set and baited—baited with a spurious gayety and an imitation joyousness; but the joyousness is as thin as one coat of sizing, and the brass shines through the plating; and behind the painted, parted lips of laughter the sharp teeth of greed show in a glittering double row.

Yet gallus Mr. Fly, from the U. S. A., walks debonairly in, and out comes Monsieur Spider, ably seconded by Madame Spiderette; and between them they despoil him with the utmost dispatch. When he is not being mulcted for large sums he is being nicked for small ones. It is tip, brother, tip—and keep right on tipping!

I heard a story of an American who spent a month in Paris, taking in the sights and being taken in by them, and another month motoring through the country. At length he reached the port whence he was to sail for home. He went aboard the steamer and saw to it that his belongings were properly stored; and in the privacy of his stateroom he sat down to take an inventory of his letter of credit, now reduced to a wan and wasted specter of its once plethoric self. In the midst of casting-up he heard the signal for departure; and so he went topside of the ship and, stationing himself on the promenade deck alongside the gangplank, he raised his voice and addressed the assembled multitude on the pier substantially as follows:

"If"—these were his words—"if there is a single, solitary individual in this fair land who has not touched me for something of value if there be in all France a man, woman or child who has not been tipped by me—let him, her or it speak now or forever after hold their peace; because, know ye all men by these presents, I am about to go away from here and if I stay in my right mind I'm not coming back!"

And several persons were badly hurt in the crush; but they were believed afterward to have been repeaters.

I thought this story was overdrawn, but, after traveling over somewhat the same route which this fellow countryman of mine had taken, I came to the conclusion that it was no exaggeration, but a true bill in all particulars. On the night of our second day in Paris we went to a theater to see one of the topical *revues*, in which Paris is supposed to excel; and for sheer dreariness and blatant vulgarity Paris *revues* do, indeed, excel anything of a similar nature as done in either England or in America—which is saying quite a mouthful too.

In the French *revue* the members of the chorus reach their artistic limit in costuming when they dance forth from the wings wearing shabby lingerie over soiled pink fleshings; and any time the dramatic interest begins to run low and gurgle in the pipes a male comedian pumps it up again by striking or kicking a woman—but to kick her is regarded as much the more whimsical conceit. This invariably sets the audience rocking with uncontrollable merriment. Howsomever, I am not writing a critique of the merits of the performance; I am thinking now of what happened to us on our entrance into that theater.

The Whiskered Sisterhood

AT THE door a middle-aged female, who was raising a natty mustache, handed us programs. I paid her for the programs and tipped her. She turned us over to a stout brunette lady who was cultivating a neat and flossy pair of muttonchops. This person escorted us down the aisle to where our seats were; so I tipped her. Alongside our seats stood a third member of the sisterhood, chiefly distinguished from her confrères by the fact that she was turning out something very fetching in the way of a brown vandyke; and after we were seated she continued to stand there, holding forth her hand toward me, palm up and fingers extended in the national gesture, and saying something in her native tongue very rapidly. Incidentally she was blocking the path of a number of people who had come down the aisle immediately behind us.

I thought possibly she desired to see our coupons, so I hauled them out and exhibited them. She shook her head at that and gabbled faster than ever. It next occurred to me that perhaps she wanted to furnish us with programs and was asking in advance for the money with which to pay for them. I explained to her that I had already secured programs from her friend with the mustache. I did this mainly in English, but partly in French—at least I employed the correct French word for program, which is *programme*.

To prove my case I pulled the two programs from my pocket and showed them to her. She continued to shake her head with great emphasis, babbling on at an increased speed. The situation was beginning to verge on the embarrassing when a light dawned on me. She wanted a tip—that was it! She had not done anything to earn a tip that I could see; and unless one had been reared in the barbering business she was not particularly attractive to look on, and even then only in a professional aspect; but I tipped her and bade her begone, and straightway she bewent, satisfied and smiling.

From that moment on I knew my book. When in doubt I tipped one person—the person nearest to me. When in deep doubt I tipped two or more persons. And all was well.

On the next evening but one I had another lesson, which gave me further insight into the habits and customs of these gay and gladsome Parisians. We were completing a round of the all-night cafés and cabarets. There were four

*The x being one of the few silent things in France.
†Free translation.
‡Stops on signal only—and sometimes not then.
§Flag station.
‖Diner taken off when you are about half through eating.

of us. Briefly, we had seen the Dead Rat, the Abbey, the Bal Tabarin, the Red Mill, Maxim's—and the rest of the lot to the total number of perhaps ten or twelve. We had listened to bad singing, looked on bad dancing, sipped gingerly at bad drinks, and nibbled daintily at bad food—and the taste of it all was as grit and ashes in our mouths.

We had learned for ourselves that the much-vaunted gay life of Paris was just as sad and sordid and sloppy and unsavory as the so-called gay life of any other city with a lesser reputation for gay life and gay livers. A scrap of the gristle end of the New York Tenderloin; a suggestion of a certain part of New Orleans; a short cross section of the Levee, in Chicago; a dab of the Barbary Coast of San Francisco in its old, unexpurgated days; a touch of Piccadilly Circus, in London, after midnight, with a top dressing of Gehenna the Unblest—it had seemed to us a compound of these ingredients, with a distinctive savor of what was essentially Gallic permeating through it like garlic through a stew.

We had had enough. Even though we had attended only as onlookers and seekers after local color, we felt that we had a-plenty of onlooking and entirely too much of local color; we felt that we should all go into retreat for a season of self-purification to rid our persons of the one and take a bath in formaldehyde to rinse our memories clean of the other. The ruling spirit of the expedition, however, pointed out that the evening would not be complete without a stop at a café that had—so he said—an international reputation for its supposed sauciness and its real Bohemian atmosphere, whatever that might be. Overcome by his argument we piled into a cab and departed thither.

This particular café was found, in its physical aspects, to be typical of the breed and district. It was small, crowded, overheated, underlighted, and stuffy to suffocation with the mingled aromas of stale drink and cheap perfume. As we entered a wrangle was going on among a group of young Frenchmen picturesquely attired as art students—almost a sure sign that they were not art students.

An undersized girl dressed in a shabby black-and-yellow frock was doing a Spanish dance on a cleared space in the middle of the floor. We knew her instantly for a Spanish dancer, because she had a fan in one hand and a pair of castanets in the other. Another girl, dressed as a pierrot, was waiting to do her turn when the Spanish dancer finished. Weariness showed through the lacquer of thick cosmetic on her peaked little face.

An orchestra of three pieces sawed wood steadily; and at intervals, to prove that these were gay and blithesome revels, somebody connected with the establishment threw small, party-colored balls of celluloid about. But what particularly caught our attention was the presence in a far corner of two little darkies in miniature dress suits, both very wally of eye, very brown of skin, and very shaved as to head, huddled together there as though for the poor comfort of physical contact. As soon as they saw us they left their place and sidled up, tickled beyond measure to behold American faces and hear American voices.

Homesick Pickaninnies

THEY belonged, it seemed, to a troupe of jubilee singers who had been imported from the States for the delectation of French audiences. At night, after their work at a vaudeville theater was done, the members of their company were paired off and sent about to the cafés to earn their keep by singing ragtime songs and dancing buck dances. These two were desperately, pathetically homesick. One of them blinked back the tears when he told us, with the plaintive African quaver in his voice, how long they had been away from their own country and how happy they would be to get back.

"We suttin'ly is glad to heah somebody talkin' de reg'lar New 'Nited States talk, same as we does," he said. "We gits mighty tired ob all dis yere French jabberin'!"

"Yas, suh," put in his partner; "dey meks a mighty fuss over cullud folks over yere; but 'tain't noways lak home. I comes from Bummin'ham, Alabama, myse'f. Does you gen'lemen know anybody in Bummin'ham?"

They were the first really wholesome creatures who had crossed our paths that night. They crowded up close to us and there they stayed until we left, as grateful as a pair of friendly puppies for a word or a look. Presently, though, something happened that made us forget these small dark compatriots of ours. We had had sandwiches all round and a bottle of wine.

When the waiter brought the check it fell haply into the hands of the one person in our party who knew French and—what was an even more valuable accomplishment under the present circumstances—knew the intricate French system of computing a bill.

He ran a pencil down the figures. Then he consulted the price list on the menu and examined the label on the neck of the wine bottle—and then he gave a long whistle.

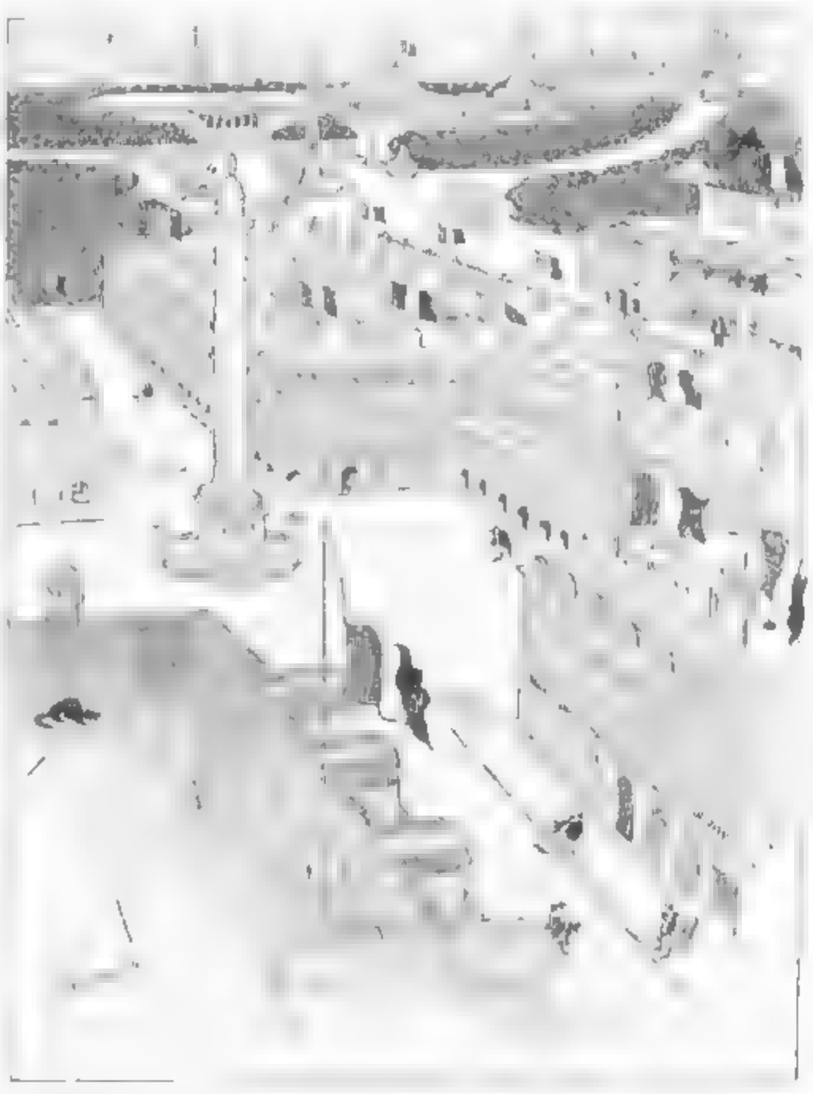
"What's the trouble?" asked one of us.

"Oh, not much!" he said. "We had a bottle of wine priced at eighteen francs and they have merely charged us twenty-four francs for it—six francs overcharge on that one item alone. The total for the sandwiches should have been six francs, and it is put down at ten francs. And here, away down at the bottom, I find a mysterious entry of four francs, which seems to have no bearing on the case at all—unless it be that they just simply need the money. I expected to be skinned somewhat, but I object to being peeled. I'm afraid, at the risk of appearing mercenary, that we'll have to ask our friend for a recount."

He beckoned the waiter to him and fired a volley of rapid French in the waiter's face. The waiter batted his eyes and shrugged his shoulders; then reversing the operation he shrugged his eyelids and batted his shoulderblades, meantime endeavoring volubly to explain. Our friend shoved the check into his hands and waved him away. He was back again in a minute with the account corrected—it was corrected to the extent that the wine item had been reduced to twenty-one francs and the sandwiches to eight francs.

By now our paymaster was as hot as a hornet. His gorge rose—his freeborn, independent American gorge. It rose clear to the ceiling and threw off sparks and red clinkers. He sent for the manager.

The manager came—all bows and graciousness and rumply shirtfront; and when he heard what was to be said he became all apologies and indignation. He regretted more than words could tell that the American gentlemen



Try as Hard as You Please to See the Real Paris, the Paris of Small, Mean Graft Intrudes on You

who deigned to patronize his restaurant had been put to annoyance. The garçon—here he turned and burned up that individual with a fiery sideglance—was a debased idiot and the accursed son of a yet greater and still more debased idiot. The cashier was a green hand and an imbecile besides.

It was incredible—impossible—that the overcharging had been done deliberately—that was inconceivable; but the honor of his establishment was at stake—they should both, garçon and cashier, be discharged on the spot. First, however, he would rectify all mistakes. Would monsieur intrust the miserable *addition* to him for a moment—for one short moment? Monsieur would and did.

This time the amount was made right and our friend handed over in payment a fifty-franc note. With his own hands the manager brought back the change. Counting it over, the payee found it five francs short. Attention being directed to this error the manager became more apologetic and more explanatory than ever, and supplied the deficiency with a shiny new five-franc piece from his own pocket.

And then, when we had gone away from there and had traveled a homeward mile or two, our friend found that the new shiny five-franc piece was counterfeit—as false a thing as that manager's false smile. We had bucked the unbeatable system and we had lost.

Earlier that same evening we spent a gloom-laden quarter of an hour in another café—one which owes its fame and most of its American custom to the happy circumstance that in a certain famous comic opera produced a few years ago a certain popular leading man sang a song extolling its fascinations. The man who wrote the song must have had a full-flowered and glamorous imagination, for he could see beauty where beauty there was not.

To us there seemed nothing particularly fanciful about the place except the prices they charged for refreshments. However, something unusual did happen there once. It was not premeditated though—the proprietor had nothing to do with it. Had he known what was about to occur undoubtedly he would have advertised it in advance and sold tickets for it.

By reason of circumstances over which he had no control, but which had mainly to do with a locked-up street wardrobe, an American of convivial mentality was in his room at his hotel one evening, fairly consumed with loneliness. Above all things he desired to be abroad amid the life and gayety of the French capital; but unfortunately he had no clothes except boudoir clothes—and no way of getting any, either, which made the situation worse. He had already tried the telephone in a vain effort to communicate with a ready-made clothing establishment in the Rue St.-Honoré. Naturally he had failed, as he knew he would before he tried.

Among Europeans the telephone is not the popular and handy adjunct of every-day life it is among us. The English have small use for it because it is, to start with, a wretched Yankee invention; besides, an Englishman in a hurry takes a cab, as his father before him did takes the same cab his father took, if possible—and the Latin races dislike telephone conversations because the gestures all go to absolute waste. The French telephone resembles a dingus for curling the hair. You wrap it round your head, with one end near your mouth and the other end near your ear, and you yell in it a while and curse in it a while; and then you slam it down and go and send a messenger. The hero of the present tale, however, could not send a messenger—the hotel people had their orders to the contrary from one who was not to be disobeyed.

The Episode of the Borrowed Pants

FINALLY in stark desperation, maddened by the sounds of sidewalk revelry that filtered up to him intermittently, he incased his feet in bedroom slippers, slid a dressing gown on over his pajamas, and negotiated a successful escape from the hotel by means of the rear way. Once in the open he climbed into a handy cab and was driven to the café of his choice, it being the same café mentioned a couple of paragraphs ago. Through a side entrance he made a hasty and unhindered entrance into this place—not that he would have been barred under any circumstances, inasmuch as he had brought a roll with him.

A person with a cluster of currency on hand is always suitably dressed in Paris, no matter if he has nothing else on; and this man had brought much ready cash with him. He could have gone in fig-leaved like Eve, or fig-leafless like September Morn—it being remembered that as between these two, as popularly depicted, Morn wears even less than Eve. So he whisked in handily, and when he had hidden the lower part of himself under a table he felt quite at home and proceeded to have a large and full evening.

Soon there entered another American, and by that mental telepathy which inevitably attracts like-spirit to like-spirit he was drawn to the spot where the first American sat. He introduced himself as one feeling the need of congenial companionship, and they shook hands and exchanged names, and the first man asked the second man to be seated; so they sat together and had something together, and then something more together; and as the winged moments flew they grew momentarily more intimate. Finally the newcomer said:

"This seems a pretty lachrymose shop. Suppose we go elsewhere and look for some real doings."

"Your proposition interests me strangely," said the first man; "but there are two reasons—both good ones—why I may not fare forth with you. Look under the table and you'll see 'em."

The second man looked and comprehended, for he was a married man himself; and he grasped the other's hand in warm and comforting sympathy.

"Old Man," he said—for they had already reached the Old Man stage—"don't let that worry you. Why, I've got more pants than any man with only one set of legs has any right to have. I've got pants that've never been worn. You stay right here and don't move until I come back. My hotel is just round the corner from here."

No sooner said than done—he went and in a surprisingly short time was back, bearing spare trousers with him. Beneath the shielding protection of the table draperies the succored one slipped them on, and they were a perfect fit. Now he was ready to go where adventure might await them. They tarried, though, to finish the last bottle.

Over the rim of his glass the second man ventured an opinion on a topic of the day. Instantly the first man

challenged him. It seemed to him inconceivable that a person with intelligence enough to have amassed so many pairs of trousers should harbor such a delusion. He begged of his new-found friend to withdraw the statement—or at least to abate it.

The other man was sorry, but he simply could not do it. He stood ready to concede almost anything else, but on this particular point he was adamant; in fact, adamant was in comparison with him as pliable as chewing taffy. Much as he regretted it, he could not modify his assertion by so much as one brief jot or one small tittle without violating the consistent principles of a consistent life. He felt that way about it. All his family felt that way about it.

"Then, sir," said the first man with a rare dignity, "I regret to wound your feelings; but my sensibilities are such that I cannot accept—even temporarily—the use of a pair of trousers from the loan collection of a person who entertains such false and erroneous conceptions. I have the pleasure, sir, of wishing you good night."

With these words he shucked off the borrowed habiliments and slammed them into the abashed bosom of the obstinate stranger and went back to his captivity—pantless, 'tis true, but with his honor unimpaired.

The majority of these all-night places are singularly and monotonously alike. In the early hours of the evening the musicians rest from their labors; the regular habitués lay aside their air of professional abandon; with true French frugality the lights burn dim and low. But anon sounds the signal from the front of the house—Strike up the band; here comes a sucker! Somebody resembling ready money has arrived. The lights flash on, the can-canners take the floor, the garçons flit hither and yon, and all is excitement.

Enter the opulent American gentleman. Half a dozen functionaries greet him rapturously, bowing before his triumphant progress. Others relieve him of his hat and his coat, so that he cannot escape prematurely. A whole reception committee escorts him to a place of honor facing the dancing arena. The natives of the quarter stand in rows in the background, drinking beer or nothing at all; but the distinguished stranger sits at a front table and is served with champagne—and champagne only. It is inferior champagne; but because it is labeled American Brut—whatever that may denote—and because there is a poster on the bottle showing the American flag in the correct colors, he pays several times its proper value for it.

From far corners and remote recesses coryphées and court jesters swarm forth to fawn on him, bask in his presence, glory in his smile—and sell him something. The whole thing is as mercenary as passing the hat. Cigarette girls, flower girls and bonbon girls, postcard venders and confetti dispensers surround him impenetrably, taking him front, rear, by the right flank and the left; and they shove their wares in his face and will not take No for an answer—but they will take anything else.

Pearl and Her Wonderful Ears

TWO years ago this coming fall, at a hunting camp in North Carolina, I thought I had met the creature with the most acute sense of hearing of any living thing. I refer to Pearl, the mare. Pearl was an elderly mare, white in color and therefore known as Pearl. She was most gentle and kind. She was a reliable family animal too—had a colt every year—but in her affiliations she was a pronounced reactionary. She went through life listening for somebody to say Whoa! Her ears were permanently slanted backward on that very account. She belonged to the Whoa Lodge, which has a large membership among humans.

Riding behind Pearl you uttered the talismanic word in the thinnest thread of a whisper and instantly she stopped. You could spell Whoa! on your fingers—and she would stop. You could take a pencil and a piece of paper out of your pocket and write down Whoa!—and she would stop: but, compared with a sample assortment of these cabaret satellites, Pearl would have seemed deaf as a post. Clear across a hundred-foot dance-hall they catch the sound of a restless dollar turning over in the fob pocket of an American tourist.

And they come a-running and get it. Under the circumstances it requires self-hypnotism of a high order—and plenty of it—to make an American think he is enjoying himself. Still, he frequently attains to that happy consummation. To begin with, is he not in Gay Paree?—as it is familiarly called in Rome Center and all points West? He is! Has he not kicked over the traces and cut loose with intent to be oh, so naughty for one naughty night of his life? Such are the facts. Finally—and herein lies the proof conclusive—he is spending a good deal of money and is getting very little in return for it.

The Paris Which the Casual Male Visitor Samples is the Most Overrated Thing on Earth—and the Most Costly

Well, then, what better evidence is required? Any time he is paying four or five prices for what he buys and does not particularly need it—or want it after it is bought—the average American can delude himself into the belief that he is having a brilliant evening. This is a racial trait worthy of the scientific consideration of Professor Hugo Münsterberg and other students of our national psychology.

She Had Not Done Anything to Earn a Tip That I Could See

So far the Münsterberg school has overlooked it—but the canny Parisians have not. They long ago studied out every quirk and wriggle of it, and capitalized it to their own purpose. Liberality! Economy! Frugality!—there they are, everywhere blazoned forth—Liberality for you, Economy and Frugality for them. Could anything on earth be fairer than that?

Even so, the rapturous reception accorded to a North American pales to a dim and flickery puniness alongside the perfect riot and whirlwind of enthusiasm that marks the entry into an all-night place of a South American. Time was when, to the French understanding, exuberant prodigality and the United States were terms synonymous; that time has passed. Of recent years our young kinsmen from the sister republics nearer the Equator and the Horn have invaded Paris in numbers, bringing their impulsive temperaments and their bankrolls with them. Thanks to these young cattle kings, these callow silver princes from Argentina and Brazil, from Peru and from Ecuador, a new and more gorgeous standard for moneywasting has been established.

You had thought, perchance, there was no rite and ceremonial quite so impressive as a head waiter in a Fifth Avenue restaurant squeezing the blood out of a semi-raw canvasback in a silver duck press for a free spender from Butte or Pittsburgh. I, too, had thought that; but wait—just wait until you have seen a maitre d'hôtel on the Avenue de l'Opéra, with the smile of the canary-fed cat on his face, standing just behind a hide-and-tallow baron or a guano duke from somewhere in Far Spiggottyland, watching this person as he wades into the fresh fruit—checking off on his fingers each blushing South African peach at two francs the bite, and each purple cluster of hothouse grapes at one franc the grape! That spectacle, believe me, is worth the money every time.

There is just one being whom the dwellers of the all-night quarter love and revere more deeply than they love a downy, squabbling scion of some rich South American family, and that is a large, broad negro pugilist with a mouthful of gold teeth and a shirtfront full of yellow diamonds. To an American—and especially to an American who was reared below Mason and Dixon's justly popular Line—it is indeed edifying to behold a black heavyweight fourthrater from South Clark Street, Chicago, taking his ease in a smart café, entirely surrounded by worshipful boulevardiers, both male and female.

The Paris That Will be Glorified

NOW, as I said at an earlier stage of these remarks, there is another Paris besides this—a Paris of history, of art, of architecture, of literature, of refinement; a Paris inhabited by a people with a pride in their past, a pluck in their present, and a faith in their future; a Paris of kindly aristocrats, of thrifty, pious plain people; a Paris of students and savants and scientists—of great actors and great dramatists. There is one Paris that might well be burned to its unclean roots, and another Paris that will be glorified in the minds of mankind forever.

And it would be as unfair to say that the Paris which comes flaunting its tinsel vice and pinchbeck villainy in the casual tourist's face is the real Paris, as it would be for a man from the interior of the United States to visit New York and, after interviewing one Bowery bouncer, one Tenderloin cabman, and one Broadway ticket speculator, go back home and say he had met fit representatives of the predominant classes of New York society and had found them unfit.

Yes, it would be even more unfair; for the alleged gay life of New York touches at some point of contact or other the lives of most New Yorkers, whereas in Paris there are numbers of sane and decent folks who seem to know nothing except by hearsay of what goes on after dark in the Montmartre district.

Besides, no man in the course of a short and crowded stay may hope to get under the skin of any community, great or small. He merely skims its surface cuticle; he sees no deeper than the pores and the hair-roots. The arteries, the frame, the real tissue-structure remain hidden to him. Therefore the pity seems all the greater that, to the world at large, the bad Paris should mean all Paris. It is that other and more wholesome Paris which one sees—a light-hearted, good-natured, polite and courteous Paris—when one, biding his time and choosing the proper hour and proper place, goes abroad to seek it out.

For the stranger who does at least a part of his sightseeing after a rational and orderly fashion, there are pictures that will live in the memory always—the Madeleine, with the flower market just alongside; the green and gold woods of the Bois de Boulogne; the grandstand of the racecourse at Longchamp on a fair afternoon in the autumn; the Opéra at night; the promenade of the Champs-Elysées on a Sunday morning after church; the Gardens of the Tuileries; the wonderful circling plaza of the Place Vendôme, where one may spend a happy hour if the maniacal taxi-drivers deign to spare one's life for so unaccountably long a period; the arcades of the Rue de Rivoli, with their exquisite shops, where every other shop is a jeweler's shop and every jeweler's shop is just like every other jeweler's shop—which fact ceases to cause wonder when one learns that, with a few notable exceptions, all these

(Continued on Page 77)

For the Looks of Things, if for No Better Reason, He Must Travel First-Class

THE VORTEX

By the Author of the Autobiography of a Happy Woman

One Way Out for the Unemployed Woman

ILLUSTRATED BY WLADYSLAW T. BENDA

IF YOU were on the ragged edge of nothing; if you had no home but such as you made for yourself; if you had no savings and had never had wages that permitted savings; if you had not much strength and were gradually losing your nerve from fear of want; if you had no security against want and lost your job, and could not get another—what would you do? Particularly what would you do if you were a woman past forty, physically a good deal the worse for the wear and tear of city life, with streaks of gray in your hair that put you at a discount against the nimble agility of youth? Having through no fault of your own started wrong, is there any vocation where you could begin again, where your mature experience would count against the nimble fingers of youth?

Because there is such a chance for every woman out of the vortex of the city's great unemployed, I am going to set down, with as strict accuracy to detail as I can recall, word for word, the story told me by one who found a way out which every woman in like case could follow if she would.

The other day there was a meeting in New York of the city's unemployed women; and women who had never before in their lives faced an audience stood up and voiced the cry for work, for a chance to live. Among the white-goods workers alone it was found that more than twenty-two thousand were working on half time—that is, at wages from three and a half to four and a half dollars a week. Among the shirtwaist and kimono makers ten thousand were entirely out of work, fourteen thousand on half time. Of the seventy-five thousand women workers allied with women's trade unions twenty-two thousand had been permanently out of work for the winter. When you consider that of all industrial workers among women not a tenth are allied with any trade unions whatsoever, it is a pretty safe estimate to say that at least one hundred thousand women workers in industry are out of work in the big cities of the East today. This estimate is considered under the mark by the union women of New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore.

The Men of the Family Drift to the City, While the Women Stay On in the Factories

What is the cause of it? Not hard times; for this country has never at any era in its history had hard times as that phrase is understood in other lands. Transition in styles, such as the present narrow skirts that prevent women from wearing yards and yards of white petticoats, may have something to do with one trade; but that is only a surface shift of the great economic current, throwing such multitudes adrift. If you look for the real cause you will find it not in shifting styles but as one woman, who began life at fourteen as a capmaker, expressed it, in the perfection of the machine.

The Age of Machinery

ONE machine today does the work of five cashgirls; one typewriter, the work of a dozen longhand secretaries; one sewing machine driven at top speed by electricity, the work of fifty women at handsewing; one canning factory, with machinery self-driven and almost automatic, supplants mother's homemade pickles and preserves in ten thousand families. Do the workers, then, curse the machine and mob the inventors, as the weavers did a hundred years ago in England? Not a bit of it! I have never heard the faintest shade of resentment in tone toward the machine. Workers today realize that the machine has become the burden-bearer of the age, a thing making possible ease of production in a way ancient wizards never dreamed and fairy tales could not invent.

Meantime what happens? Fingers fourteen, fifteen, sixteen to twenty years old are nimbler, quicker, safer with the swift-speeding shuttles, or steel cutters, or pluiters, than fingers of thirty-five to forty. Also, in an age when competition is as fierce as war of old and overhead expenses the heaviest ever known, fingers of fourteen, fifteen and sixteen are cheaper than the fingers of a mature and experienced woman, who has a right to expect to be paid for her knowledge as well as her mechanism.

Good! Turn on the power! Whirl the wheels! Watch the shuttles flying so fast they are a blur to the eye! What happens? Those nimble fingers, age twenty-five, do not go so fast! The machine power has flagged and fagged the nerve power. At twenty-eight there is an accident, a broken finger, or a functional smashup from exhausted vitalities. At thirty-five and forty—is it to be the scrap-heap? That is the question these armies of women in industry are asking themselves; and the fact that there are one hundred thousand women out of work who want to work is more than the sign of an economic transition! It is the century tragedy of a machine age.

Is it necessary? Granted these out-of-works are drifters on an economic tide they can't control! Are so many hundreds of thousands a year to be permitted to become the flotsam and jetsam of humanity? If so it will come high in cost for hospitals and asylums and places of refuge. It will come still higher in bitter social discontent and hatred. Socialists say: Take over all instruments of production for the public! Doctrinaires say: Let the Government give these people a job! Philanthropists say: Let us give these people immediate help! The first two suggestions accomplish nothing: for they are years away and the out-of-works are hungry. The last remedy relieves immediate need, but it does not get down to fundamentals and it offends self-respect; it is like bailing out water thrown in by the waves of a continuous tide. It helps, but it does not stop!

Then there is the system being tried out successfully in Germany and New Zealand and Australia—government insurance against old age and want through a system of small weekly deductions from earnings; but this, like the remedies suggested by the socialists and doctrinaires, does not relieve immediate want. This system is not in vogue yet and requires years to bring its beneficiaries any returns. There is no use saying these people are unfits or they would have hoisted themselves out of their predicament by their own efforts. They are not unfits—they are misfits. You show how and they will do the hoisting all right. It is not, What can a woman do?—which implies a victim in a trap. It is what a woman can do, which implies a way out of dilemmas. So I shall tell the story of the woman who found her way out as nearly in her own words as possible.

I belonged to that type of family from which so many girls who have to earn their living come. We were neither rich nor poor. We were never in debt; but we never saved. My mother did not believe in the new fashion of women going out to earn their living. She believed that every woman should marry early and settle down, with a little family of her own. She did not believe in what you call women-in-industry. Neither did I. I did not think that was what women were for; and I used to feel a little bit of superiority and contempt when my old girl friends of the high school began going out to work in offices and factories.

We lived in a little New England factory town. If you know anything about factory towns you will know that the successful men of the family drift to the city, while the women stay on in the factories. You can think anything you like about marrying; but there simply are not enough men to go round in these little villages. Now that it is all over and done with, I know where I made my first terrible mistake and sinned, and have paid in suffering for my sin; but lots of women do the same thing and it does not turn out a mistake. I believed I was doing what it was the duty of every woman to do—marry—and it seems a poor sort of joke now; but then I should rather have died young than have my name go on a tombstone as an old maid. That used to be one of the jokes at our house.

Well, I married. I suppose at the time I thought I was marrying for love; but I know now I was not—that I married for a home, for a man to support me; and I was too young to realize that the man I had chosen married me as a sort of protection against his own waywardness. He needed support that I could not give, that I was not old enough to give him. I think we both unconsciously tricked each other. He thought if he married a good girl it would keep him straight. I thought if I married a smart fellow it would protect me from the blasts of the world. You see we were both simply loving self and did not know it.

My brother and I had gone on an excursion to New York for the day. The man I was to marry was one of the old boys from our high school. We met him by chance on the street and he asked us to have lunch with him in one of the big Broadway restaurants. Jokingly my brother turned to me as we were going to meet him in the restaurant and said: "There is a catch for you, Sade! Mack earns twelve hundred a year as bookkeeper in Wall Street; and you can judge from his dress and style of living how much he must earn on the side." I did not answer, but I thought a lot.

The Savers and the Spenders

HE WAS the best-dressed man I had ever met, and he looked prosperous. You could see the waiters jump to serve him the minute he entered.

Though I was a country simpleton, I had eyes in my head and could not help seeing how the necks of all the women in the restaurant craned as he passed. The check he paid for our lunch amounted to seven dollars, and he tipped the waiter fifty cents. Then he took me to a matinée. At the train, saying good-by, he told us he intended to spend his holidays back home for the first time in years. My brother looked at me queerly. On the train he said: "Mack always was a fourflusher on spending. Only thing I have against him is that diamond ring he wears on his little finger."

How could I confess that diamond ring was on my own finger under my glove, where I had promised to wear it till he came up for his holidays? We were married at the end of his holidays. The only inkling of anything amiss came from an old-maid aunt, who threw cold water on everybody and everything. She was knitting in the corner by the chimney the day before our wedding.

"So he is a free-spender!" she said. She always clicked her needles when she was going to say something horrid. "It's all right for them as has it"—clicking very fast and hard—"but them as has it don't usually spend it; and them as spend it don't usually have it."

It shocked my country ideas to find we were paying a rent of fifty dollars a month for our small apartment east of Fourth Avenue near Twenty-third Street. It seemed a great deal to pay half of one's income in rent. At home, when my father earned sixty dollars a month, we never paid more than ten dollars for rent; but when I spoke to my husband about it he told me to leave business matters to

him and he would leave household matters to me. It would affect his standing with the fellows if they thought he couldn't afford as good an apartment for his wife as these bachelor boys had for themselves. Who the fellows were I didn't know. Not a soul came to see us that first year in New York. It was fearfully lonely. I used to be glad to pass the time of day with the hallboy or the milkman; and there did not seem to be any way to form friends or make acquaintances. I used to clean the apartment and reclean it, and walk the streets, and parade the department stores to keep from being physically sick with loneliness; but in the evenings and on Sundays, when my husband was home, we were very happy.

I really think it is that kind of loneliness drives so many young people out to the dance-halls and the moving pictures and the cheap restaurants. We got into the way of going to the cheap shows on Saturday nights and to the cheap restaurants for dinner on Sundays. That was all we could afford. Really we could not afford that; but I did not know it. I used to long for the birth of our baby for company. I had intended to go up home for the baby; but my father died that winter and my mother went to live with a married brother.

"So you won't go up home for the arrival of His Little Royal Highness?" my husband asked.

"How can I?" I answered.

He seemed terribly worried. I asked him if finances were not all right. He answered: "Of course!" Would I never learn to leave finances to him? Business was for men—and so on, like that!

It was a day or two after that the diamond ring was missed—the one he had given me that afternoon at the matinée. I wanted to have the police question the hallboys but my husband would not hear of it—that would only put the thief on guard. He would employ a private detective to rake the pawnshops.

That night he was late coming home to dinner. I was wild with anxiety and nervousness; and I could not go out for him. I tried to telephone the Wall Street brokerage firm, but the office had closed for the day. It was a rainy summer night that brought back the very smells of the rose gardens up home. A hurdy-gurdy was playing in the street below our window and a lot of ragged children were dancing round and round in the gutter. A faint feeling came over me. What if anything happened so that our child would be a poor youngster like those below the window? Had I done all my part? Was the woman's part to let the man support her? I can never hear a hurdy-gurdy yet without that same faint feeling—it was a sort of horror.

Getting Ready to Go to Work

THERE is no use going back over that night. It cripples me to think about it. I wanted to send for the police—and was afraid. I sat paralyzed all night listening and listening for steps. By-and-by all the steps stopped and there was nothing but the roar of the Third Avenue L. By morning I was walking the floor with terror. The minute the clock pointed to nine I called up the brokerage office. The boy who answered did not know who was speaking and did not catch the name for a second. Then he said:

"Oh, yes, Mack—he ain't been here for weeks. He was fired for swoipin' office funds!"

I was stunned. I could not believe it. I would not let myself think of the missing ring; but the morning mail killed my last hope. It was a little, curt note. It said:

Don't try to trace me. There has been a mixup in the office checks. If you trace me it will end in my arrest and your disgrace. Better go back home.

Home! There was no home—and he knew it. I, who had married to escape facing life and earning a living outside the home, had now to earn a living for two! I was untrained. I was unskilled. I was temperamentally unfit for any kind of work but in a home. I was one of the thousands of helpless women thrown in the big cities—the very fate I had married to escape. I was ashamed to go back to my native place humiliated and disgraced. There was no place for me there. My brothers had married. One was supporting my mother, and his wife resented that. Our home factories were running slack. There was no work there.

Try as I Would, I Could Not Get My Living Expenses Down Lower Than Thirty Cents a Day

I did not come to my senses enough to know what to do till I was convalescing from the birth of the baby in the maternity hospital. I used to think I should be so happy when the baby came; but now I could not look at him without crying out as if something stabbed me. Furniture we had paid twelve hundred dollars for I sold to the second-hand shops for three hundred dollars. Of that, fifty dollars went to the maternity hospital and fifty dollars for the rent of the apartment the month I had been away. That left me two hundred dollars. While I worked I arranged to have the baby cared for in the daytime at a church nursery. Then I paid fifty dollars for a special course in stenography and typewriting, with the use of a machine for practice.

That left me one hundred and fifty dollars. I rented a little back hall bedroom with the use of a bathroom, where I could do my own washing and light cooking. This took three dollars and a half a week. Try as I would, I could not get my living expenses down lower than thirty cents a day—five cents for breakfast, coffee and a roll without butter; ten cents for lunch near the shorthand school, sandwich and coffee; and fifteen cents for supper, coffee and a roll and soup, or a small piece of meat, a cheap cut. And when it rained so that I had to take the car to and from the shorthand school, I had to skip one meal to keep my expenses down to thirty cents a day.

That made my living five dollars and sixty cents a week. I used to count and count at night—that, at this cost, my principal would not last thirty weeks; and I had made up my mind never to spend my last ten dollars. I always wanted enough left to reach my brothers. What if I were unable to learn shorthand in thirty weeks? What if I could not get a position?

It is right here that if some of the able rich women who want to help really would, they could save so much suffering and waste. If I could have had some one who was not knocked silly with fright to advise me in the hospital I should not have studied stenography at all. I should have done then what I did two years later after such suffering that I hate to recall it. I was not cut out for a stenographer. Spelling and punctuation always bothered me. A sharp word from the person dictating rattled me so I lost my head and made more blunders than ever. The only thing I loved doing and wanted always to do and had looked forward to doing as my lifework was homemaking, cooking, sewing and housekeeping; but there was no one to tell me there was any market value for these things. I had not the faintest idea, any more than any other young girl has, that though every other vocation is crowded with more workers than there is work, the one vocation where there is always more work than there are workers—the one vocation in which a capable girl can get pretty nearly any price she asks—is homemaking.

Fingers of Fourteen, Fifteen and Sixteen are Cheaper Than the Fingers of a Mature and Experienced Woman

The Manicurist's Ambition

I SUPPOSE, if I thought of it at all, I thought of housework as being a servant, stuck away in a basement bedroom off a dark hall next to the ashcans. I did not know there was such a thing as domestic science. I did know there was scientific nursing; but I did not take up nursing because I did not know what to do with my baby during the years of training. A woman who was worldly wise would have known all those things and could have told me.

The other way in which rich women could help is in training such misfits as I was to find and fill and fit a special place. Why should any girl at the very end of her resources have to pay out fifty dollars to learn her job? I had thought of dressmaking, but at one dressmaking school where I applied the cost would have been sixty dollars; and at a school of design, where I wanted to learn millinery, the charge was forty dollars. If the women who form clubs for struggling girls would provide training for various vocations—yes, even training in cooking—they would have thousands of applicants a year and could save girls from the employment sharks and fake design schools, where they are bled to their last dollar.

One other point for the women who want to help: Many a girl, when she has finished her training, has not enough money left to furnish carfare, and there begins a weary tramp over miles of city streets to places of possible employment. I have walked ten miles a day—say, from Sixtieth Street to the Battery and back—and gone to a dozen different shops and offices, and found the same sign out on each door: No Applicants for Work Needed.

At the end of four months' training and searching I did get a position in one of the big department stores, where one hundred and fifty other stenographers were employed in the out-of-town mail-order department. I got this position through the girl who shared the bathroom with me as a place to cook and wash. She was a manicurist, who received one dollar and fifty cents a day in the ladies' parlor of the same store. She heard of a girl who was leaving, and really had me slipped in before I knew it.

She was a wonderful little thing—French, I think. She had come from San Francisco, working her way across the continent from point to point by manicuring. She had paid her Pullman fare from Omaha to New York by manicuring ladies' nails on the train. I asked her why she had come to New York. She said she wanted to see life and she "meant to land some swell guy with money." I asked her what she would have done in my case. She said before any man "got" her he would have to settle so much money

on her "snug and tight" before the ceremony. Her views left me sort of sick; but then had my motives been any better? She was full of catchwords she had heard at lectures about efficiency and average and subaverage and superaverage; about plans to get on. She said she herself was only an average; but she meant to be a superaverage.

She told me one of our women who was a foreign buyer had a salary of seven thousand five hundred dollars a year; and that the head cashier or auditor on the main floor, a married woman about thirty-five years of age, got five thousand dollars a year and had never been caught in a mistake in ten years. She said that both these women had begun in the Chicago branch of the store at one dollar and a half a week. They had come to work with their hair in pigtails tied in a shoestring. They were pointed out as examples of what we might become; but the hitch in that was, they were perfect fits. We were misfits. They were cut out for exactly the work they were doing. I was not fitted for the work I was doing. I had always been called a perfect housekeeper; and in the matter of buying house supplies and clothes I could make a dollar go as far as most women make ten; but in stenography my fingers were all thumbs. I did not think quickly, so I was always slow.

In my work I was very much a subaverage. I was a foreordained failure. My wages were six dollars a week; and looking back now I know that was more than I was worth. I broke my machine on an average once a month. Twice the repairs cost two dollars. I was not docked for them. I often had to do the simplest letters over twice, and, though I was reprimanded for erasures, I was never dismissed for my blunders. I think that was because it was so plain that I was trying hard. I had to take a cheaper room, this time at two dollars and a half a week, so near the store that I should never need to take the street car.

Later I found a room far over on the East Side below Twelfth Street at one dollar and a half a week. I was now able to cut my living expenses down to one dollar and a half a week. This left three dollars to clothe the baby and myself. After that first winter I left the baby with a German woman who lived in the same tenement. She took care of that baby in the daytime for nothing. I want to tell that, because that is the kind of help which counts far more than the investigations of vice committees or the lectures of philanthropists.

We are told that girls who work in the factories and stores should save for holidays and old age. If any one can tell me how I could save any of that salary I wish he would. One day, I remember, I was sent from the stenographers' department to pilot an out-of-town customer round the store. She asked me what I was paid, and when I told her she threw up her hands.

The Struggle for Existence

"WHY in the world don't you go West?" she asked. "Out West they pay apple and orange pickers two and three dollars a day. You girls are like our orange growers before they learned how to distribute their oranges in the markets. Oranges used to lie and rot on our ranches. Then we found out how to distribute oranges, and now no orange grower loses. Why do you stay in these congested big centers like rats in a cellar?"

I looked her straight in the eye.

"Lady," I said, "I don't go West because I can't walk."

I think she did not hear me. She was talking in blue streaks, like this: "Perfect outrage to pay such wages! Don't wonder girls go to the devil." I wanted to tell her they did not—not half so much as idle women—they did not have time; but she never stopped for breath. "Women should boycott stores that pay such wages." She had just bought a sealskin sacque from us. "A law ought to be passed establishing a minimum wage of twelve dollars at the least for every girl who works." What difference would that have made, I wonder? There were lots of girls in our store getting more than twelve dollars. It was because I was a misfit that I did not earn more. If such a law was passed the stores would simply be compelled to throw out us subaverages and double up high-speed work for those who were left. "Why, there are millions of homes in the West that can't get help for love or money—not for forty dollars a month and board! Why do you stay in these city ratholes? Why don't you go West?"

She might as well have asked me: Why don't you jump over the moon?

"Lady," I said, good and hard this time, "I don't go West because—I can't walk."

And that is another way the strong women could help the weak if they wanted to; but, after all, we have to work it out for ourselves. Several things impressed me more and more the longer I was in that store. We girls and women were on the wrong tack. You cannot get joy out of work unless it is a sort of personal service. Unless you own your job in some sort of permanent way you will not sing over it. My grandfather was a shoemaker and he always sang as he cobbled. My father went into a factory and he never sang. He got crusty and short over his work.

Then, speed is the keynote of modern work. You work up speed; then you speed up more. If the machine breaks a new one is bought. If the operator breaks a new operator is employed. It eats up your youth. The more experienced you are, the less value you are. That is why so many women workers call themselves Miss when they are Mrs. and wear false bangs and dye their hair. I began to call myself Miss in my second year. The forewoman told me: "We don't like customers to think we are an old ladies' home." Then, rich men can talk of savings to the crack of doom. There is no save, or safe either, for us subaverages.

When I moved from our first apartment to the back hallroom I was still in a decent neighborhood. When I moved to the dollar-and-a-half room the neighborhood was decent enough, but it was not sanitary. There was no elevator in the tenement and there was no ventilation. There was only one dirty bathroom for each floor and perhaps twenty-five tenants lived on each floor—subrenters I suppose the little manicurist would have called subaverages like myself. The windows of the inner court were littered with milkjars and plates of butter and meat placed on the ledges to keep cool; and Monday's washing always hung on lines stretched from window to window of the inner court. A wind would blow washdrip across our food.

Some of the faces leering round the doors were terrible—fat, half-dressed drunken women and fat, half-dressed sottish men. I have no judgment or blame for either the girls or the men. They were desperate for life. I used to feel, after the end of the second year, that if I did not have a holiday or change I should scream out with hysterics at night. I used to waken myself moaning in my sleep. I suppose these girls and men felt the same. They all looked as though they craved terribly for something. Where uptown folks drank champagne over beefsteak these people had beer over chop-suey. I suppose they were as much God's children as the uptown folks too!

Once the German woman who kept my baby told me how the priest in her home village used to have his people come and dance on the village green every Sunday afternoon. For us there was no village green. There were only the movies, the dance-halls and Coney Island.

One evening when the beerdrinkers grew screaming noisy I took my baby, now a wee toddler, and went out for a walk. I wandered from Third Avenue over west across toward Madison Avenue along the brownstone fronts. A colored cook stepped from one of the basement doors and threw a tin of potted beef in the garbage can. Before I knew it, I had the most terrible hunger for that can of potted beef, for ice-cream, for a fizz drink, for beer—for anything with a taste, a lift, a kick to it—in place of the soupslops I had been living on for two years. Then I knew what sent the girls in the tenements to the beer gardens and back rooms of saloons. It was a craving of systems that were—well, you cannot call them starved, but not nourished. It frightened me, with the same faint sick feeling I had had that night the hurdy-gurdy played below the apartment window.

Here are two other places where the strong women can help if they want to—I mean with decent apartments and hotels for girls who work, and with cheap cafeterias, with nourishing food for ten cents.*

Let Us Banish the Word Servant and Substitute the Words Domestic Help

I had been working now for over two years and had saved not a cent; and I knew other women more competent than I was who had worked for twenty years and saved not a cent. I was now twenty-three. I had never been really hungry, but I craved everything a woman should have—nourishment, rest, fun, security. I was only twenty-three, but I was losing my nerve. Why? Because I was not unfit, but a misfit! And I was lonely with a loneliness that was sometimes a terrible, deep, black pit.

If I had not had the baby—but no, I will not admit that, though Heaven knows if I had not had the baby, and any man had asked me to have either beer or whisky with him that night, I might have joined the noisy screams and dancers next door. I do not want to shock you and I do not suppose you would publish it if I did say it, but after that night I somehow never could find it in my heart to condemn a girl in the big city even if she went seventy times seven times straight to hell!

I made up my mind I would place my baby in one of those church nurseries again, so he would be well nourished. I wonder whether in the bottom of my heart I wanted to be free to have my fling! There was a shirtwaist factory down Fourteenth Street way where I decided I would try for a position at ten dollars a week, if I could only keep up with the speed of those machines.

I know you are wondering how I could be so stupid as not to learn that all these experiences were simply driving me from where I did not belong to where I did belong, and where every woman belongs, into the one thing I was fit for; but I figured this way: one dollar and a half a week would pay for my baby's keep; one dollar and a half more would pay for my room. I should have to raise on the cost of food and clothing. I was going under. Put these at three dollars a week. I could still do my own washing and cleaning on Sundays. That would leave four dollars a week. Four dollars a week might mean two hundred dollars a year saved—if I did not mangle a finger or break down, or lose my job in slack seasons. As I said before, I am not quick. I am subaverage. I am faithful and thorough. Could I risk my certain job for an uncertain try?

The Trained Nurse's Advice

I KEPT thinking of it all week till Sunday, when I went to arrange for the baby to go out to the country with the church nursery. That last ten dollars I had faithfully kept all these two years, tucked in an envelope pinned inside my dress. If I were a misfit and subaverage, at any cost I must find the place I could fit and reconstruct my life. I must quit being a round peg in a square hole. I must stop drifting or I should end a wreck. I skipped lunch and spent my ten cents taking the bus out Fifth Avenue. At Eighty-Sixth Street where the conductor calls All out! I noticed a handsome girl in the costume of a trained nurse, wheeling a baby carriage and leading another child, about three years old, by the hand. No! Don't you think help came rushing out of the rich house to me like the fairy godmother! It did not—and it never does; we have to work it out ourselves; but just as I came down off the bus that little three-year-old dived away from his keeper straight in front of a big touring car.

No, I did not save his life. It is no fairy story. I grabbed him by the neck and humped him back kicking to the trained nurse. He fought and screamed; and for a minute I held the little carriage to keep it from blowing over in the wind. The costumed nurse thanked me without looking up; but a thought had come to me in a flash.

"Excuse me," I said, "but are you a trained nurse?"

Then she looked up. She must have sized up in one glance my sallow, gaunt face, and shabby-genteel pride, and draggled dress. There were tags on my petticoats. Being a nurse, she must have known I had skipped meals.

"Sure, I am," she laughed. "I began as a trained hospital nurse; and here I am ending up a baby nurse for this naughty pair! Where do you work?"

I mentioned the name of the big store.

"And get about twenty-five a month, and spend it all slaving your life out! Well, I'm not sorry for you. You might as well be in a good home, saving as much as the Quane of England had for spending money. If I could spend five years and seven hundred dollars on my education and don't consider it a comedown to do what I'm doing, you girls who are between the devil and the deep sea shouldn't consider your dignity such fine china that it would go to smash over domestic science."†

*Mrs. Belmont's splendid lunchroom, the Vacation Committee Headquarters for Workers, Tremont Inn, the Women's Trade Union Restaurant, and other similar club homes, did not exist at this time; though it should be emphasized very strongly that if there were a thousand such clubrooms they would not begin to fill the need today.

†Whoever the nurse was, she enunciated simple truth. The Queen of England had less than twenty-five dollars a month for an allowance as a girl; and the new system of nursing established in many European cities, combining kindergarten, Montessori features and hospital training, costs about seven hundred dollars and takes nearly five years.

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CHEAP AT A MILLION

By Edwin Lefèvre

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL GREFÉ

VII

SOME men are so picturesque they do not need publicity agents and so intelligent they wish to be let alone by the public prints. E. H. Merriwether was one. He employed the ablest experts for his corporations, and they got more than their share of publicity; but for himself—nothing. Possibly he realized that ungratified curiosity is a valuable asset; and, of course, he knew that in a democracy the less a man raises his head above the level of the mass the better it will be for his comfort.

"Understand, Once for All, That There are Some Things All Your Millions Cannot Do"

He took pains to make it plain that he cared only for his work, because that proved he had no thoughts for mere moneymaking; and, since he was not interested in moneymaking, he could not be primarily concerned with despoiling the public—which, in turn, clearly proved he was not dangerous. And, of course, the more he kept himself out of the papers the more the papers wanted to see him in their hospitable columns; so everything he did or thought was news. Anecdotes about him were so hard to get that the brightest minds in the profession manufactured a few. They had to be very good anecdotes—and they were.

To the metropolitan reporters, however, E. H. Merriwether was known to be mute, dumb, silent, constitutionally incapable of speech and, besides, devoid of vocal cords. His office was always free from reporters, because they had learned to save themselves time by the simple expedient of writing their interviews with him in their own offices, after this fashion:

Mr. Merriwether refused to discuss the matter. Neither confirmation nor denial could be obtained at his office.

The financial editors of the newspapers fared no better. He was never too busy to see them; but all news about his work came from his bankers.

On the same day Tom went to Boston a young man went to the Merriwether offices in the Transcontinental Trust Building. A stout, rather high railing fenced off the bookkeepers' room from the general and unwelcome public.

At a small flat desk near the gate sat not a freckle-faced boy, but a man, powerful of build, keen eyed and quick muscled. He was writing a letter on a very good quality of notepaper. He said: "Well?"—but kept on writing. He did not look up. This always discouraged strangers, by making them feel their utter insignificance. The effect on millionaire magnates, who similarly found themselves ignored, also was salutary.

"I wish to see Mr. E. H. Merriwether," said the young man pleasantly and unimpressed.

The gatekeeper wrote two paragraphs and then, still writing, asked wearily: "Got an appointment?"

"No; but ——"

The over-mature officeboy, in one breath and in a voice that dripped insolence, said, still without looking up:

"What do you want to see him about? He is very busy. Cannot possibly see any one today. Good day!"

There was a laugh, not at all ironical or in the nature of an exaggerated and audible sneer, but full of amusement; and then the stranger without the gate said:

"When I tell you what I am you will bring Mr. E. H. Merriwether to me."

The voice was not menacing at all or cold, but there was an assurance about it that made the Merriwether hireling look up. He saw a young man, of about thirty, with very intelligent gray-blue eyes, a straight, well-modeled nose and a determined chin. His square shoulders and general air of muscular strength made him look as if he could give as good an account of himself in a rough-and-tumble fight as in a battle of wits.

The Merriwether gateman felt his entire being permeated by a feeling of hostility. This was neither a crank to turn over to a complaisant police nor an alms-seeker to be shooed away; nor yet a millionaire in good standing. He must be, therefore, a reporter of the new school made possible by the fortunes of politics.

"My good James," said the new-school reporter with a mocking superciliousness, "I would see your boss. Be expeditious."

The gatekeeper, whose name was not James but Doyle, flushed dangerously; but his wages were high and he forced himself to keep his temper under control. For all that, his voice shook as he said:

"If you have no appointment you ought to know it's no use. No stranger from a newspaper ever sees Mr. Merriwether. I—I'm sorry!" Here Doyle gulped. Then he finished: "Good day!"—and resumed his writing.

The reporter said "Look at me!" so sharply that Doyle in a flash jumped to his feet and looked pugnaciously at the stranger who dared to give commands in that office.

"My Celtic friend," pursued the reporter in a voice of such cold-blooded vindictiveness that Doyle listened with both astonishment and respect, "for years the domestics of this office have been rude and impolite to my profession. Mr. Merriwether never cared how angry the reporters might feel or what they said about him; but today I am the one who does not care, and E. H. Merriwether is the man who is vitally concerned. I don't give a damn whether he sees me or not!

"And as for you, in order to avenge the poor chaps to whom you have been intelligently rude I, to whom you have been unintelligently impolite, shall have you fired. I've got E. H. Merriwether where I want him. If I can end your boss I can end your job—can't I? Oh, no, Alexander! I am not crazy. I simply have the power. It was bound to happen, for Waterloo comes to all great men who are not clever enough to die at the right time. Now you go and get McWayne—and be quick about it!"

Doyle at times saw things through the top of his head, which was red. He said, a bit thickly:

"When you tell me in plain English, so I can understand ——"

"You are not paid to understand; you are paid to use common sense and discrimination. You go to McWayne and say to him a reporter is here and wishes to speak to him about a sad Merriwether family matter."

Doyle knew from the office gossip that something was supposed to be wrong with Tom Merriwether; so, his heart overflowing with anger because chance had put the one weapon in the hands of an insolent newspaper man, Doyle went off to tell the boss' private secretary. Presently McWayne, walking quickly, came from an inner office and asked:

"You wish to see me?"

"No!" answered the reporter flatly.

"Then ——" began McWayne.

"I don't wish to see you. I wish to see if you have the sense to understand that I wish to do Mr. E. H. Merriwether the favor of letting him talk to me. Do you want me to tell you what I wish you to tell Mr. E. H. Merriwether?"

The reporter looked as though he hoped McWayne would say no. Reporters did not usually look that way, therefore McWayne was perturbed. He replied, with a polite anxiety:

"If you please ——"

"Tell Mr. Merriwether that I wish to see him about his son's marriage. Tell him that if he does not wish to talk about it he needn't.

"You might add that there is absolutely no use in his trying to keep it out of the newspapers. Make that plain to him, McWayne."

McWayne did not dare deny the marriage. Tom was, alas! capable of even worse things. He did the only thing possible while there was still a chance to suppress the news; he said:

"And you represent which paper, please?"

Reporters do not always know why or how news is suppressed, nor the price; but this reporter laughed goodnaturedly and replied:

"McWayne, the trouble with you Irish is that you are so infernally clever that plain jackasses like myself are prepared for you. I represent myself and I don't want to be paid to suppress. No blackmail here; no threats; nothing except amiability and good will. Have you begun to accumulate a few suspicions that your taciturn boss is going to talk to me?"

"I'll see!" promised McWayne noncommittally; but he was so perturbed that he could not help showing it.

Doyle, who had made a pretense of resuming his letter-writing, noticed it and felt uncomfortable.

"And—say, McWayne," pursued the reporter, "could you let a fellow have a photograph or two? You know we've got some, but we'd prefer to publish those you think the family consider the best. Some people are queer that way."

McWayne shook his head and went away convinced of the worst. He returned and beckoned to the reporter, who thereupon said sharply to Doyle:

"Open the door—you! Quick!" And Doyle, who saw McWayne beckoning, had to do it.

Four hundred and seventeen reporters were avenged!

Doyle was so angry that he was full of aches. He was tempted to throw up his job. Then he hoped E. H. Merriwether, who was a very great man, would order him to throw the insolent dog out of the office. Doyle would earn a bonus.

E. H. Merriwether, autocrat of fifteen thousand miles of railroad, fearless fighter, iron-nerved stock gambler, but, alas! also a father, was seated at his desk. He turned to the reporter the inscrutable poker-face of his class: "You wished to see me?"

"Yes, sir," said the reporter and waited: two could play at that game. The great financier was compelled to ask:

"About what?"

"About what McWayne told you." The reporter spoke unemotionally.

"About some rumor concerning my son?"

"No, sir."

"No?" E. H. Merriwether looked surprised.

"No. I wished to know what statement you desire to make about your son's engagement and marriage. If you do not care to say anything we shall not publish any fake interview, no matter what opinion I personally may form as to the real state of your feelings."

"I take it you are from one of the yellow papers, young man." E. H. Merriwether spoke coldly; but, within, his heart tragedy was being enacted.

"You usually take what you wish if it isn't nailed down, I have heard; but that doubtless is one of the slanders that automatically grow up about a great man, sir," said the reporter, without the shadow of a smile or frown.

"If I am mistaken about the newspaper you represent ——" Here Mr. Merriwether paused, as if to allow the young man to introduce himself; but the young man said:

"If I told you the name of the newspaper that honors itself by playing fair with you I suspect you would set in motion the machinery that you—er—men of large affairs use to suppress news. You couldn't reach my city editor, who is a poor man with a family of eight, or the reporter, who is penniless; but you could reach the owner, who is a millionaire. This is my first big story in New York and it will make me professionally. It means a lot to me!"

"About how much does it mean to you, young man?" asked E. H. Merriwether with a particularly polite curiosity.

"Speaking in language that should be intelligible to you and using the terms by which you measure all things down here ——" He paused and then said bluntly: "You mean in cash, don't you?"

"Yes."

"Well, I should say, Mr. Merriwether, that this story is worth to me —— Let me see!" And he began to count on his fingers, like a woman. This habit inexpressibly angers men who find no trouble in remembering numbers of dollars. "I should say, Mr. Merriwether, that it is worth about three thousand two hundred and eighty-six—millions of dollars! If I am to stop being a decent newspaper man to become a blackmailer and general damned fool I'd want to make enough to endow all my pet charities and carry out a series of rather expensive experiments in philanthropy."

"But ——" began the magnate.

"No, sir," interrupted the reporter; "no money, please. Just assume that I am a fool and therefore refuse to consider a bribe."

"I have not bribed you," suggested E. H. Merriwether calmly. His eyes never left the reporter's face.

"Then I misjudged you and I apologize abjectly; but permit me to continue to be an ass and blind to money. What about Thomas Thorne Merriwether, only son of the railroad king of the Southwest?"

"Well, what about him?" The face of E. H. Merriwether showed only what you might call a perfunctory curiosity. The reporter looked at him admiringly. After a pause he asked:

"Do you know her?"

"Do you?"

"Then you don't!" exclaimed the reporter triumphantly. "This is better than I had hoped!"

"Better?"

"Certainly; it means a better introductory article. The first of the series will be: To Whom is Tom Merriwether Engaged? Think of it, sir," he said with the enthusiasm of the true artist—"the heir of the Merriwether millions! By the way, could you tell offhand how many millions I might safely say?"

Whatever Mr. Merriwether may have thought he merely said, with the cold finality that often imposes on young reporters:

"Young man, if you begin your career by being vulgar your ruin will be of your own doing."

"My dear sir, vulgarity never ruined any career. All the great men of history were at the beginning accused of hopeless vulgarity—by those on whom they trod. I tell you it is not vulgarity that prompts me, but mastery of the technic of my trade. Do you care to have me tell you about my article?"

What Mr. E. H. Merriwether really wished to hear was that Tom was not in love—that he was not on the verge of brutally assassinating all the hopes and dreams of a fond father. What he said to the unspeakable reporter was:

"Yes."

"Well, I start with this basis—my knowledge of your son's engagement."

"Where did you get that knowledge?"

"One of the few things a reporter is incapable of doing is betraying a confidence. To tell you the source of my information would be that. Starting with that one fact my problem is to make that one fact so important as to enable me to write several thousand words. To justify this I must make your son very important. He is not really very important, but you are. I shall slightly over-accentuate here and there"—he waved his hand in the air and repeated dreamily—"here and there! You will be the Napoleon of Railroads, the Von Moltke of the Ticker, doer of deeds and upbuilder, indisputably the greatest Captain of Industry that America has yet produced!"

"Heavens!" burst from the lips of the imperturbable little magnate.

"You are a stunning study for a novelist. Yours is the great romance of the American business man! Having made you romantic I wave my magician's wand and quadruple your millions. Yours, my dear sir—if you don't happen to know it—is one of the great fortunes of the world! You've got Crœsus skinned to death and John D. whining over his lost preëminence!"

"Now look here——" interjected E. H. Merriwether sternly; but the reporter retorted earnestly:

"Hold your horses!" And the great millionaire did. The young man continued in his enthusiastic way: "It is much to have the hundreds of Merriwether millions, but it is infinitely more to have all the Merriwether millions and such a father and youth. I thus make Tom, who is really of no importance, of even greater importance than the great E. H. Merriwether. Do I know my business?" And he bowed in the general direction of the elder Merriwether.

"I begin to suspect," replied the elder Merriwether, "that you do."

He was watching the reporter closely. He always had found it profitable to let men talk on. A man who talks is apt to show you what he is; and that furnishes to you the best available weapon. You also may learn when it is better not to fight.

"When it comes to picturesque writing about people I do not know, I can assure you, Mr. Merriwether," the young man said modestly, "that I haven't an equal in the United States. In your case I shall not be handicapped by either facts or knowledge, which are always fatal to the creative faculty. I shall be free—absolutely free to write!"

"When You Tell Me in Plain English, So I Can Understand ——"

Mr. Merriwether permitted himself a frown in order to conceal his uneasiness. This young man was talking like a humorist. The eyes were intelligent and fearless. The combination was formidable.

"Your theory has doubtless many supporters among your colleagues."

"There are," admitted the reporter cheerfully, "other bright young creative artists on our staff. Well, I proceed to make your son a paragon—a clean-minded, decent, manly young millionaire."

"Which he is!" interjected Mr. Merriwether sternly.

"Of course! I know it. Have no fear on that score. I'd make him all that even if he wasn't. I proceed to draw attention—with a cleverness I'd call devilish if it wasn't my own—to the strange and, on the whole, agreeable vein of romanticism in the Merriwether nature. There you are, a hard-headed man of affairs, whose name the world associates with great engineering deeds and great high-finance misdeeds! You are—do you know what?—a poet!—a wonderful poet whose lines are of steel, whose numbers are of tonnage, whose song is chanted by the ten thousand purring wheels of your tireless cars."

"My carwheels are lubricated. They don't purr," mildly objected the railroad poet.

"They do in my story," said the reporter firmly. "And to prove it I'll quote some striking lines from one of those unknown books we great writers always have on tap. Your romantic nature expresses itself in the creation of an empire in the alkali desert. You have written an epic on the map of America—in green!"

"That sounds good to me," said Mr. E. H. Merriwether with the detached air of a critic of literature.

He did not know just how to win this young man's silence—perhaps by letting him talk himself out of creative literature; perhaps by the inauguration of a molasses diet at once!

"Thank you! Your son Tom's romance is in his unusual love affair! This young man, the most eligible bachelor in the world; handsome, rich, a fastidious artist in feminine beauty, with a heart that has kept itself inviolate—pretty swell word that?—in-vi-o-late—all these years, opens at her sweet voice. We alone are able to announce the engagement. High society is more than interested—more than startled. As thinks society, so thinks the shopgirl; and there are fifty millions of her. What society is incinerating itself with desire to find out is: To whom is Tom Merriwether engaged? Will our fair readers devour the article? I leave it to you, Mr. Merriwether!" The young man looked inquiringly at Mr. Merriwether.

"I'd read it myself," said Mr. Merriwether very impressively. "I couldn't help it!" You could see that literature had triumphed over the stockticker. A great diplomatist was lost in a great moneymaker.

"Thank you! And what do you find at the end of the article? What? Why, a nice psychological little paragraph to the effect that we propose to print the name of the one woman who, of all the tens of thousands who have tried, has won the heart of Thomas Thorne Merriwether, whose father you have the honor to be. We refrain, in order to have the parents of the young people formally announce the engagement. By doing this we get the full value of the to-be-continued-in-our-next suspense, for the first time utilized in a news story; and we also increase our reputation for conservatism, which prevents the refined reporter of the—of my paper from intruding into a family affair."

"Will your paper be damned fool enough to——" began E. H. Merriwether, intentionally skeptical.

"It is not damned folly to extract all the juice contained in the scoop of the century—it is technical skill of a very high order. Now what happens? My esteemed contemporaries, morning and evening, chuck a fit and bounce their society editors. They then rush for the telephone and dispatch their strongest photographers, sharpest sleuths and entire dictagraph corps to the scene. They can't find Tom; because, as you know, he is in—he is out of town. And they can't find her—because I haven't said who the young lady is. There remains you!"

"Here is the History of the Pacific and Southwestern System From Its Very Start"

"That won't do them any good," said Mr. E. H. Merriwether decisively; but he shuddered.

"Pre-cisely! I banked on that. But, even if you did see them, what could you tell them? Deny what is bound to be confirmed in the next issue of my paper? You know better than to acquire a reputation for lying in the newspapers. No, siree! Your game is to deny yourself to all inquirers and say nothing. My esteemed contemporaries have now but one desire—to wit: To print the name and publish the portrait of your son's fiancée. Of course you see what happens then, don't you?"

The reporter looked at the iron-hearted E. H. Merriwether with such pity in his eyes that the great little czar of the Southwestern Railroad for the first time in his life realized he was merely a man—a human being; an ordinary, every-day father; one drop in the vast ocean; one of the crowd temporarily above ground and therefore exposed to the same sorrows and troubles and sore vexations as all mankind. His millions, his position in the world, his great work, his undoubted genius—could not avail even to rid him of annoyance. Can you imagine John D. Rockefeller living on Staten Island in June and unable to buy mosquito netting—price, five cents a yard?

"What will happen?" asked the great millionaire, who was also a father.

"My intelligent colleagues, of course, will look for the lady. Where there is a strong demand the supply automatically offers itself for consumption. And what will the seven hundred and fifty alert young men, with great capacities for fictional art who are temporarily assisting actress-ladies and self-paying authoresses and unprinted poetesses and fertilizer-manufacturers' unmarried daughters do? What will those estimable young artists, miscalled press agents, do when they encounter the demand for Tom's fiancée's photograph? What except 'Here she is!'—six thousand words, thirty-two poses and a facsimile of a love letter or two, to prove it! And then—chorus ladies, poetesses, fair divorcées about to honor the vaudeville——" The reporter stopped—he had seen the look on E. H. Merriwether's face. He felt sorry. "But it is true," he said defensively.

"Yes!" Tom's poor rich father felt cold all over. The reporter pursued more quietly:

"You know the ingenuity of my colleagues, the great American respect for a millionaire's privacy, and the national sense of humor. Will your son's love affair be discussed? Will it be discussed with the gentlemanly reticence and innate delicacy of feeling of my story?"

Mr. E. H. Merriwether never before realized that the law against homicide was even more unreasonable than an Interstate Commerce Commission order; but he had to bow to the inevitable.

He was beginning to understand how Napoleon felt on the deck of the Bellerophon when on the way to St. Helena. Do you remember the picture? He nodded—not dejectedly, but also not far from it.

"Well, in a day or two or three, according to conditions, we come out with it. We print the lady's name and her portrait—possibly not the best of all her photographs, but the only one I could——"

"Who is she?" burst from the lips of the reporter's victim.

Instantly the reporter's face became very serious.

"I feared so, Mr. Merriwether," he said, very quietly.

"Look here, my boy," interrupted Mr. Merriwether with an earnestness that had in it a threat, "I don't know what your game is and I don't care. I'll admit right now that you are a very clever young man and probably not a crook; but I tell you calmly, quietly, without any threats, that you are not going to publish any damned-fool article about my family in any paper in New York."

The reporter rose and looked straight into the unblinking eyes of the great financier. Then he said slowly and, the old fellow admitted, distinctly impressively:

"And I tell you, twice as quietly and ten times as calmly, without any fool threats, that all the daily newspapers in New York and Philadelphia, Chicago, San Francisco, Boston and ten thousand other towns in the United States, Canada, Mexico, the Canal Zone, and countries in the Postal Union are going to publish articles about your son Tom's engagement, and later on about his marriage. Understand, once for all, that there are some things all your millions and all your willpower cannot do. This is one of them. It is the penalty of being a public character—or, if you prefer, of being an

exceptionally great man. Do I understand that you have nothing to say about your son's coming marriage?"

E. H. Merriwether in less than five seconds thought of more than five thousand possibilities, all in connection with his son's marriage. Then he said very slowly, fighting for time and a chance to escape:

"My son will marry whenever he and the young lady chiefly interested judge fit to do so. He and I are in perfect accord, as always." Mr. Merriwether was looking into the too-fearless gray-blue eyes of the reporter. Then he did what he did not often do in his Wall Street affrays—he capitulated. "Will you give me your word that you will not use for publication what I am about to tell you?"

"No, sir, I won't!" emphatically replied the reporter. "You might tell me something I already know and then you'd always think I had broken my word. I will not pledge myself not to print the name of your daughter-in-law-to-be; but anything that concerns you personally or your attitude toward your son's fiancée, or hints of a family quarrel—or those things that offend a sensitive man—I promise not to print. You have some rights; but I also owe certain things to myself and my paper. I've been frank with you. You can be frank with me if you wish. I put it up to you."

Mr. Merriwether, after a thoughtful pause, said: "Look here! I don't know anything about my son's engagement. I cannot swear he is not engaged, but I don't know that he is. It follows that I do not know the young lady. You don't have to print that, do you?"

The reporter gazed on the financier meditatively. Presently, instead of answering the question, he asked:

"Have you had no suspicion of any romance?"

"Well"—and it was plain that E. H. Merriwether was telling the truth, having made up his mind to that policy as being the wisest—"well, I have of late suspected that such a thing might be possible. It is, I will confess to you, a terrible predicament, because a man naturally cherishes certain hopes for his only son." On Mr. Merriwether's face there was a quite human look of suffering.

"Of course," said the reporter apologetically, as though offering an excuse for a friend's misdeed—"of course a man in love is not always wise."

"No. And though I have no intention or desire to bribe you, and though I would not presume to interfere with you in your professional activities or influence you by pecuniary considerations, you will pardon me for suggesting ——"

The reporter did not let him go on. He rose and said, with real dignity:

"Mr. Merriwether, suppose we drop the matter right here."

"You mean?"

"I will not print any story yet—on one condition."

"Name it. I think likely I can meet it."

"Give me your promise that you will give me an interview the next time I come to see you. It may be in a day or two, or a week. I don't promise not to print the story, you understand; but it will give you time to—well, to see your son."

E. H. Merriwether held out his hand and said:

"I will see you any time you come. But let me say, as an older man, that if you should suffer any loss by not printing ——"

"Oh, no—I shall not suffer. I propose to print my story. I am simply deferring publication; but I thank you for the offer you were going to make. It shows more consideration and, therefore, far greater common sense that most men in your position habitually display before a reporter. I'll do even more—I'll give you a friendly tip." He stopped talking and looked doubtfully at E. H. Merriwether.

"Thank you," said Mr. Merriwether with a remarkable mixture of gratitude, dignity and anxiety. "I am listening."

"Find out why he goes to 777 Blank Avenue. There are some things a really intelligent father, poor or rich, should ——" He caught himself.

"Please finish, my boy!" cried the great little man almost entreatingly.

"There are just a few things"—the reporter was speaking very slowly and his voice was lowered—"which an intelligent father does not trust to others—not even to the most loyal confidential men—things that should be done by the father himself. The number of the house is 777 Blank Avenue!"

"I thank you, Mr. ——"

"William Tully," said the reporter.

"Mr. Tully, I thank you. I think you are throwing away time and brains in your present position, and if you should ever ——"

"Thank you, sir. Don't be afraid. I shall not bother you by ——"

"But I mean it," said E. H. Merriwether.

The reporter smiled and said:

"If you knew how often my fortune has been made by men whose stories I have not printed you'd be deaf too."

"Young man, I sometimes forget favors, but not the possession of brains. I need them in my business."

"There are Things, Mr. E. H. Merriwether, That Not Even Time Can Heal"

"Well, then, suppose you show your appreciation by telling the red-headed person in the outer office that he is to take in my card to you when I call again."

"Certainly!"

And the czar of the great Pacific and Southwestern System nearly slew Doyle by accompanying the reporter to the outer door and saying:

"Doyle, any time Mr. Tully comes to see me let me know instantly, no matter what I may be doing or who is with me. Understand?"

"Yes, sir!" gasped Doyle, looking terrifiedly at the sorcerer.

Tully! Irish! That was the reason, of course; but he was a wonder, all the same.

"Good day, Mr. Tully. I thank you. And don't forget my offer."

Mr. Merriwether bowed as the door closed on Mr. William Tully and then, walking like a man in a trance, returned to his private office.

He rang the pushbutton marked Number One, and when McWayne appeared turned a haggard face to his private secretary.

"McWayne, that reporter has a story of Tom's engagement, but he wouldn't tell me who the girl is."

"I don't believe it!" cried McWayne, with a not very intelligent intention of comforting his chief. At times the male Irish mind works femininely.

"Neither do I—and yet I do. It confirms Doctor Frauenthal's diagnosis. I guess he knows his business after all. Well, the story will not be published yet. He acted pretty decently."

McWayne wondered how much it had cost the old man; but he said:

"Didn't he intimate ——"

"That reporter knows his business," cut in E. H. Merriwether. "He ought to be a dramatist. Have you heard from your men?"

"Yes, sir. Tom has gone to Boston. Two of them are with him. He suspects nothing."

"What else?"

"They will let me know by long distance if anything happens."

"If anything! Great Scott, isn't it enough that —— Let me hear what they report on the instant! Remember, McWayne, on the instant!"

"Yes, sir."

"And, McWayne ——" He hesitated.

McWayne, his face full of sincere solicitude, prompted gently:

"Yes, chief?"

It was the first time he had ever used that word. It made his speech so friendly, so affectionately personal, that E. H. Merriwether said:

"Thank you, McWayne. I wish you would find out for me at once who lives in 777 Blank Avenue."

"Yes, sir," said McWayne. "That's where ——" He caught himself.

"I am afraid so!" acquiesced the railroad czar listlessly.

VIII

WITHIN an hour McWayne reentered the office. His chief closed his jaws—a weaker man would have clenched his fists—in anticipation.

"Breese & Silliman, the real-estate men, say they rented 777 Blank Avenue, furnished, to a Madame Calderon—an American woman, widow of a Peruvian nitrate king. She came up here and asked Breese about a suitable location. She has a daughter she wishes to marry off in America. She talked quite freely about her affairs. The house was for sale; but she leased it, furnished, with privilege of purchase. Belongs to the Martin-Schwenk Construction Company. The daughter is about thirty, dark, Spanish looking and fleshy; rather—er—inclined to make googoo eyes, as Breese says, in a kind of foreign way.

"Mrs. Calderon said pointblank that she wished her daughter to marry a nice young man of wealth and position, preferably a blond. I gather that the agents were rather anxious to let the house and probably encouraged her. She has paid quarterly in advance and her banking references are O. K.; but nothing about her personally is known to any one. That's all I could get."

"Very well. Thank you, McWayne."

The private secretary stood beside the desk, hesitated and presently walked out. Shortly afterward the great and ruthless E. H. Merriwether, full of perplexity and regret—and some remorse over his neglect of his only son for so many years!—went uptown. He desired to know what to expect, in order to be able to think intelligently and therefore to fight efficiently. How could he fight—not knowing what or whom to fight?

He told the chauffeur to wait and then rang the bell of 777.

One of the four footmen whose faces had impressed Tom as being too intelligent for menials opened the door.

"I wish to see Madame Calderon."

"I beg pardon, sir. Have you an appointment?"

"No. Say it is Mr. Merriwether."

"Mister who, sir?"

Mr. Merriwether took out a card. The footman received it on a very elaborate silver-gilt card tray and, pointing

(Continued on Page 73)

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American Shipping

AS TO the mere flapdoodle that was uttered in considerable quantity over the Panama tolls question, no comment is necessary. It was not only so silly but so transparent that no one could have been taken in by it. In the opinion of those who speak with greatest authority the exemption of American coastwise vessels from tolls was a violation of our treaty with Great Britain; and we suppose even this glorious Republic, with its star-spangled banner flying, its eagle screaming, and its more vaporous politicians spouting fervid rhetoric, can live up to its agreements without lasting humiliation or without craven truckling to an ancient foe.

Aside from any treaty, the toll exemption was only a covert subsidy to shipping interests; and the day of subsidies ought to be past. True, our shipping languishes; and we hope it will continue to languish if there is no way to revive it save by Government bounty. This is hardly the Congress to demand a special privilege for any interest.

There is endless discussion of the low estate of American shipping; but one indubitable fact in that connection is seldom mentioned—namely, every great and flourishing shipping interest in the world today belongs to a trust in one way or another. The most important and prosperous part of the ocean-carrying trade lives by pools and agreements in restraint of competition. There is no reason to believe that trade can prosper under unrestricted competition. All modern experience is against an assumption that it can. Probably if we have no combinations we may as well resign ourselves to having no ships.

A New York Election

TIME was when we dutifully followed our teachers in looking on a constitution as a tremendously important thing; but we have learned better. Theoretically, what in the field of politics could be more important than the organic law on which the whole structure of government rests? But, broadly speaking, the people have never cared much about constitutions, and they have been quite right in not caring much.

Recasting the constitution of the Empire State has been earnestly debated for years. Lawyers, judges, governors, mayors, scholars and other persons of distinction have urgently recommended it. More than six hundred bills to amend the present organic law have been introduced into the legislature. The demand for revision seemed so weighty that Democrats, Republicans and Progressives pledged themselves in their state platforms to a constitutional convention.

The question was submitted to the people in April and less than one-fifth of the voters of the state were sufficiently interested to cast a ballot on it. Among this relatively small minority, opinion was so evenly divided that close counting was necessary to say which side won; in fact after all the agitation the Empire State simply yawned and muttered sleepily: "Oh, well, revise it or not, as you please. I don't care a rap either way."

The present constitution has been in effect less than twenty years. It had hardly become operative before faults began to appear. And, with all due respect to New York's sapience, we say the new constitution if there shall be one—will not be in effect five years before serious faults appear in it.

Who, writing an organic law in 1894, could have foreseen the political needs of New York in 1914? No more can 1915 foresee 1935. But when we come to write organic laws we must always assume—following the model of the Federal Constitution—that we can foresee, and so put in a lot of specific provisions that presently fail to fit. No wonder constitutional elections almost always show the people to be indifferent.

What is vital in our government depends on a few large and loose general principles. A model state constitution could be written on half a dozen sheets of paper; but we have not the modesty to write one that way.

A Transportation Tip

NO CITY can have a really satisfactory transportation system without a good and reasonably cheap cab service, and in that respect most American cities fail.

This subject, we are aware, is not a popular one, because long habituation to excessive charges has schooled Americans to look on cabs as luxuries, almost as far outside the economy of ordinary folks as champagne and silk underwear. They stand patiently in an unexpected shower, waiting for an overcrowded car, or trudge with their parcels across town without even thinking of a cab; but we are unable to discover any good reason why cabs should be luxuries.

The London taxi costs sixteen cents a mile. In Paris the short crosstown trip, such as Americans almost always make afoot, regardless of weather and bundles, costs fifteen cents. Berlin charges are not much higher. London, Paris and Berlin buy our gasoline and our motors, and put them in use at from half to a third of our rates. The difference in wages hardly explains this.

Now and then, it is true, we pass an ordinance lowering taxi fares, and, generally speaking, the taxis get along as well on the lower as on the higher rate; but, with all our ordinances, our fares are double or treble those of Europe. In various American cities it is impossible to go anywhere in a cab and have anything worth mentioning left of a dollar.

Cities are always at work on this problem of transportation; but as trolley, elevated and subway can go only in certain prescribed places there is no satisfactory solution that does not include good and reasonably cheap cab service.

A Tax Trouble

ABOUT taxes a few things may be asserted with the utmost confidence. One of them is that there never can be an even approximately equitable system of property taxation unless the fixing of values is removed from local influences.

A Minnesota report shows that the local assessors generally ignored the legal mandate to return all property at its true value and substituted various ratios of their own, with the inevitable result that "the assessment abounds in the grossest inequalities." A New Hampshire investigation found some assessors returning property at fifty per cent or less of its true value and others at seventy per cent or more. In every state where the valuing of property for taxation is left largely to local officials the same conditions can be found.

So long as a general property tax is retained—which will undoubtedly be a long while—the only rational way to levy it is through a state board to which local assessors are directly responsible. The local assessor is almost always a taxpayer himself. His friends and political supporters are taxpayers. He does not want his community to pay more taxes relatively than some other community. His constant tendency is to cut down valuations.

Another thing that may confidently be asserted is that any attempt to assess all sorts of property at the same rate will fail. Minnesota now proposes to tax some personalty at a quarter of its value, farm products and livestock at a third, iron ore at half. In many other states different rates for different sorts of property have been adopted.

Assessments made or strictly supervised by a body free from local influences, and classification of property for taxing purposes, will go some distance toward making the general property tax tolerable.

A Sentimental Rebellion

RECENT English events are as remarkable as any that have occurred in the British Empire in half a century. For more than a year eminent Englishmen have openly preached civil war and openly prepared for it. Leaders of the second great political party have repeatedly declared in effect that a valid act of Parliament should be resisted by armed rebellion.

More extraordinary still, something very like coercion of Parliament by the army has happened, though two years ago any Englishman would have said that would be preposterous. By a threat of wholesale resignations, officers of a cavalry brigade and of two regiments of lancers have forced the government to negotiate with them, and procured what the leaders of this general strike of army officers triumphantly, but not accurately, described as "a signed guaranty that in no circumstances shall we be used to force Home Rule on Ulster."

And all this commotion is over a name—a sentiment. The Irish Parliament for which the Home Rule Bill provides is to be a body of strictly limited powers. In important respects it is more circumscribed than our state legislatures.

That it would in any way oppress Ulster is incredible. It could not even if it would. Under its limited rule every Protestant in the north of Ireland would go about his business and pleasure as freely and securely as he does today. He would be as much a British citizen as a Catholic in Iowa is an American citizen; but for matters of local legislation he would be parceled off on equal terms with the other inhabitants of Ireland.

That equality is what he cannot endure. There would be no injury to his person or property, to his freedom of thought or speech or action—but only to his sense of racial superiority.

To prevent that sentimental injury he is ready to revolt against constitutional government.

There is a famous theory of history that would explain all important human actions as arising from economic motives; but sentiment is still the bigger factor.

Planting Colonies at Home

IN PLEASANTLY forecasting a life-and-death struggle between England and Germany, writers and speakers keep on repeating that Germany must have colonies for her expanding population—quite as though there were the slightest truth in the statement, or as though the most cursory investigation of an open-minded nature did not disprove it.

In the eighties the population of Germany was about forty-five millions and it has grown to nearly seventy millions; but emigration has greatly declined. In the decade beginning with 1881 nearly one and a half million Germans emigrated from the Fatherland.

In that decade the natural growth of population by excess of births over deaths amounted to five and a half millions. In the decade beginning with 1901 the growth of population by excess of births over deaths was more than eight and a half millions; but only two hundred and twenty thousand Germans emigrated.

In 1912, when the population was sixty-six millions, there were only eighteen thousand German emigrants.

In other words, there is more room for Germans in the thickly populated empire of today than there was a generation ago, when the population was little over two-thirds of the present number.

The explanation is that in 1882 less than six and a half million inhabitants of Germany were engaged in industry, while now more than eleven and a quarter millions are so engaged.

Within a single generation the development of electrical industries alone has made a place at home for more Germans than could be induced to go to any African or Asiatic colony.

Steam and Electricity

TEN years ago the steam railroads of this country took in seven dollars for every dollar received by electric roads. Now the electric roads get one dollar to the steam roads' five.

In other words, while steam road receipts have increased sixty-five per cent, electric road receipts have more than doubled. Three times in the decade steam roads have gone back or failed to go ahead in net earnings; but every year the electric roads made a gain both in gross receipts and net earnings.

Last year the steam roads, though gaining nearly a hundred and fifty million dollars in gross receipts, lost over thirty millions in net earnings; but the electric roads gained about six per cent in both gross and net.

With very few and unimportant exceptions there has been no increase in the rates of fare charged by electric roads. They are subject to the same general conditions of higher cost of materials and higher wages that cause the operating expense of the steam roads to increase rapidly, the increase last year alone being over a hundred and seventy-five million dollars; but by continual improvements in generation and transmission of current and in other details of operation the electric roads are able to overcome the factors that make for higher operating expense, while the steam roads are not.

Steam transportation on land seems to have been pretty thoroughly exploited. It yields comparatively few new economies; while electricity still has a large unexplored margin. The future of transportation, no doubt, is with electricity.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

J. Benjamin Dimmick in Garden

THE only professional qualification for the United States Senate that J. Benjamin Dimmick lacks, so far as I can see, is that he is not a politician.

Since we began having a Senate there has been, of course, a tendency to consider this qualification essential—not, perhaps, by the senators themselves, but by the men who make the senators. In reality the Senate is composed of ninety-five politicians; but there would be ninety-five denials, vehement and indignant, if that statement were made within the hearing of the full membership of that body as at present constituted, and ninety-six if the roll were full. Also, there would be ninety-five following and vigorous assertions that, instead of being politicians, senators are statesmen; but we may let that pass. It pleases the senators and it does not alter the facts. As a senator looks at it, he is a politician until he becomes a senator. At the precise moment he takes the oath he firmly believes he is transmuted from the grosser capacity to the finer quality. This is but a whimsicality based on a vague realization as to what a senator should be—a hope rather than an expectation.

There has been no similar error of judgment on the part of the politicians who have had the making of senators. As they look at the matter, the man selected to be a senator is a politician or he would not be selected; and he is to remain a politician or he will not be reselected. To be sure, it has happened that the man selected became more powerful than the men who put him in place, and had most to say concerning his own return; though this is not because he became any less a politician than he was in the original instance, but because he became greater along those necessary lines.

The third side of the triangle is the people. Until quite recently, except in a few localities, the third side has been the negligible side. Senators were picked by the politicians and both the pickers and the picked were politicians. The part of the people was to indorse the selected and make effective the selections by sending to state legislatures men who would operate complaisantly and do their part in carrying out the decree of the bosses.

Not so long ago the senators themselves, observing that the people had begun to hold this method as obsolete when considered in the enlightened perspective of the time, and being of sufficient political prescience to disregard what their former fellow laborers thought of the situation, made it possible for the people to expand from one side of the triangle so as to include the remaining two sides. The Congress put before the states a constitutional amendment providing for the direct election of senators by the people. The senators did not want to do this, but they had to.

Thus, though the old bosses doggedly insist that the politician requirement is still essential, the fact is that the laymen are most likely to take an exactly opposite view. The question, insistent at this time when one-third of the Senate membership must go before the people for indorsement because of the amendment to the Constitution, does not concern the political aptitude of the candidates for the Senate, but does concern their potential usefulness as legislators for the welfare of their constituents.

Must a man be a politician to be a senator? Need he be a politician to be a good and useful senator? Is knowledge of the devious ins and outs, the subterfuges, hypocrisies, fakes and insincerities of that profession requisite for the adequate discharge of senatorial duties? Is a man unfitted for senatorial place because he is not a politician?

Lawyer, Banker and Business Man

SO FAR as the people are concerned, the majority answer to these questions is comprehended in the "Yes!" they shout to the further question: Is it not the case, rather, that a man who is not a politician in the accepted sense of the term will make a far better senator than a man who came into public life because he was a politician and has remained there for the same reason?

That, I take it, must be the judgment concerning Mr. Dimmick. He is not a politician. Everybody grants that, and he does not claim that distinction; but he is a lawyer, he is a banker, and he is a business man. He has had experience in public affairs. He is a man of integrity and of the highest honor, who has made a success of his life, who has won to the front rank in all three of these important phases of endeavor—the law, finance and business.

As it stands, the legislating that is done for this country is done in the main by men of no experience in business. We spend more than a billion dollars a year—more than a billion!—in our upkeep. This country is a business institution that requires the expenditure of that vast amount of capital for its proper and successful conduct—a business institution; though it is at present managed by a board of directors and legislators of whom not one per cent is composed of men of business experience and of whom more than ninety-nine per cent consists of politicians.

This country is a business institution, and every person who lives in it owns stock in it. Likewise every person is directly or indirectly assessed according to the amount of stock he owns. Oddly enough, so potent has the political fetish become, the men owning stock in this country give their proxies for the management of the country into the hands of men who consider that management not from a business viewpoint, but from the viewpoint of politics—and most often personal politics at that.

In other words, the ordinary citizen does to this country, with its billion dollars of expenditure every year, what he would not for a moment think of doing with his individual business or any enterprise in which any share of his capital was invested. He lets the politicians do his governmental business politically when the way is open to give the control of it over to men who not only understand business but are of the highest integrity and of proved success.

Mr. Dimmick is one of Pennsylvania's most successful business men. He is the son of Samuel E. Dimmick, who was Attorney-General of Pennsylvania under Governor Hartranft, and was born in Honesdale in 1858. He graduated from Yale, studied law and is a member of the Lackawanna County bar. He not only practiced law but engaged in banking and manufacturing in Scranton, which is the third largest city of Pennsylvania.

A Scranton manufacturing company got into difficulties and Dimmick took hold of it. He reorganized it, made it one of the most successful concerns of its kind in the country; and did that not by decreasing cost of production, but by paying higher wages than are paid by any similar company in the United States. He became president of the Lackawanna Trust and Safe-Deposit Company and, as his activities grew, took over interests in other banking concerns and in other business enterprises in Scranton and elsewhere in Pennsylvania.

His ability both as a lawyer and as a business man, and his high sense of public duty, made him the nominee of the Republican party for Mayor of Scranton in 1906. At that time Scranton was boss-ridden. Its municipal government was conducted for the benefit of the machine politicians and their followers. It was a wide-open town, and wider open than most—in the East, at any rate.

Mr. Dimmick was elected; and he cleaned up the city, both morally and physically. He made it wholesome so far as its morals were concerned, and sanitary in its physical aspects. He was a business man and he ran Scranton on a business basis instead of by a political-machine formula. When he quit office Scranton was a clean city and was on a decent business foundation.

As Mayor of Scranton Dimmick did what there is great need for men of his stamp to do with the affairs of this Government. He was not influenced by politics. His actions were directed by the municipal needs of the people of Scranton as viewed by a business man skilled in the conduct of large affairs. Moreover, he is a man who will bring to the United States Senate those very qualities in sufficiently wide vision to make him as valuable to his state and to his country as he was to Scranton.

He is a Republican who believes in the rehabilitation of the Republican party; who is thoroughly in sympathy with the forward tendencies of the time, who is opposed to the continued domination of the bosses, and who has no entangling alliances.

Everything in Washington is political, and the present condition of unrest and protest is the result. Men of the Dimmick type are needed at the Capital; for when you ask, What is the matter with the governmental affairs of this country? the answer, if it is true, must be: There is too much politics in the business of this Government and not enough business in its politics.

The Hesitation Waltz

THE TEST

By JOSEPHINE DASKAM BACON

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS

MARIE FITCH rang the bell, stepped inside the tiny vestibule and tapped the shining knocker sharply.

She slipped into the fresh white-painted hall with her usual quick, birdlike motion, but stopped suddenly, even as Max Fettauer's butler-valet-officeman-chauffeur drew her swathing velvet coat from her shoulders, and fingered the sash curtains on the sidelights pensively.

"I don't like that ivory tint after all," she said thoughtfully; and added: "Have these been washed yet, Joseph?"

"Madame, no," he assured her respectfully.

"They're all right by day, but they'll have to be deeper for night, I think," she mused. "I'll send up some real écru, I think."

"*Bien*, madame."

"I'm a little late. Is Mrs. Fettauer down?"

"Madame, no. Madame has not yet come in; but the doctor, he is here, and if madame will come to the library ——"

Marie lifted her flexible eyebrows and trailed her twisting olive train up the stairway, tapping the wall authoritatively halfway.

"Don't try to wash that off, Joseph; take stale bread," she said abruptly. "I'm sorry to say it spots."

"*Bien*, madame."

"The office walls wash all right, don't they?"

"Perfectly, madame. Today, only, Kat'rine and I have cleaned it—the office—entire."

"Does the doctor like his office, Joseph?" she asked from the landing.

"The doctor, he prefers his office to all the house, madame. Only yesterday he speak of it to madame."

"That's good." And she walked into the library, her slim arm outstretched.

"How are you, Max?"

Fettauer sprang from his leather chair, threw away the inevitable cigarette and took her hand warmly.

"My dear Mrs. Fitch! This is always such a pleasure!"

He looked very young. Marie found herself thinking that his smile was more boyish, even, than before his marriage.

"Lucia's not in, Joseph tells me. I hope nothing's the matter. She's not ill—or anything?"

"Heavens, no! Was Lucia ever ill?"

She laughed and perched on the arm of his chair's mate.

"I believe there is a legend that she had jaundice in Rome once; but somebody went to the hospital, full of flowers and sympathy, and found her cleaning it and reorganizing the staff!"

"Naturally! I wonder she didn't drain the Campagna! Seriously, though, she's very naughty, and I apologize for her. The grand high muck-a-muck of all prisons—from Ohio, I think he is—who was to honor us tonight as your vis-à-vis, is making a speech somewhere and Lucia is introducing him. It seems the mayor was late and they couldn't begin without him; the speech was long and the reception bids fair to be longer. So Lucia telephoned that we were not to wait too long—and you would understand! I hope you do?"

"Oh, yes!" and Marie subsided into the claret-colored leather. "What's the difference! How's everything with you?"

"Quite all right, thanks. I hope you're admiring your handiwork!"

Marie gazed appreciatively about the snug, rich-colored room. The dull-gold walls above the lines of dim-tinted books; the dark red leather; the long, narrow mahogany table, with the homelike student lamps; the tiny tables ready to each deep-seated armchair—had been her special study.

"Do you agree with me now about the curtains, young man?" she challenged him. "Or do you still think the room could stand more red?"

"You were right, as always," he assured her, with a gallant wave of the hand. "Anything but this particular goldy olive would have been impossible! Seriously, Mrs. Fitch, you've made us so fine and prosperous looking that I feel a little ashamed of us. It's hard to remember that we aren't so rich as we look!"

"Nonsense!" she said brusquely; but he knew she was pleased. "It's not that—it's my informing all your friends what gifts would fit into my scheme—that's all. So everything counted and there were comparatively few gilt clocks and odd chairs and fish-sets! People really liked it, I think; it took away some of the responsibility."

She Looked, Breathed, Looked Again

"It was a wonderful scheme," he said admiringly.

"You see all those doctors at the hospital would have given different things; and when I suggested this table they were delighted. The same way with the dining-room set; the Forsythes, the Varnhams, the Girards—the whole crowd—simply whooped with joy at the idea. And, of course, they know you're using it all the time; and everybody's pleased."

"It's much too handsome for us."

"That's silly, Max! I got it at that Leydendecker sale, you see—from the house at Albany—and few dealers knew of it. And I got the bottom price, of course. You couldn't pick it up in New York for anything like the price, you know. I wanted dreadfully to write to your brother and suggest the dining-room rug; but I was glad afterward I hadn't had the cheek when I saw that family silver chest!"

"Oh, that's our regulation wedding gift," he explained. "It's the third now, and the last probably, for my sister is very unlikely to marry. I was amazed that she should dream of coming to be bridesmaid; really, Mrs. Fitch, I couldn't believe her letter!"

"She was so interesting! I realized for the first time, Max, that you were really a foreigner when I saw her. And Count von Ette—oh, why don't we have uniforms like that? He was the most beautiful best man I ever beheld."

"Fritz is a handsome peacock," he agreed; "but oh, Mrs. Fitch, you should hear him on the American girl!"

"You mean to say he didn't reciprocate? They adored him, you know. Cynthia Girard and Nancy Varnham nearly came to blows over him."

"I know. Will you promise never to tell if I tell you what he said about those young ladies?"

"Never!"

"He told Nette that they should have been spanked back to the schoolroom!"

Marie laughed and settled back comfortably into the padded chair.

"I never could quite understand, Max, how you took such a risk," she ventured softly. "Any American girl would have been a dangerous experiment—but Lutie! How did you dare?"

"She was the only girl I ever wanted to marry," he said.

"Really?"

She studied his dark, controlled face narrowly. More and more he interested her—this clean-cut young surgeon to whom Lucia had yielded "because it was easier to marry him than argue about it."

"Somehow I'd always fancied that Lutie would marry a much older man," she said; "her friends are all so much older than she is."

"Her women friends—yes," he answered quickly; "but older men don't care for her, do they?"

"Why, I believe you're right!" she cried. "How ridiculous I never thought of it! Isn't that interesting!"

"That's the type," he began slowly, rolling a cigarette thoughtfully between his white, broad-tipped fingers. "It was one of the first things I noticed about Lucia. Do you remember the first time I met you, Mrs. Fitch? It was in a party of inspection to the Tombs."

"Oh, I know! We were just getting into the prison work!"

"Yes. As a matter of fact you hadn't any idea of all this great prison investigation and reform then; Lucia was following up the career of one of the urchins in her boys' club."

"I remember." Marie smiled reminiscently and her sharp face softened. "That was three years ago, wasn't it?" she said.

"Quite. Well, I was asked to go round with the crowd and see what had happened to the young lad—he had just escaped the juvenile court and wasn't really old enough, Lucia insisted, for a police court. I had just been operating under Bull and wanted to shake off the strain—for it was a tricky operation and if it failed I'd get the blame. If it succeeded—of course that was another matter."

He paused, glanced at the handsome ship's clock on the mantel—a wedding gift from the officers of his first voyage—and pressed his lips together for the fraction of a second.

"Will the doctor have ——"

"Yes, Joseph; serve dinner directly. Madame will not dress when she comes."

Marie took his ceremonious arm and they entered the dining room, no detail of which escaped her proprietary eye.

"You don't find the white paint too much, Max?"

"On the contrary, I like it immensely. The ordinary New York dining room is a cavern."

"So it seems to me, and I thought one dark room was enough. I couldn't resist the library. But I think Lute makes a mistake in putting those embroidered things on the sideboard; they're splotchy."

"They shall be removed," he assured her, amused. Then, when the soup steamed before them: "What a wonderful wedding present this was, Mrs. Fitch! Did any one ever have one like it, I wonder!"

"I loved to do it," she answered eagerly; "I never enjoyed a present so much. Of course I've done lots of entire houses, but never quite like this, for a friend—and one I knew so intimately as Lutie. It was great fun to try to express her personality—and yours," she added, with a sly glance at him. "Of course I had to guess more or less there."

"My compliments on your intuitions, madame!" he smiled at her.

"What do you like best?" she begged.

"My office and the drawing room," he replied promptly.

"Good! They're the best rooms. Of course a small house like this is easier in a great many ways."

They ate in silence, smiling sympathetically at the dejected soufflé, which had not been able to adapt itself so philosophically as the host and guest to the twenty minutes' delay.

"Your sister was most amusing about my doing it all," she began. "(Not at all; I don't object to mutton a little overdone.) 'Fancy allowing any one to decorate and furnish one's home!' she said to me when I escorted her through the house. 'Do you mean that you are arranging her bedroom? That you decide on the kitchen?'

"'Indeed, yes, *Fräulein;* down to the pepper mill,' I assured her. She threw her hands in the air."

"And cried *Du Liebe!* no doubt," Fettauer added.

"Just that. Tell me, did you think it strange?"

"Not at all. I knew the type. As Lucia put it: 'Marie has made a special study of all this and knows a lot better than I do. We're lucky to have her taste.' It's the American point of view, dear Mrs. Fitch; and there's a lot to be said for it, as a matter of fact. That it would be my own point of view ——"

He shrugged his shoulders slightly.

"And yet you let me handle your office?"

He smiled into her eyes.

"In the first place, I was curious," he said frankly. "In the second place, I knew I had to do with a clever, practical woman. In the third place, I foresaw what I have

recognized since—that you would know quite as much what to leave undone as what to do. My offices, dear lady, were masterly outlines—for me to fill in."

She laughed.

"But Lutie didn't know that," she said.

"Oh! Lucia's intuitions run along other lines."

"The prison muck-a-muck won't get a tongue-mousse like that, wherever he's dining," she suggested; "she's probably giving him ale and ham sandwiches in the probationers' restaurant."

"To show the gentleman the workings of your scheme—quite right," he agreed placidly. "I am only grateful not to have a household staff from the Bedford Reformatory and a cook from Blackwell's Island!"

"You little know how nearly you had them, my young friend!" thought Marie.

"It was ale and sandwiches we had, that night I began telling you about," he went on, digging into a squat, orange-colored cheese. "And while we tucked them away, it suddenly occurred to me as I looked about the table, where we were squeezed almost too close to eat and the smoke from the cigarettes blurred like a cloud, that the ages of the party were curiously distributed.

"There was Miss Lucia Stanchon, twenty-eight, and looking older; there were you and Mrs. Forsythe and Mrs. Varnham, somewhere under forty, I thought; and there were little Van Wynken and that young Count What's-his-name, with whom he played about; and Bobby du Long and myself—and not one of them was over twenty-six. And I, the oldest, was just thirty."

"Why, to be sure!" Marie nodded confirmatively. "I never thought of that," she said, adding quickly: "But you must remember, Max, that there was a sort of reason for that, after all. You see Peter Forsythe and Dick Varnham and—and my husband wouldn't have been dragged on such an expedition for anything in the world. Men of that age ——"

"Oh, I understand all that. Though I'd like to suggest to you that Herr Peter has a flourishing boys' club—and Mr. Varnham plays baseball once a week with the lads in the villages near Hawkfield, by the way! But what I mean is that no man of her age—or the equivalent of her age—likes to do what Lucia likes to do. The Americans of thirty-five, say—which is the least age she could afford to associate herself with definitely—don't play with Lucia, somehow. Three years ago, before everybody was dancing as they do now, your husbands didn't care to dance or to play tennis with women; or to visit police courts with women; or to eat sandwiches in rathskellers afterward with women."

"That's true," Marie agreed.

"And yet the sisters of her young men bored Lucia—*n'est-ce-pas?*"

"That's true," she repeated.

"As a matter of fact, now, do Peter Forsythe and Dick Varnham and Mr. Fitch like my wife?"

"Oh, Max, what a question! We've been pals—all of us—for years and years!"

"I know. But be honest and tell me now, since we're on the subject, do they personally, without regard to their wives' friendship for her, like her?"

Marie laughed.

"Let's have coffee in the library, shall we?" she suggested. Then as they sat down she laughed again.

"You're quite right about the husbands, Max," she admitted. "Peter doesn't approve of Lutie, and feels that she enticed his precious Mattie out of the home circle into what he calls 'that damned prison work.' Did you hear—you must have—how he abducted her and hid her away all summer, literally in a cave in the woods, with the children, and cured her, as he says? It certainly agreed with Mattie, though; I'll admit that. Then Dick Varnham and Lutie always fight—always have. He says she's clever enough, but he'll be darned if he'll be bossed out of his boots by any woman alive! He says she tried to dictate the temperature of his bath."

Fettauer chuckled.

"But they respect each other, really. And they really get along pretty well, working on the farm at Hawkfield. They built a dam together once."

Marie laughed out suddenly.

"Dick said a dam was an awfully convenient thing to build with Lutie—you could refer to it frequently and relieve your feelings!"

"And Mr. Fitch?" Max suggested.

Her face hardened. Few people who knew her well mentioned Randall Fitch unnecessarily to his wife.

"Oh, Ranny detests Lutie," she said lightly. "They never meet. He calls her the spotlight uplifter, and she says she really can't know men who wear checked trousers. It's simply one of those antipathies ——"

"Of course," he nodded, fitting his after-dinner cigar into his pasteboard holder. "How about Walter Girard?"

"Oh, Walter!" Marie pursed her lips doubtfully. "Walter's different, you know. He's not really in the crowd; I doubt whether Walter ever was in any crowd. He's a queer, solitary, self-sufficient sort of fellow, and I don't think he looks at women. Queerly enough, I think Lutie rather likes him. They play golf together. She says he never speaks though. How Betty endures it I don't know. I believe Walter would be perfectly happy on a desert island."

"I hate to think of Madame Betty on a desert island," Fettauer said, smiling.

"Betty? Don't worry! She'd fascinate the nearest merman and he'd swim away with her wherever she wanted to go!"

"Would she like it when she got there?" he added quietly.

"You're very clever, Master Max," she told him; "but don't criticize our Betty! You can't apply the same rules to a woman of genius—ah, there's Lutie now!"

"That certainly resembles her slam," Lucia's husband agreed quietly, as its echoes resounded through the house.

"Is that Joseph she's talking to?" Marie wondered aloud; but a hearty bass laugh and a heavier step than Joseph's on the first flight of stairs prepared them for the big, good-natured, sack-coated fellow who entered the library at Lucia's heels.

"Well! You certainly look very comfy—you two!"

Lucia stood in the doorway staring aggrievedly at them. Her fur-trimmed toque had slipped to one side; her muff bulged with papers. A wisp of warm, molasses-colored hair lay along her cheek. She looked tired; but above the dark circles under them her eyes beamed triumphantly, and her boyish smile was as compelling as ever, though her cheeks were pale and a little too heavily lined for the beginning of the evening.

"Woof! I'm nearly dead! Is there anything left for us to eat? Hello, Max! How's Ri-ri tonight? This is Mr. Ben Braden, of the Ohio penitentiary, people! And he's nearly as starved as I am. Perfectly grand meeting, children—over fourteen hundred; and the mayor made the speech of his life!"

"You crazy child, do you mean to say you haven't eaten?"

"When do you think I had time to eat? I had a glass of milk at six, though. Anything for us, Joseph?"

"Joseph looks worried," Marie suggested.

"Joseph's got to learn," said his mistress shortly. "I wish Max had let me bring Potts with me—he was used to odd meals, and father was willing."

Marie smiled at her host.

"Perhaps Potts wasn't quite so used to Max's office work as he was to odd meals," she said.

But Fettauer's smile was merely polite.

"Let me show you the way to the dining room, Mr. Braden," said he; and as the big Westerner looked doubtfully at his ungloved hands Lucia shook her head impatiently.

"Oh, for heaven's sake, don't stop to wash," she cried plaintively, "or I shall faint on the floor. Come right on with me—you can take a Turkish bath afterward if you like!"

Braden burst into a great laugh.

"I don't believe there's much chance of this little lady fainting!" he said admiringly. "She ought to be out in Ohio, with us. She certainly can put things through!"

"And you consider that a peculiarity of the residents of Ohio?" Max inquired. "Dear me! Come down one flight farther, Mr. Braden, and inspect my lavatory. Lucia, we'll be with you in a moment."

Marie smiled to herself as Lucia shrugged her shoulders and dropped into a seat at the table.

"Max is so obstinate," she murmured. "Joseph, bring me a cocktail directly."

But Joseph placed a cup of hot soup before her even as she spoke.

"Doctor Fettauer tells me that this is the first thing madame eats," he said gently.

"Nonsense! Some Scotch, then—oh, well, I'm too tired to argue." And she gulped the soup hungrily.

Marie watched her in silence. Was it her firm, cleft chin, her brusque gestures, or simply the shade too much of flesh that cased her taut muscles? Whatever it was, Lucia looked almost older than her young husband.

"And she's three years younger!" mused her friend. "In five years there'll be no doubt of it. I believe it's all this managing."

"Max is down on cocktails, then?" Marie asked as Joseph hurried in with some apologetic slices of mutton.

"Always was. Of course it's nonsense—nothing else pulls me together so; but he says that if I depend on them whenever I'm rushed to death I'll be in an inebriate's ward—because I'm always rushed! Of course there may be something in that, you know."

And Lucia's warm gray eyes flashed with the old jolly, compelling charm into Marie's, so that the other woman laughed in spite of herself.

"Oh, Lutie, you child!" she sighed. "Will you ever grow up? And yet"—returning to her first thought—"you look grown-up enough tonight, God knows! Aren't you getting fat? What do you weigh now?"

"For heaven's sake, Marie, do you suppose I spend my time on the scales?" Lucia broke her dinner roll irritably. "Bring me some butter, Joseph, I'm famished. And I'd rather have ale than that Moselle."

"*Bien*, madame." And Joseph scurried behind the beautiful leather screen that Marie had advised the Women's Auxiliary to present to their chairman.

"A bottle of madame's ale—and be quick!" he hissed from mysterious inner spaces.

"It's all very well for you to make a fool of yourself on one square meal a day if you want to," continued Lucia; "but I couldn't get through what I have to without food, believe me!"

"But, my dear, you select such fattening food!"

"All right! I tell you I'm simply all gone without it, Marie! I simply cannot go from eight to one without a glass of milk, if you mean that."

"Oh, very well! It is not my affair. Of course, so long as Max is pleased——"

"Indeed! And do you suppose that I eat in order to please Max? I managed to nourish myself so as to put through what I had to for some time before I

"I Live in Hope of Undeceiving You, My Dear"

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met Max, and I trust to go on for some time longer on the same basis!"

"It must be jolly for him if you come home in this state of mind often!" Marie remarked placidly.

"Max knew my various states of mind before he married me, didn't he?" Lucia demanded shortly. "Did I ever pretend ——"

"No, Lutie, you never did," her friend assured her. "I will say that for you."

"Well, then, he knew what he was getting," said Lucia, appeased. "So it's up to him."

"But perhaps he thought you'd change," Marie hazarded.

"Why should he? Why should the fact that I live in this house make me act differently from what I did when I lived in my own? When I changed my name I didn't change my nature, did I?"

"Evidently not."

Marie stared at her friend through narrowed lids. Never before had she so realized the difference in their ages; the frank change of outlook since she stood pale and tired in her white satin and pronounced—so firm of voice, so vague in thought—her calm "I do."

"Do you know, Lutie, I believe you really think that's the main fact of marriage—that you live here instead of with Doctor Stanchon!" she burst out.

"You'd think so if you lived with Max!" said Lucia imperturbably. "He's a regular old maid! I never supposed a doctor could be so fussy about being on time for meals. I thought they ate anywhere—any time—anyhow!"

"I live in hope of undeceiving you, my dear," and Fettauer escorted his guest into the room. "If you could lunch with us Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, after clinic, and see our controlled rage if one of us reaches the table at one-twenty instead of one-fifteen, you'd see that one member of this family understands and respects his stomach!"

"Oh! So that's why you picked those days for the office?" And Marie motioned Mr. Braden to her side.

"Yes, wasn't it considerate of me?" Lucia threw a saucy glance at her grave young husband, and his eyes caught and held hers for a swift, warm moment.

"Oho! Old maid—is he?" thought Marie; and then: "I wonder which of you two gets the upper hand, Mrs. Lucia Stanchon Fettauer!"

"I'm afraid you'll be eating alone, Braden—Joseph, bring Mr. Braden's soup," Max began. "These public workers get a habit of lunch counters, I believe."

"If you mean that for a brutal dig at me, Max, my lamb, it's no use!" his wife cried gayly. "I gave Mr. Braden all the chance in the world to begin with me; but he preferred to prink—or, rather, he had to pretend to prefer to! So if he's starved and lonely—it's his affair."

Mr. Braden smiled at her appreciatively.

"You've no kick coming from me, Mrs. Fettauer," he assured her. "I'm well accustomed—as I'll bet you are—to eating when I can and being grateful to get it—especially on a trip like this. Your wife would make a great campaigner, sir," waving his bouillon cup respectfully to Max. "Or a great anything!" he added, draining the squat Chinese bowl with relish. "When I saw that big, bustling restaurant, coppers shining, waiter girls so attentive, crowded with customers; the system, the neatness, the good, solid food—yes, thanks; rye, if you have it handy—I tell you I wished we had her in Ohio!"

He sniffed his mutton and cauliflower with keen interest.

"And I'll bet she runs this home every bit as well!" he cried enthusiastically.

"You will find no takers here, Mr. Braden," said Doctor Fettauer gallantly.

"Oh, housekeeping isn't difficult, Mr. Braden—really," said Lutie, relaxing, full fed, contented, and stimulated unconsciously by the open admiration of the big, breezy fellow.

She lay back in Max's serving chair, flattered, at peace with the world. Food was always an instant tonic to her; and the sense of growing power, of authority, of ability to set big things in motion—the while this charming, dignified little establishment revolved so smoothly under her hand—gave her a curious detached sense of her own personality; she seemed to watch herself, amused.

One moment on a platform, civic dignitaries at her side, attentive faces, mob-like, turned toward her; a moment again, and the mob, blind now and surging down the marble steps, was all about her—she was part of it; yet a moment, and the steam of the soup-kettle, the clash of plates and the heat of the great electric broilers made a new background for the respectful faces that clustered about her.

And now here she was in a silence that one positively felt, after all the movement and clatter, at her own glistening table; in her own quiet, clean-scented, clear-spaced rooms; her own soft-stepping butler moving behind the russet-and-gold leather screen.

Strange! Life moved so quickly—the pool of garnet roses glowed against the white linen; silver caught the light here and there under the garnet-laced candle-shades; how perfectly the entwined monograms on the big dinner napkins were embroidered, frosty and fine! How exquisitely gowned Marie was! How dark and distinguished Max was as he faced her!

It was the very contrast that made this life of hers so full and fascinating—how bored those women must be who knew but one mode of life, one set little scene! That was why they wanted to be men; but she—Lucia—she didn't want to be a man. Heavens, no!

Her stiff collar pinched her neck—why had she not changed into evening dress? Men couldn't look half so nice at night; and even Marie had admitted that her plumpness improved her shoulders!

"Lutie! Are you asleep?"

She turned dazed eyes on them; the roses in the center of the table blurred and receded to a great red distance, like a sunset—then sprang back sharply into place as she sat up with a drowsy laugh.

"I—I've been on the go all day!" she murmured.

They smiled at her as at a child. Nothing she did could seem otherwise than endearing to Mr. Braden, it seemed.

"She's a regular human dynamo!" he chuckled delightedly. "I'll bet you it would tire many a man to keep up with her, doctor!"

"Oh, that goes without saying nowadays," Max returned easily. "It's quite the fashion, you know, Mr. Braden. The man we dined with last Thursday told us he'd been taking a nap from six to seven to be ready for Lucia!"

"Now what do you think about that?" their guest demanded. "Well, well, well!"

"However," Max went on, "even what we used to call the weaker sex may be supposed to recuperate occasionally; and if I might suggest it, Lucia, you'd better tear yourself away and go to bed! We agreed to take that nine-o'clock train for Long Island, you know."

"I know," said Lucia dolefully; "though it was a fiendish thing to propose, that train. Perhaps I'd better. If Mr. Braden will excuse ——"

"Oh, I'll finish my cigar with your good husband here and jump for my train," Braden assured her. "Good night, Mrs. Fettauer. It's a real privilege to meet a woman like you!"

"All the same," Marie murmured on the stairs, "it's a little hard on poor Max to leave him with your expansive prison friend, Lutie."

"Oh, nonsense!" Lucia switched on the light and faced Marie crossly in the middle of her bedroom, all grayish blue, with hangings and chintzes of bluish gray. "Braden's a good fellow and it won't hurt Max a bit to talk a little with people like that—who really do things."

She pressed a button on the house telephone near her bed.

"I'm not at home, Joseph; never-mind who."

"But, good heavens, child, doesn't Max do things?"

"Oh, of course—you know what I mean, Ri-ri. Don't make me angry now by being stupid!"

Marie closed her lips temperately; and while Lucia threw off her tight clothes and the quiet maid picked them up patiently, the friend, sunk for the moment in the decorator, regarded the charming bedroom critically.

"I believe there should have been a little old rose here, after all," she said half to herself. "There was too much in that chintz I tried first, so I eliminated it entirely; but it's a little too cold—especially at night. I think I'll make all the chair cushions solid old rose, *chaise longue* and all. Would you mind that?"

"Anything you say," said Lucia brightly, struggling with a refractory garter clasp. "Pouf! That's off! Now just wait a minute while I get a bath, Marie, will you?"

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Wrapped in a trailing smoky-blue peignoir, her thick hair in a dull bronze braid, she strolled into the bathroom; and while the odor of her favorite geranium perfume crept steamily into the bedchamber and the splashings of her plunge alternated with her unsteady humming—Lucia could barely carry a tune, but was never without one—Marie studied the room with the interest inseparable from her profession.

It was a curious and characteristic mixture—that infallible betrayal of the soul in all the shells it makes for itself, whether of flesh or silk or stone. Ancestors may arch our noses, architects may measure our lintels, tailors may conceal us with their stretched stuffs; but the twitch of the nostrils as we breathe, the angle of the bed as we lie in it, the creases of the coat as we walk in it—could God Himself change them, except through us?

So Lucia's room, though her friend's taste and skill and experience had designed it with only the most obvious and reasonable regard to Lucia's complexion and tastes, spoke as clearly of its mistress' character as the slow growth of furniture and tiny oddments that chance had shaped about her when she was a girl in her father's house.

On the austere, glass-topped toilet table that Marie and modern hygienic simplicity had made fashionable between them lay one of Lucia's queer luxuries—a magnificent litter of tortoise-shell tools, gold monogrammed. They were costly, breakable, flamboyant; they would have graced the dresser of a musical-comedy idol of the hour; but to Lucia they were dear necessities. Dull, they must be polished; broken, they must be mended; lost, they must be replaced.

Not a chair but one was cushioned beyond its seat; but against the severe back of the *chaise longue*, dull blue and gray, Lucia had piled a mongrel heap of cushions, the embroidered, sprawling initials of which mingled Yale and Harvard in impartial navy blue and crimson, and dated back to the boarding-school, poker-burned work that set Marie's teeth on edge.

Next to a wonderful etching of a great cathedral interior hung a framed poster of a once-adored actor, and below this were some Landseer dogs in colored prints—a childish birthday present from her father; while above a wonderful little Monet, hung just at the proper angle for light and value, Lucia had stuck one of Betty Girard's first pen-and-ink double sheets: the famous golf man with Max's profile—in a cheap oak frame picked out with gilt!

Ranged photographs of her friends in heavy silver frames littered everything; battered riding-crops made a sort of trophy over the squat bookshelves—a girl's room, you would have shrugged, facing it. But the great mahogany table, soaking in the sunshine of the bay window, would check you; nearly six feet long, it held orderly piles of reports, typewritten sheets, letterheads, calendars, diaries, docketed files—the desk of an exceptionally competent woman of affairs, with the blotting sheet and vast bronze inkwell of a company director.

The very spirit of orderliness, you would say; but one glance at the telephone, lurching from the top of a three-decked muffin stand above a litter of chocolate, old letters, odd gloves, newspaper clippings and half-cut French novels, would have left you gasping.

Dresses and hats, severe, dark-toned, were crushed together waiting repairs and valeting in Lucia's untidy closet; immaculate scented lingerie, weblike and ribboned, lay in lacy geometric piles in the drawers of Lucia's great mahogany armoire, a treasure of heavy carving.

"If this room were only one thing or the other!" Marie sighed.

"But I'm not one thing or the other, perhaps!" grinned Lucia, collapsing, clean and happy, among the hideous college cushions.

"That's as true a word as you ever spoke, miss—madame, I mean!" her friend commented sagely. "I suppose that's what keeps us all ——"

"Bosh! Don't begin to analyze, for mercy's sake! Look here, Marie—will you do the decorations for the new recreation building at the docks for us? Just in your odd times, I mean."

Marie's face, which always softened and lighted with her little friendly circle of women friends, stiffened suddenly with the lines of the keen and bitter Mrs. Randall Fitch that her clients admired and feared.

"For love, you mean?" she said shortly.

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"Oh, well, you know what we've got. I've worked like thunder to get a year's rent guaranteed and I can't dip into that fund for anything but the strictest necessities. We've got the place clean, but it's a perfect barn. Of course we shouldn't expect much."

"Now see here, Lucia, we might just as well get this over now as later. You simply don't understand what you're asking. What's the average sum you're getting from people?"

"Oh, twenty-five—fifty. Why?"

"Well, I'll give you fifty dollars if you never ask me to do another thing. I can't afford it."

"Why, Marie Fitch! I shan't take it. The idea!"

"Oh, yes, you will. Now, Lucia, decorating is my business. The competition has grown very keen nowadays: it's different from when I began."

"But your discounts ——"

"All very well. Has it ever occurred to you that I may have other uses for my discounts? When I did this house for you it was the very best present I could give you—I simply loved to do it. And I'm proud of it too; I stand behind it. My professional reputation is in it. Don't you realize that it will necessarily—my reputation—go into all this work you want me to do for you? When you say you don't expect much, you're talking nonsense. What do you mean by that? That I'm to do a little of the job very well and let the rest go? Or do all of the job half or a quarter well? In either case it's my job, isn't it? It stands for me, doesn't it? You'll tell everybody that Mrs. Fitch decorated it, won't you? Can I afford that if it isn't well done?"

"Of course, Marie, if you choose to put it that way ——"

"But I do choose to put it that way—I must. See here, my child: you passed out of the rank of the lady amateurs this year and became a paid professional worker in this prison business. Very well! Suppose the pure-milk-for-the-slums committee, or the employment-for-the-blind committee or the child-labor people should ask you, in view of your great success in organizing your job, to give them a little of your odd time to overhaul and reorganize some of their departments, what would you say?"

"Is that a fair comparison, Marie?"

"Absolutely. Why not? Could you afford it?"

"I notice you did the Professional Women's Club for nothing, though—they bragged about it enough!" Lucia put in.

"Precisely. And why? In the first place that was my personal contribution to a club of which I'm a charter member. We began that club fifteen years ago, when it was a bigger venture than any women's club could be today. It meant more to us, I assure you, than clubs do now. The women who did things stuck more together and every name meant something. We were all very eager to back up all professional women. Betty painted half the wall decorations; lots of women gave a certain set of royalties on their books and stories; Doctor Harris—that Max's friend married—gave a week's office fees, I remember. That was a professional tax—gladly paid. Your house was a friendly gift—gladly given. I stand behind both willingly and expect to be judged by them. But why should I take that risk for your prison-reform schemes?"

"Oh, well, of course ——"

"Another thing," Marie went on. "For the club work I set my own time and did it in the off season. Now your work must be done, like all your affairs, *tout de suite*—immediately, if not sooner. I happen to be extremely busy just now. Of course I lost on that job—but that was my affair. I lost on your house and Celestine's teahouse and Mattie's billiard room—but they were my presents to you all; and presents aren't business."

"Oh, don't rub it in, Marie—I see what you mean. Only I wonder, if all you people feel that way, how all the men have helped us so much with their professional time and reputation? Why did those nice architects do over the up-the-river boarding house for nothing for us?"

Marie watched her narrowly.

"For us?" she repeated. "For us?"

"Well, for me, then," said Lucia frankly.

"Why?" Marie answered. "Why? I wonder when you'll find out, Lutie!"

"Oh, well, it was in a good cause anyway!" Lucia smiled, but faced her friend bravely. "You can't take out all the personal effect, Marie—you simply can't. Things go that way—that's all."

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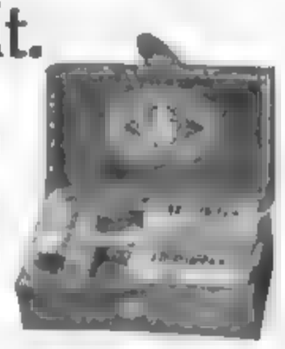

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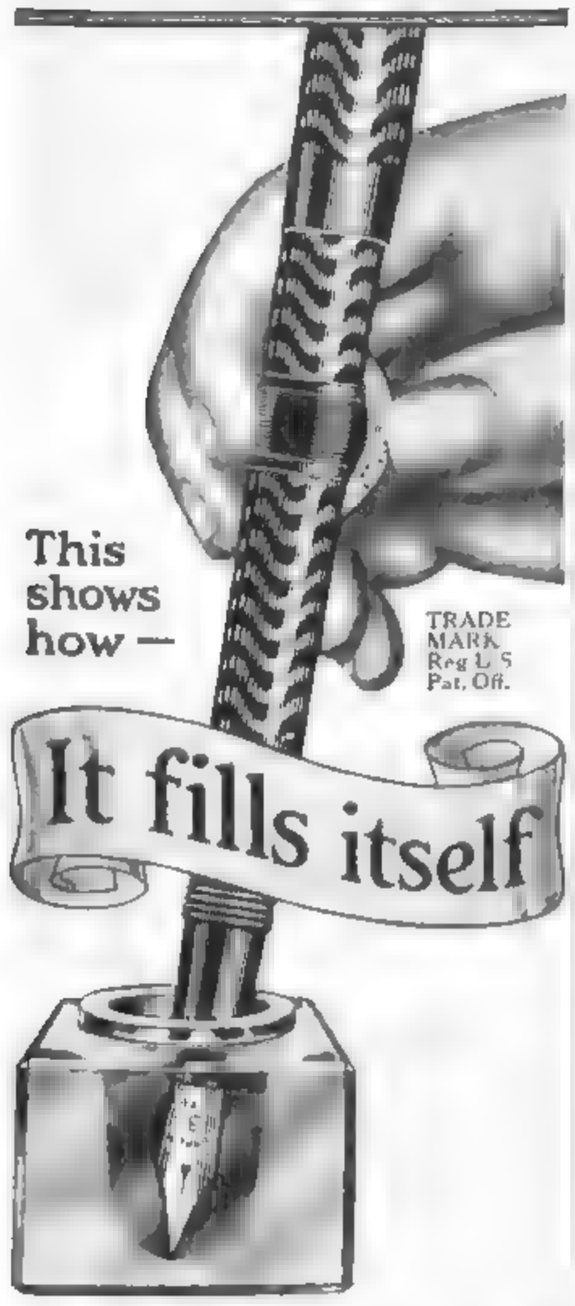

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"They go that way just now," Marie returned slowly, "because you and I haven't been at this sort of thing such a terribly long time. People still feel interested and touched by women in business—as women; but in the jobs where they've been for generations—keeping boarding houses, for instance, and school teaching, I wonder whether the hotel men and the men teachers feel that chivalry much."

"And you think ——"

"Of course I do. Thackeray, even, probably felt it for George Eliot; but do you think Mr. Hall Caine feels it for Miss Marie Corelli? I doubt it."

"I see what you mean," Lucia agreed thoughtfully. She stared ahead of her, digesting the new idea. Then her eyes flashed mischievously. "All right, Ri-ri—then let's go while the going is good!" she cried gayly.

Marie studied the laughing face—the thrown-back, boyish shoulders.

"That's one way to take it, of course," she said thoughtfully. "After us the deluge—huh! Well it'll be a deluge, all right enough. I shall be out of it, thank goodness! Of course when I began everybody gave me a hand. I was a woman; I had a new idea; I was in society; I needed money. It was *grand chic!* Now every girl that gets impatient at home wants to be an interior decorator. So there you are!"

They sat in friendly silence.

"How you do go into things, Ri-ri!" Lucia began after a moment.

"Do I? I expect it's because I've been through things. One usually leads to the other."

Again they were silent. Lucia had supposed that after her own marriage she would perhaps be able to touch a little more easily on her friend's experiences with Mr. Randall Fitch, but it seemed that this was not so—if anything she felt more constrained.

"This is awfully cozy—just like old times, isn't it?" she said lazily.

Marie looked at her oddly.

"It certainly is," she agreed; "a little too much so for monsieur, perhaps?"

"Max? How ridiculous! Didn't he send me up here himself?"

"My dear child! You were falling asleep in your chair!"

"My goodness, Marie, you'd fall asleep yourself in my place! What do you think I've done today?"

"Oh, I don't doubt ——"

"You'd better not! Listen! In the first place, we were at the opera last night and out to supper after. Then we all went round to see the dancing at that new place; and, of course, Van Wynken and I couldn't stand that—and we danced until they turned us all out; Van tipped the orchestra as it was. Well, I had to be called at eight, for I had an appointment at the office at nine. I worked like a dog there until lunch; the warden gave us an interview at three; I had to see that recreation building—they were tinting the plaster all wrong and I lost my temper dreadfully; then met Braden and showed him everything—I'd hate to see that taxi bill! The meeting I told you about, and that lasted until I took him through the restaurant and staggered home. Of course, after I'd had my dinner, I passed away—wouldn't you?"

"Long before, Lutie—long before," said her friend quickly. "It would have been a case of 'Please omit flowers' with me by three o'clock."

"Well, then," grunted Lucia, placated, "what are you rowing me for?"

"I'm not rowing you; I'm merely suggesting that the fact that you're all in has nothing to do with the fact that it must be rather dull for Max."

"But, heavens above! Max knows what I'm doing, doesn't he? He agreed to it before we were married, didn't he? He knew the way I worked before, I suppose."

Marie smiled.

"Ye-es, he knew," she agreed; "but he couldn't have got you any other way, could he?"

Lucia shrugged.

"Well, there it is," she said shortly.

"Yes, there it is, all right enough," Marie repeated; "but how long does it stay there?"

"What do you mean?"

Lucia stared in such honest blankness that her friend choked between a sigh and a smile.

"Oh, Lute, Lute!" murmured Marie. "You baby! You spoiled baby!"

"I'm pretty hard worked for a spoiled baby," said Lucia complacently.

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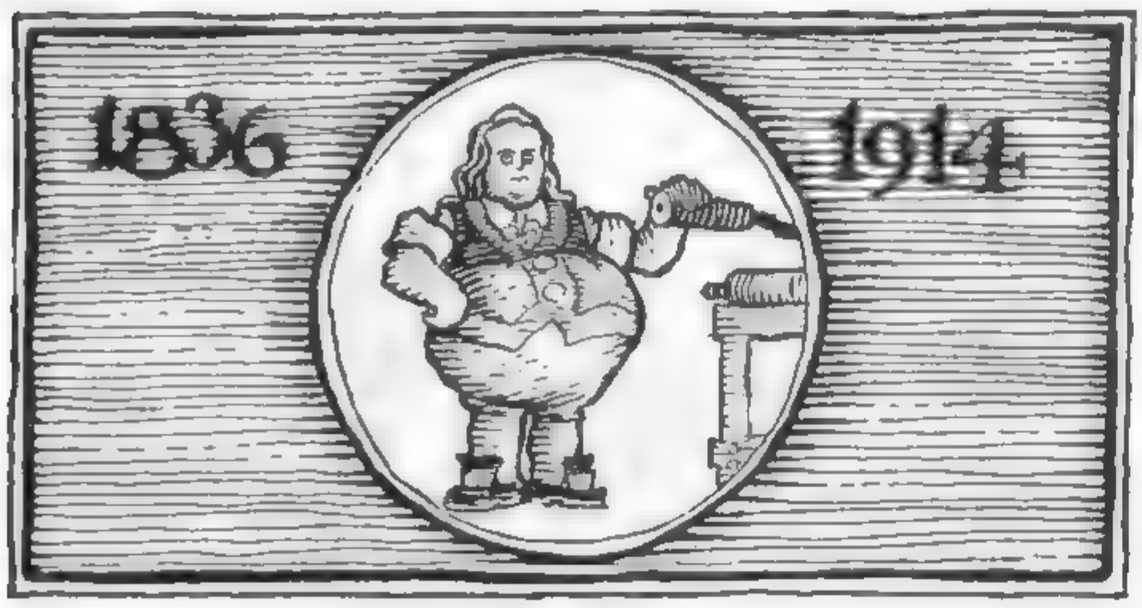

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PUBLIC LEDGER

Marie's eyes narrowed suddenly. She drew a deep breath.

"You are, indeed," she replied, "and you're showing it. Do you realize, Lutie, that you are thirty-one and that you look thirty-six?"

"Always did, thanks."

"N-no; not this way. You're settling. Do you realize that Max is thirty-five and looks thirty?"

"Oh, rot!"

"Just as you like, my dear—it's your funeral."

Lucia squirmed reflectively on the *chaise longue*.

"Of course Max is a man," she began defensively; "and then he takes precious good care of his little self. Tennis twice a week and golf every Saturday—he won't week-end where he can't play, if you please. And he goes to bed at ten if he's operating the next morning. That sort of thing's all very well if you can do it; but I can't."

"Why not?" Marie asked simply.

"Why not? Are you crazy, Ri-ri? When could I get the time, pray?"

"You're getting too fat. You'll have to take the time pretty soon."

"There it is again!" And Lucia's tone grew regretful. "I simply must have my lunch I go all to pieces. Max doesn't eat it unless he's exercising. No wonder he keeps thin."

"Oh, I'm not going into the reasons. I'm simply suggesting the facts," said Marie calmly. "If you must eat, then take the corresponding exercise, I should say."

"All very well," Lucia returned hastily; "but how can I? And anyhow, if I could dance enough I'd be all right. But then, of course, I don't see so much of Max—he wants to hear music so; and so we go on his account. And all the dancing that's any fun is so late this year."

"It's a little complicated, certainly," Marie admitted briefly.

"I believe you—it's complicated!" Lucia assured her with some warmth. "I simply want you to realize that I must be tired at night. Max is himself."

"Maybe; but he doesn't fall asleep at the table," said Mrs. Fitch dryly.

"Well, for heaven's sake, what am I to do then sleep in the afternoon?" Lucia demanded ironically.

"I should suppose you'd have to, under the circumstances," said Marie placidly.

"Don't be an idiot! I think I see myself!"

"You might do worse. I don't think you realize, Lute, how snappish you get sometimes."

"Why, Marie Fitch!"

"Perhaps not snappish exactly, my dear, but dreadfully brusque and—and settled! It makes you older. But, of course, it's no affair of mine, and we'll drop the subject, if you say so, immediately; but I wonder if Max likes it."

The tone was so much softer than the words, the look in the older woman's eyes was so unusual, that Lucia swallowed her irritation and spoke more gently than she felt.

"Mattie Forsythe's been talking to you, Ri-ri," she said, "hasn't she?"

"Mattie? No. I haven't seen her for ages."

"Oh! I thought perhaps you had." Lucia pursed her lips patronizingly. "You know, since Mattie left the board," she explained, "she's simply a sort of phonograph—whatever her precious Peter tells her Tuesday night she tells us Wednesday morning. Since sister went on the Junior Committee I see a little more of her—because, of course, the mothers have to be perfectly satisfied that their darling children aren't overworked or get their sympathies too much played on. But father says it's all right—for a wonder! So Miss Martha Forsythe is treasurer this year for the kiddies."

"Mattie's children will never be as attractive as she is," Marie commented.

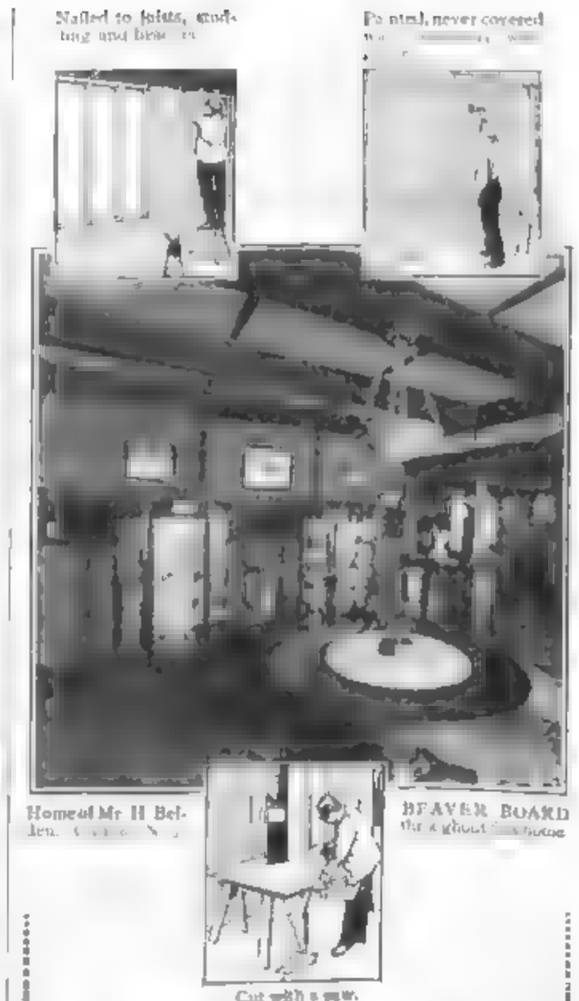
"Oh, I don't know. Sister is bossy, of course, like Peter; but I think the baby's pretty nice. Well, Mattie was wondering how I got through the amount I did. 'I simply had to go off, my dear,' she said. 'I found I couldn't do much outside work and keep fresh for Peter—evenings.' Now what do you think of that?"

"Well," Marie suggested, her eyes on her lap, "somebody has to keep fresh for them—evenings!"

Lucia stared.

"For heaven's sake, why?" she cried. "I can't say that Peter ever troubled to keep fresh for Mat!"

(Continued on Page 37)



Walls That Last

When you think of new walls and ceilings, or of remodeling, think of BEAVER BOARD. Quickly built, strong, rigid, durable—it has, in all, 41 advantages over lath and plaster.

BEAVER BOARD makes rooms warmer in winter, cooler in summer, resists the passage of sound and never cracks.

Good as BEAVER BOARD has always been, it has been recently made better It is even more rigid, more durable, more proof against every influence of climate and temperature. Its beautiful pebbled surface offers even greater possibilities to painter and decorator.

Helpful suggestions for panel designs and color schemes are given by our Department of Design and Decoration. The Builders' Service Department gives valuable information to the men who do the work. Make sure of this service by looking for the trademark on back of each panel, which identifies genuine patented BEAVER BOARD.

Write for free, illustrated booklet, "BEAVER BOARD and its Uses."

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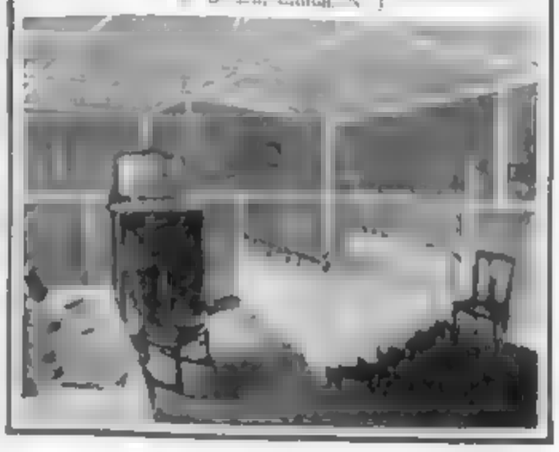
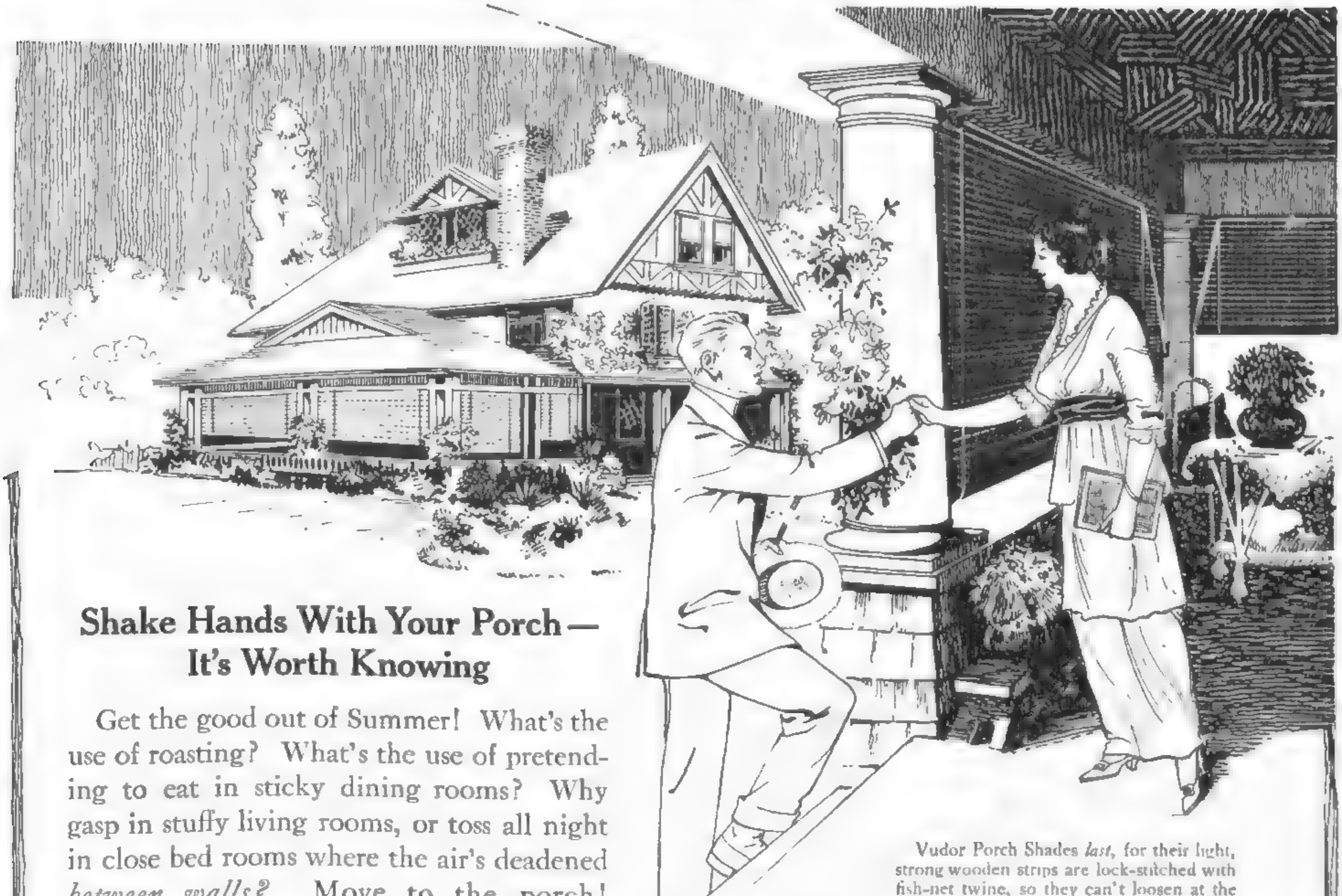
BEAVER BOARD TRADE MARK

BEAVER BOARD

WALLS AND CEILINGS





Shake Hands With Your Porch—It's Worth Knowing

Get the good out of Summer! What's the use of roasting? What's the use of pretending to eat in sticky dining rooms? Why gasp in stuffy living rooms, or toss all night in close bed rooms where the air's deadened *between walls?* Move to the porch! Equip it with

Vudor Porch Shades

and know the joys possible to Summer. Cool breakfasts with the "zip" to the appetite that *live air brings!* Lunch with the call of hunger waiting in it! Dinner and the "I want food" feeling of the healthy human. Cool days and the glories of *the deep sleep of porch sleep*, while the air bathes and builds the nerves while you sleep and finds you in the morning—ready to skip over the house-tops—wide awake—ready for the day.

Make your porch a receiving place, a living place. Plan friendly little functions there for your friends with the atmosphere of picnicking, with the privacy of home. People can see out, but not *in*, with Vudors. They give you air, but shut out glare. They introduce you to Doctor Air, the greatest body builder and nerve specialist known to science. He can give your family health and bring them happiness—*which you owe them.* "Vudorize" now. $3 to $10 will equip the average porch with Vudors.

HOUGH SHADE CORPORATION, 228 Mill Street, Janesville, Wis.

We are also manufacturers of the famous Vudor Reinforced Hammocks—"those hammocks"—the only ones with reinforced centers and double-strength end-cording, which double their life.

Vudor Porch Shades *last*, for their light, strong wooden strips are lock-stitched with fish-net twine, so they can't loosen at the ends. The raising cords won't curl nor stick in pulleys

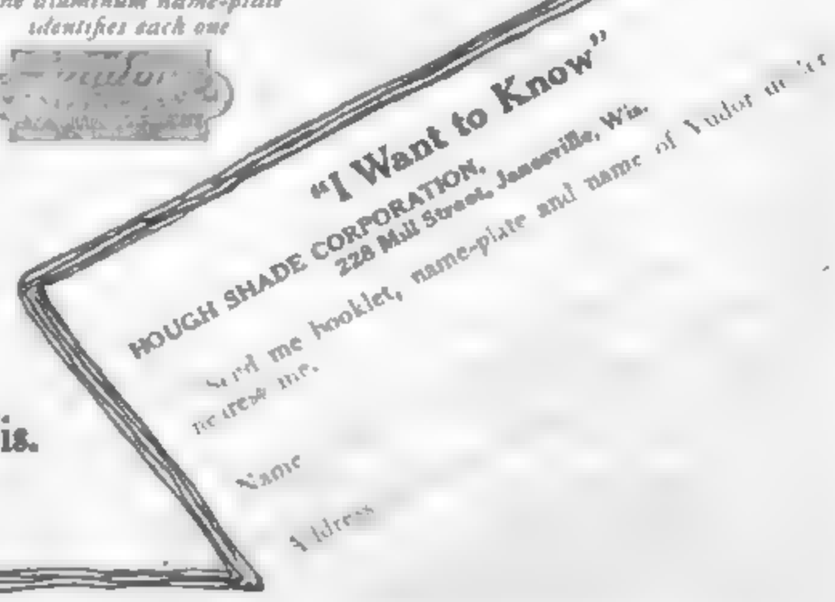
They are reinforced by double warps at both edges or—if very wide shades—by double warps at intervals throughout their width. So their durability is enormously increased. Vudor Shades, too, measure a drop of full eight feet when in use, while other shades have a drop of only 7½ ft. Yet Vudor Porch Shades sell at a less price than competitive shades which lack the patented *Vudor* special features

Their colors are stained indelibly—not painted nor dipped. They'll harmonize with the colors on your house. In all sizes, varying widths, many colors. Send for our samples for bungalows—in special colors.

Send for Booklet

of Vudor Porch Shades and Hammocks and receive name-plate and name of nearest Vudor dealer.

The aluminum name-plate identifies each one



Where "SAFETY FIRST" *means* Quality First

Beauty of *tire service* isn't a *tread-deep* proposition.

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It has to go *through* the tire or the tire won't go through with *you*.

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Goodrich began with the quality idea and *never let go*.

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Forty-five years of leadership in rubber manufacturing tells a big story.

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Add to that tire leadership *since tires were tires*. All of it *always* based on quality.

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No wonder the motorist says: *"Good old Goodrich Tires."*

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Goodrich knows *rubber*—forty-five years of *know-how* in that part; Goodrich knows *fabric*—the history of tires in that; Goodrich knows unit molding—and Goodrich puts *all this together* in the long-wearing, money-saving, satisfaction-giving *quality* in Goodrich tires.

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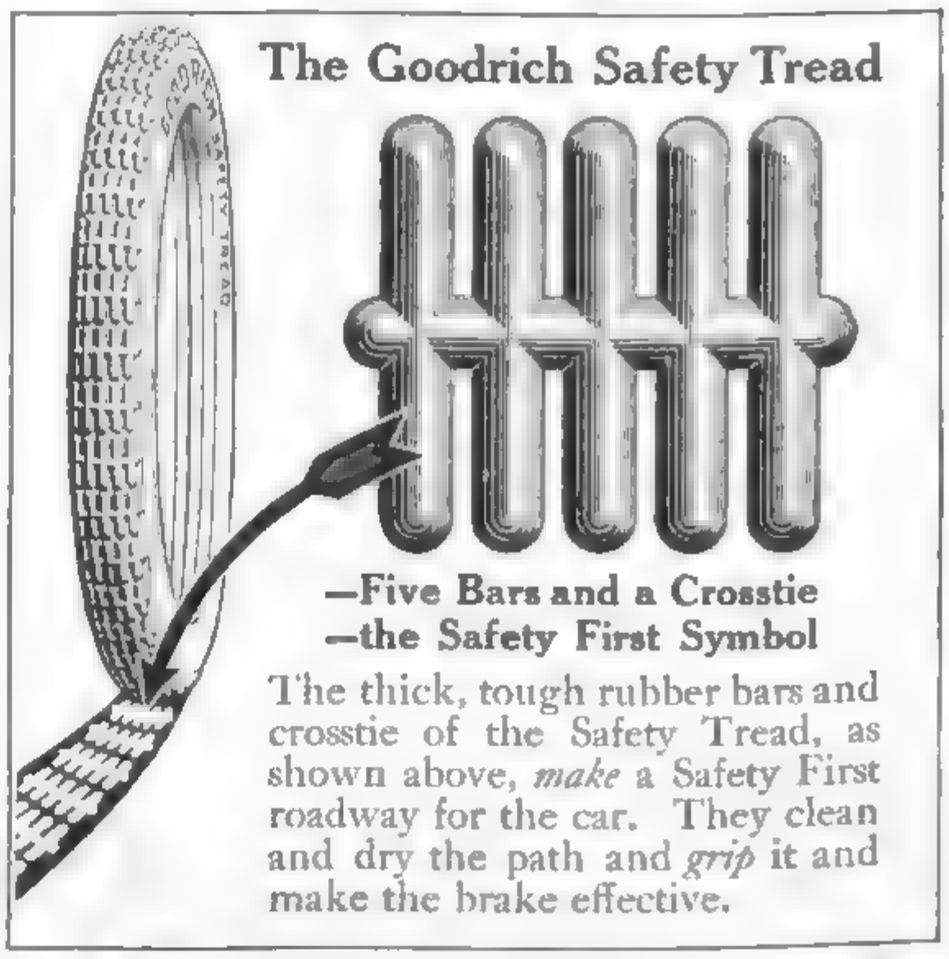
Goodrich Safety Tread Tires are identically the same *quality* as all other Goodrich Tires, *plus* the non-skid, non-slip Goodrich Safety Tread that does the work and gives you *longer* mileage because of the *extra* thickness of tough Goodrich rubber where the tread comes in contact with the road.

Goodrich Safety Tread Tires

Best in the Long Run


The Goodrich Safety Tread
—Five Bars and a Crosstie
—the Safety First Symbol
The thick, tough rubber bars and crosstie of the Safety Tread, as shown above, *make* a Safety First roadway for the car. They clean and dry the path and *grip* it and make the brake effective.

Put Goodrich Tires on your *new car*. You will get them if you specify them. Put them on your *present* car when you have it fixed up for the season.

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The *quality* of Goodrich Tires is the *standard* by which all high-grade tires are judged.

Pay no more than the following prices for the *accepted standard* automobile tire:

Size	Smooth Tread Prices	Safety Tread Prices	Grey Inner Tube Prices	Size	Smooth Tread Prices	Safety Tread Prices	Grey Inner Tube Prices
30 x 3	$11.70	$12.65	$2.80	34 x 4½	$33.00	$35.00	$6.15
30 x 3½	15.75	17.00	3.50	35 x 4½	34.00	36.05	6.30
32 x 3½	16.75	18.10	3.70	36 x 4½	35.00	37.10	6.45
33 x 4	23.55	25.25	4.75	37 x 5	41.95	44.45	7.70
34 x 4	24.35	26.05	4.90	38 x 5½	54.00	57.30	8.35

Dealers almost everywhere have Goodrich Tires in stock or can get them for you from one of our branches or depots.

The B. F. Goodrich Company

Factories: Akron, Ohio **Branches in All Principal Cities**

There is nothing in Goodrich Advertising that isn't in Goodrich Goods

(Continued from Page 34)

"It used to be called 'greeting him with a smile,'" Marie said slowly. "You see the theory was that he came home tired from battling with the world—and there you were, with a rose in your hair."

"Um!" Lucia commented. "It doesn't appeal to me, some way. How about you? Suppose I've been battling with the world too?"

"That's just it." Marie's eyes avoided the younger woman's. "Perhaps the idea was that both of you needn't battle."

Lucia gasped.

"Very pretty, I'm sure," she commented; "but how does it apply exactly? You mean that I'm to drop quietly out from under all these obligations I've assumed in order to greet Max with a smile every evening? *Merci!*"

"Oh, I mean nothing!" cried the other wearily. "Nothing at all! You know best, Lucia."

"That's all very well, Ri-ri!" Lucia's eyes were dangerously alight now. "That's all very well; but you evidently mean that I don't know best! I might suggest that you don't seem to have gone into the rose-and-smile business very much yourself!"

Marie's fingers twisted in her lap, but she met the younger woman's eyes full.

"That's all right, Lucia," she said quietly, as the sudden apology began. "Never mind. I'm perfectly good for that, and I realize I brought it on myself. My child, that's why I—I'm so worried about you. You don't suppose I hold myself up—me?" Her face was a bitter thing to see. "But, Lutie, you must remember one thing: Heaven knows I was tired enough at night—I was a wreck. I never had your strength. But I was fighting for my life—I had to work! Ranny utterly refused to support me—except on his own terms. It is doubtful if there was ever a time after the first six months when I shouldn't have been one of three ——"

"Oh, Ri-ri, never mind—never mind! I'm a brute!"

Lucia's eyes were full of tears.

"No, no. It's no matter. Everybody knew it. And anyway, he was simply a gambler. He really couldn't help that—it was in his blood. But, everything else aside, I couldn't have tried that way. We were up to our ears in debt—foolish debts two-thirds of the time. I had to 'battle with the world.' And you get very hard at it. But what could I do?"

"Nothing, of course." And Lucia's tones were like ice for Randall Fitch; her eyes soft as gray velvet for her friend.

"And yet, Lutie—and yet ——" Marie drove a deep look into those gray velvet depths—a look that hurt them both. "And yet—if I had been able to go into the rose-and-smile business—as you say—I've always felt I might have done a lot more for him!"

"But—but —— Heaven above, Marie Fitch! Why should you? Why should you? What's the use? Look where you stand today!"

"Oh, yes; I stand! I stand!" said Marie dully.

Lucia shook off the depression that crept round them.

"See here, Ri-ri," she began; "we can't talk about this. It's a great exception. Take Betty, instead: Does she keep fresh for Walter? Would any one dare to suggest such a thing?" Lucia drew a long breath.

"Betty Girard isn't in our class, Lute," Marie answered quietly; "she's an artist—and a big one. That she's made good as far as she has is simply marvelous—that's all. With her temperament ——"

"Other people have temperaments, I suppose!"

"Yes, indeed; but have they her excuse? You know what Sargent said about her: no matter what Betty might want to do, it drives her on, that talent of hers, Lutie; she has to exhaust herself! A talent like that drives you—you can't drive it. Heaven knows she's tried."

"Tried! Betty? You don't mean that she ever thought she ought to ——"

"I mean that she's tried hard to play the game," said Marie shortly.

"I should say so! Putting up with that sulky brute of a Walter Girard at all is playing the game, if you ask me! He's jealous and obstinate, and he won't go anywhere or do anything. Honest to goodness, Marie, if Max was likely to grow anything like that ——"

"He isn't," said Marie patiently. "He's quite a different type."

"I should hope so."

"Oh, there are lots of good points to Walter," and Ranny's wife smiled sadly. "Plenty of women would be lucky to get him, my dear. There's not a man who knows him that doesn't respect him. I admire Betty more than any woman I ever knew, and I'll back her to the last ditch; but I doubt whether, whoever she married, she could ——"

"Greet him with a smile?" Lucia broke in impatiently. "Well, for heaven's sake, why should she? So far as that goes, it's his business to greet her!"

"I wonder! Perhaps it is—perhaps it is," said Mrs. Fitch, half to herself. "And yet, *would* any man, that she would marry? We're changing, my dear; we're changing, but—are they?"

"Why, Ri-ri!" Lucia gasped at this stroke, shut her eyes, shook her head and gasped again. "They've got to, then!" she said at last.

"Ah!" The older woman sat silent.

"Oh, for heaven's sake," Lutie shot out, exasperated, "why should anybody greet anybody with a smile? —when you come to that! How silly! You do your job—he does his; and you get tired if you want to!"

"But you get tired first, Lucia."

"Well, you can't help that."

"No, but he likes to have somebody smile."

"Well, what's he going to do about it?" challenged Lucia.

"He's going to find somebody that does," Marie replied.

The room was quite still.

"Oh, I see!" Lucia's smile was chilly. "I see! You're very kind, Marie; but I assure you ——"

"Lutie, wait! Before you say any more, wait!"

Marie rose, dragged her fur coat—which the quiet maid had left for her—over her thin shoulders, and opened the door.

"I must go; but I'm going to tell you something. You're half boys, you girls, nowadays; but I swear you know less about men than we used to! Look here, my child; I'm a woman's woman now—have been for ten years. I'd had enough of men. But I used to be different, Lutie. I understood men better when I was twenty than you ever will; and I'd like to suggest to you again that, though girls like you may have changed a whole lot in the last fifteen years, men like Max are pretty much what they were when I was twenty!"

"Now listen to me: if you think your case is like mine, you're wrong. Circumstances and my husband's nature forced us apart—and I lost out. If you think you can go by Betty Girard, you deceive yourself, Lutie. She's an artist and her husband's a perfectly normal man—and fate forced them apart. She can't change and he won't; so *he* lost out!"

Lucia trembled slightly; she never knew why, for there was no sign then of any crisis.

"Men like Ranny, I'm sure, shouldn't marry," Marie rushed on. "And I doubt if women like Betty make a success of it once in a hundred years. But they always do marry; and then—Walter and I pay for it. I'm a woman and adaptable, and I make the best of it—pick up the pieces and go on. Walter's a man; so he balks and makes himself and everybody round him miserable." She fixed her sharp, burning eyes on Lucia, huddled in the long chair among the gaudy college cushions. "But you haven't my excuse or Betty's," she said. "And let me tell you now that if Max isn't Ranny, neither is he Walter!"

Lucia sank deeper into the pillows.

"Max may like American girls," the unpitying voice pursued her, "but he was born in Europe; and European women may not be such wonders on committees, my dear, but they're no fools when it comes to the great game—and it's the greatest game in the world, Lute—as nobody knows like us that have lost it!"

The room was as still as the grave. Neither woman moved; and as they faced each other they started slightly, for at the same moment each caught a faint murmur of voices from below.

"What—what's that?" Marie whispered terrified. "Who's talking?"

Lucia sprang up.

"Max went out long ago," she answered softly. "Wait a moment. I'm going to see."

"Oh, Lutie, don't! Call somebody! The house is all dark—get Joseph."

"Hush! He's out for the night—I let him go. And Max is, too, I'm nearly sure. He almost always goes over to the University Club when I come up early. Wait! I'm not afraid."

This Label on Every Garment

CHALMERS
TRADE MARK
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FABRIC PAT DEC. 12, 1905.
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GUARANTEED

There is a No-Limit Guarantee behind Chalmers "Porosknit." Let's consider WHY. Let's see what the genuine Chalmers "Porosknit" label MEANS—as compared with imitations.

Mere *holes* in underwear do not make it the genuine Chalmers "Porosknit." One must judge by more than appearance. That is, if one wants such quality as can be guaranteed *unconditionally*.

Let's first examine a Chalmers "Porosknit" garment. Then let's investigate its making.

Take this Union Suit. Observe the triangular piece in the back. The "stretch" in any knit goods runs only *one* way.

That is why this triangular piece is reversed. That makes its stretch run opposite to the rest of the garment. This is done to give full elasticity to the seat—so that it will *give*—at every turn or bend.

There can be no pull, no bulge, no draw—no "cutting in the crotch."

Turn the garment inside out. Notice how strongly all seams are reinforced throughout—double-seamed by cover seaming. Extra stitches to prevent ripping.

Stretch the fabric. See the other *extra* stitches surrounding each ventilating hole. These, with the lock-stitch, prevent unravelling.

Note that there are no cumbersome flaps to gape open. The Chalmers Closed Crotch is comfortable. It fits. It stays put.

The Extra Quality

The yarn is the finest long-fibre, combed. Indeed, we've been told it's *better* than need be. That we could pocket thousands of extra dollars yearly by using less costly yarn—and still have it "good enough." That none might detect it.

True. The same careful workmanship could be employed in finishing such less-good yarn—and Chalmers "Porosknit" would still *look* the same.

Yet—what if the durability suffer? If something be lost in softness or elasticity?

We take no chances with durability.

CHALMERS KNITTING COMPANY
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Also Makers of Chalmers Spring Needle Ribbed Union Suits, Fall and Winter Weight

no risks with the established Chalmers "Porosknit" quality.

Such fine shades in superiority you cannot *see*. But they account for the inability to duplicate Chalmers "Porosknit." They explain the unfailing satisfaction. They mean unvarying comfort.

One doubts if imitations are a good buy.

Judge if *you* will accept any but the genuine. The way to be *sure* is to look for the label—as shown here—and the guarantee bond with every garment.

Chalmers "Porosknit" is made in *all* styles—for man, for boy. Open in texture, and of soft, absorbent yarn, it keeps you cool by absorption and evaporation of perspiration.

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"If any garment bearing the genuine Chalmers 'Porosknit' label, and not stamped 'Seconds' or 'Imperfect' across the label, fails to give you its cost value in underwear satisfaction, return it direct to us and we will replace it or refund your money, including postage."

Each garment is ironed individually before packing. See for yourself how pleasing the appearance in the box—at the dealer's.

Ask your Dealer

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FOR MEN **50c**	Any Style Shirts and Drawers per garment	FOR BOYS **25c**
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Some folks sez th' state o' matrimony causes th' most happiness. I sez not quite—for thar's th' State o' Kentucky whar VELVET comes from.

Velvet Joe

IN one way Kentucky's got a sort of monopoly on happiness.

There are beautiful women, and fast horses, and even a fair article in the way of—lemonade, let's say—in other states, but you can't grow the "VELVET" Burley except in the Blue Grass Country. That's pretty much the same as saying that, without old "Kaintuck," many a pipe smoker would lose the big slice of happiness and contentment he now gets out of his VELVET tobacco.

Kentucky Burley is the *one* supremely mild tobacco with enough flavor, when properly cured, to make a real pipe smoke. Nobody ever questions *that*.

5c Bags
10c Tins
One Pound Glass Humidors

½ Actual Size

VELVET, the Smoothest Smoking Tobacco, is *Burley de Luxe*, which is mellowed by more than 2 years' ageing into a pipe smoke, with a real aged-in-the-wood smoothness that tastes even better than it sounds. Just try one tin of VELVET—to-day.

Coupons of Value with VELVET

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

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Lucia sped softly to the drawer of the big desk, opened it, took out a small blunt-nosed revolver and passed through the doorway.

The stairs were dimly lighted. The murmur of voices flowed on, paused—then began again.

They gained the heavy velvet curtains soundlessly, breathlessly; and Lucia, whom danger steadied mechanically, peered round the fluted folds, the weapon high in her hand. She looked, breathed, looked again, then slowly lowered it.

There, in the circle of rosy light from the one big lamp, sat Betty Girard, dark and glowing against the bright-red velvet chair. Her exquisite arms and shoulders were like ivory-toned marble; under the heavy waves of her dark hair her startling hazel eyes seemed more exotic than by day. She was in green and silver, with one touch of crimson velvet. Max leaned over the chair, alert, yet lazy; amused, but intensely interested, Lucia knew, by his eyes.

"It's nearly twelve, child. Call me a taxi—oughtn't you?" said Betty.

"Ought I? But why—when this is the first real talk we've had for—for how long is it?"

"Heavens! Don't make me count! But when was that Paris summer, Max?"

"Nineteen-five—six. Oh, it was five years ago, Bettchen," he counted, "and the jolliest summer I'd ever had!"

Betty laughed softly. Lucia felt a strange, toothed grip at her side. What a beautiful woman Betty was! Had Max always looked at her so?

"I told Walter to call for me, but it's ten to one he's forgotten," said Betty. "Call a taxi, will you, dear boy?"

Dear boy! And yet Lucia had heard Betty say that to many before this.

"Well, Bettchen, it was too kind of you to enliven my solitude—if you won't wait. I'll take you home."

"Child! I'm forty-one. Don't bother."

"And forty-one times more dangerous than you ever were, madame! You've never changed a hair ——"

Lucia took the hand behind her.

"Come!" she formed with her lips, and the two women slipped up the silent stairs.

Marie looked curiously at her.

"What are you doing?" she whispered, though the door was closed.

"Changing," said Lucia briefly.

With one motion she twisted her rope of hair high on her head; with another she pulled it out above her ears. From the closet she dragged down a smoke-colored teagown of velvet, frothed with heavy Venetian lace. It slipped over her head, and her cheeks, burning, flamed above it. She dusted powder on them and pulled clocked amber stockings over her feet and amber satin high-heeled *mules* over the webby silk. Behind the great coil of her hair she thrust a carved amber comb from her tortoise-shell tray.

"Will I do?" she asked.

"Stunning!" said Marie.

"Then come on!" said Lucia.

They stood in the doorway. Neither Betty nor her host had moved, it seemed.

"Why, Lucia! How jolly!"

Max walked quickly over as Betty spoke.

"I thought you were in bed, madame," he said. "Welcome to our city!"

"Nobody told me you were here, Betty. How nice to see you!" And Lucia took both of Betty's lovely hands.

"No; Joseph said you were not to be disturbed; so Max took pity on me until Walter should come. He's at a directors' meeting; but I fear he's forgotten me. How gorgeous you look, Lutie!"

"I thought you were tired to death, child," Max murmured to her while Betty and Marie talked together.

"I had a rest," she said, and turned her eyes on his.

He took her hand.

"You look it," he said.

"If this is the way you look when you're tired, Lucia," Betty began, "keep on working! Come on home, Marie."

"Oh, wait!" And Lucia held her hands out pleadingly. "Max isn't a bit sleepy, I know. Let's have some bridge and then telephone for Walter! Won't you?"

"Anything you say." And her husband looked wonderingly at her crimson cheeks. "But won't you be tired, dear?"

"I can rest tomorrow," she said softly, "when—when you're not here!"

Still he looked at her; and Marie Fitch, catching that look, coughed and bit her lip.

"Thank heaven!" she whispered.

"Is heaven still on the job?" said Betty Girard.

Comfort as well as Good Looks

A SHOE so light and flexible that it can easily be doubled up with the hand—so pliable that it conforms to every bend of the foot—so strong that it stands the hardest wear—all without the slightest sacrifice of looks or style.

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Genuine Trot-Moc Soles are of extra tough leather—specially treated to make them damp-proof, flexible, noiseless and long-wearing.

Made in styles and sizes to fit every need of

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Oxfords, regular and high-cut, with or without heels, in tan and white leathers.

Over 2,000 representative dealers sell Trot-Moc Back-to-Nature Shoes with the positive assurance of satisfaction. If not on sale in your city, your dealer can get them.

With heels if you prefer

For Wear Anywhere

Look for the Indian trade-mark on the inner sole and the "Genuine Trot-Moc Sole" stamp on the sole.

Back-to-Nature Booklet Free

A postcard will bring this message of foot ease and economy.

Ashby-Crawford Co., Dept. B, Marlborough, Mass.

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Then—

Write "Y and E" for information that will help you to contest successfully along filing equipment lines.

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SAXON $395

Price of $395 includes windshield, [illegible] curtains, lamps, tools, jack and tire repair kit.

2500 SAXONS Now in Use

When you place an order for your Saxon you buy a tried and proved car. A car that is making good throughout the land. A car that has proven its mettle on the hills of Pittsburgh, Seattle, Kansas City, Boston, Cincinnati. A car that is standing the strains of country driving in Michigan, Wisconsin, Pennsylvania, New England, Colorado, Texas and all the other states. A car that is pleasing the fancy of wealthy buyers in New York and Chicago — and fitting the pocketbook of thousands all over the country.

More than 2500 Saxons are already in use and we are shipping them at the rate of 75 a day—an unprecedented record for a company in its first year.

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Saxons stand the trying test of owners' use because long before we put the cars on the market they had received at our hands all the testing we could then devise. But we are still thinking up new tests. At Detroit a Saxon has just completed a grind of 135 miles a day for thirty consecutive days.

Day in and day out this car has done its daily quota under official observation. It has gone a distance in thirty days of 4050 miles, equivalent to a year's use in the hands of the average owner.

Careful records of gasoline consumption show the remarkable economy of 30 miles to the gallon with two passengers. Similar tests by our dealers show similar results.

Saxon Sturdiness Throughout

The old Saxon virtues of simplicity, sturdiness and endurance have been built into this car. Every bit of material used in it is of high grade—equal, in all the essential parts, to the quality of material used in cars costing five to ten times as much.

The smooth running, powerful motor of Saxon design is of Continental make—all that anyone can ask, we believe, in motor excellence. We use vanadium steel springs. The material in our axles, frames and transmission is as good as you will find in cars at $1500 to $2000.

And every Saxon car is thoroughly tested before it goes to you. The motors are run for hours on a block test in the Continental factory. Axles and transmissions are tested for accuracy, quietness and strength. And the completed car is given a road test as thorough as that of many cars of far higher price.

Good and Good Looking

Saxon cars from the first have won the public by their good looks. They are snappy and up-to-date. Streamline body, tapered bonnet, molded oval fenders, racy lines give the car a smartness and distinction wholly new in low-priced cars.

The Saxon is genuine. It makes no pretensions that it does not more than fulfill. It doesn't pretend to be a touring car or to carry a lot of needless touring car weight.

It says: "I am a light, speedy roadster, built to carry two passengers in comfort and safety. I am like an athlete—free from useless encumbrances, but with strength, vigor and grace in every line."

In building Saxon cars we have put the quality into the material—into those parts that count for long life and satisfactory service rather than into mere external features, tacked on for looks or to serve as talking points.

Saves You Money Every Day

The Saxon is not only wonderfully economical in first cost; it saves you money every day you own it. The original investment is less than you would have to pay for a good horse and buggy; the daily cost of operation far less.

With a Saxon you get 28 to 32 miles from a gallon of gasoline; 150 miles from a quart of oil. A set of tires should easily run 5000 miles, and when replacement is necessary a complete tire costs only $11.95. You buy a full set of Saxon tires for less than the price of one tire for a big touring car.

If you do not take care of the car yourself, you pay less for garaging and less for washing than for big cars. In every way you save by using a Saxon.

A Car for Everybody

The uses of the Saxon are numberless. For salesmen, contractors, real estate men, physicians, employes of gas, electric and telephone companies, representatives of many departments of city administration—for everyone whose work involves much going from place to place, the Saxon is the quickest and cheapest means of transportation known.

Corporations are buying Saxons for their salesmen; real estate companies are finding them indispensable; men of wealth, owners of larger cars, men who have always used chauffeurs are finding the Saxon a convenience and a delight for their personal use—leaving the big car at home, or only taking it out for touring and family use.

The man of moderate means, the young man just starting in the business world, the young couple, the boys and girls are driving Saxons for pleasure and health.

Saxon Features

Not a Cyclecar.
4-Cylinder Continental Motor, water-cooled.
Standard Tread.
96" Wheelbase.
Left Drive, Center Control, enter from either side.
15 Horsepower.
Sliding Gear Transmission.
More leg room than high priced cars.
Streamline Body.
Honeycomb Radiator.
Dry Plate Clutch.
Light Weight. Good Looks.
Wire Wheels. Low Upkeep.

Some SAXON Records

Saxon the first car of these specifications to sell at Saxon price.
Saxon is the only car in the world giving Saxon value—at less than $500.
Saxon Company began shipping demonstrators to dealers eight days ahead of promised date of shipment.
Saxon Company shipped more cars in the first month after starting production, than any other manufacturer in the history of the automobile industry.
Twelve thousand Saxon cars were contracted for by dealers six weeks after first announcement was made.
Saxon Company already has strong national dealers' organization.
Saxon Company the first—at the present time the only one—of the new companies making deliveries in quantities.

Order Your Saxon Now

The demand for Saxons has been far ahead of what we anticipated. Twice since the manufacture began have we increased our making order. Now we are running to full capacity we are making all the cars that we shall be able to make this year in our present factory. We have immediate shipping orders on hand for 2000 cars.

Some folks are going to have to wait. The wise thing to do is to order now, secure the earliest delivery possible and enjoy the use of your car during the spring and early summer months.

See your dealer today and take a Saxon demonstration. Catalog and dealer's name on request.

Saxon Motor Company, Detroit, Mich.
Kindly send me your catalog
Name
Street
City
State
S. E. P.

Saxon Motor Company, Detroit.

"NOW—I can hardly wait for him to come and help Jap-a-lac the dining room"

Three things to remember:

Jap-a-lac—Green Can—Glidden

These three words go together—always. If you'll *think* of them when you want to renew your furniture, refinish your floors, freshen up the woodwork of any room, restore picture frames, brighten radiators—or do any of the thousand other things in home beautifying which Jap-a-lac accomplishes—you'll be sure to get real Jap-a-lac results. It will pay you to allow these three things to fix themselves in your mind:

JAP-A-LAC
—the name

Green Can
—the package

When you want *Jap-a-lac* you want it in a *green can* and you want it made by Glidden.

There is no other; there never has been another; there never can be another.

It is sure to be *Jap-a-lac—when* it is in the *green can—and* made by *Glidden.*

Think those three things; they're a check on your purchase. You might forget one of them—you can't forget the other two. But it is pretty certain you'll *think* all three—*Jap-a-lac—Green Can—Glidden.*

For remember—Jap-a-lac results are possible only with Jap-a-lac. The name, Jap-a-lac, is our *trade mark* name. It does not refer to any other line of finishes.

Glidden
—the maker

Three groups—many colors

JAP-A-LAC ***transparent*** colored finishes—(in eight colors)—color, but allow the grain of the wood to show through—also Floor and Interior Varnish—(Natural).

JAP-A-LAC ***enamel*** colors—(10 colors, including white in enamel surface and three flat finishes)—color and cover the grain of the wood.

JAP-A-LAC ***gold or aluminum***—for producing a true gold leaf or aluminum effect.

You will find Jap-a-lac at quality stores, where everything in stock is on a par with Jap-a-lac

DELIVERY

We do not sell Jap-a-lac except through dealers, but should you experience any difficulty in securing just the colors you want, send us your remittance (price per can 25c) and we will see that you are supplied promptly, through the nearest dealer, with any or all of the three kinds—transparent, enamel or Gold or Aluminum—and in the colors you prefer.

CANADA

Canadian readers will be pleased to know that The Glidden Varnish Company, Ltd., of Toronto, are supplying Glidden products to Canadian dealers throughout the Dominion. Most dealers are now in position to supply you with Jap-a-lac and other Glidden goods, but if you are unable to get just what you want, write direct to our Canadian factory.

The excellent Jap-a-lac booklet gives full instructions, the color card shows all colors. They are yours, free, on request.

JAP-A-LAC IS SOLD THE WORLD OVER

Many dealers in foreign countries now carry Jap-a-lac and Glidden products in stock regularly—any dealer anywhere can get Glidden goods for you. Spanish, Portuguese or British literature sent on request; correspondence in any language.

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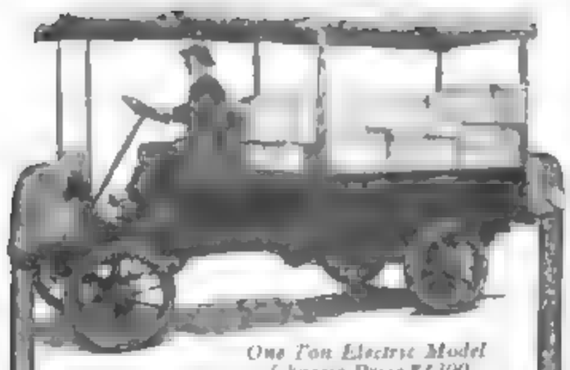
QUALITY VARNISH MAKERS
10510 MADISON AVENUE, N. W., CLEVELAND, OHIO
FACTORIES: CLEVELAND TORONTO



One Ton Electric Model
Chassis Price $1100
(Less Battery)

YOUR haulage or delivery has features all its own. The chances are more than even that you are facing problems in the moving of your goods different even from concerns in your own line.

You may need electric trucks that excel in congested traffic and work requiring many stops, while your neighbor, making suburban deliveries, may require wider radius gasoline vehicles. In selecting motor trucks that mean savings, better service and more business, it is absolutely a question of the *right* truck for *your* work.

That is why *GMC* trucks are built in both gasoline and electric powers and in a wide range of capacities and sizes.

GMC

GENERAL MOTORS COMPANY

TRUCKS

And you can buy *GMC* trucks at prices that are *right*, with perfect confidence in the stability of General Motors Truck Company, one of the units of General Motors Company, the strongest organization of its kind in the world.

	Capacity	Price
Gasoline Chassis	1¼ Tons	$1500
	2 Tons	1900
	3½ Tons	2250
	3½ Tons	2500
	5 Tons	2750
	5 Tons	3000
Electric Chassis (Less Battery)	1000 lbs.	$1200
	2000 lbs	1300
	3000 lbs	1450
	4000 lbs	1650
	6000 lbs.	1900
	8000 lbs.	2100
	10000 lbs	2350
	12000 lbs	2500

With your coöperation we are able to supply the type of truck, gasoline or electric, that will give the most satisfactory results in your business. Inquire of our nearest distributor, or write us direct.

Correspondence invited with dealers of financial responsibility.

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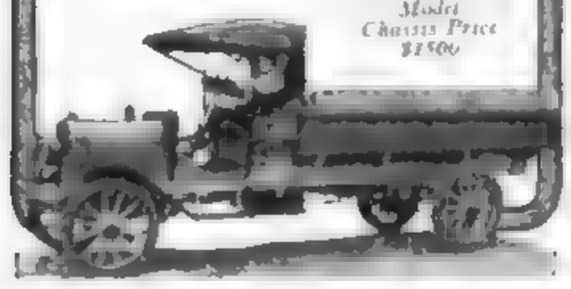
1½ Ton Gasoline Model
Chassis Price $1500



The Forehanded Man

By Will Payne

THIS Congress may pass an act providing for banks of a new type, so far as concerns banking in the United States; and it may even put the Government into the business of lending money directly to individual borrowers.

It must have been about two years ago that Ambassador Herrick, at Paris, made a report to President Taft on farmers' loans in Europe. President Taft passed the report on to the country, with a statement that European farmers generally borrowed on better terms than American farmers could obtain. Since then this matter of rural credits has been extensively and continuously agitated.

One of President Wilson's early steps was to appoint a commission, provided for by an act of Congress approved March 4, 1913, to visit Europe and study the whole question of loans to farmers, both on land mortgage and personal credit. Senator Fletcher, of Florida, was chairman of the commission. At once a larger commission was appointed comprising the members of the President's commission and some sixty other persons representing all the states of the Union as well as the Canadian provinces. Of the larger commission Senator Fletcher was also chairman.

These two commissions spent the greater part of last summer in Europe, visiting Italy, Hungary, Austria, Russia, Germany, Switzerland, Belgium, Holland, Denmark, Norway, France, Spain, England and Scotland. In each country there were hearings, at which persons most familiar with farm credits appeared, giving information and answering questions. Members of the commission examined coöperative farm-credit associations and land-mortgage banks, interviewed farmers, and so on. In short, a very comprehensive mass of facts was gathered and is now before Congress.

The Fletcher Bill

As one result of this elaborate investigation, Senator Fletcher last January introduced a bill authorizing the formation of farm-mortgage banks under Federal charters. Briefly, these banks would make farm-mortgage loans, to run for thirty-five years, the principal to be extinguished by the end of that period through amortization, which means that, in addition to paying a given rate of interest, the borrower pays each year a small fraction of the principal. When these fractional payments of principal are spread over a long term of years the total annual payment amounts to only a little more than straight interest on a five-year loan.

Having loaned its own capital on approved farm mortgages, the bank would issue and sell debenture bonds, secured by a pledge of the mortgages; and with the proceeds of the debentures it would make additional farm loans, which, in turn, would serve as a basis for a fresh issue of debentures. This would not be an endless chain, however, for the Fletcher Bill provides that the total amount of debentures outstanding must not exceed fifteen times the bank's capital. Thus the bank's capital would be a sort of margin for the protection of debenture holders in addition to the security of the pledged mortgages.

The Wilson Administration favors a system of farm-mortgage banks in general outline like those described in Senator Fletcher's bill; but the Administration measure will no doubt differ considerably from the Fletcher Bill in details.

That measure at this writing is being formulated by the committees on banking and currency of the House and the Senate. The committees have been at work on the task almost from the beginning of this session, last December.

A subcommittee of the House committee began hearings on the subject early last winter, and somewhat later a subcommittee of the Senate committee took part in the hearings.

Of course the information gathered by the commissions that visited Europe last summer was drawn on, and persons with facts or theories to present had a chance to speak. A bill drafted by the committees may be presented to Congress before this appears in print.

Mother
Give Them Sunkist Oranges
—As Many As They'll Eat

Let those healthy children *keep* well. This luscious juice — and Sunkist Oranges are *heaviest* with juice right now — is Nature's Golden Tonic, a "Medicine" they will *delight* in taking.

Keep a dozen Sunkist Oranges always in the house. Eat them yourself three times a day. The system *needs* what the best of oranges supply in Spring.

Sunkist are delicious — easy-peeling, thin-skinned, seedless, richly flavored, and the orange so tender-meated you can *eat* it *whole* as you eat other fruit, without losing any of the juice.

Every Sunkist Orange is glove-picked, tissue-wrapped, and shipped right from the tree, therefore always fresh.

Prices for such fruit were never lower. Get a dozen Sunkist Oranges *now*.

Sunkist Oranges
Sunkist Lemons

Use Sunkist Lemons, too. No other lemons look so well, quartered or sliced to serve with fish and meats.

These are *full-flavored* lemons, juicy, practically seedless. For lemonade or to use in place of vinegar in salads, or any other dish, nothing can surpass them.

Grown by the same growers — picked, crated and shipped with the same care as Sunkist Oranges — their quality is perfect.

All dealers sell both Sunkist Oranges and Lemons. So don't merely ask for "oranges" or "lemons." Ask for the "*Sunkist*" brand and get the best.

California Fruit Growers Exchange, Eastern Office, Dept. D 139 North Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.

Mail us this coupon and we will send you our complimentary 40-page recipe book, showing over 100 ways of using Sunkist Oranges and Lemons. You will also receive our illustrated list of 27 Wm. Rogers & Son's Silverware Premiums for your table, with instructions showing how to trade Sunkist wrappers for beautiful silver. Send this coupon.

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But Congress has still another bill dealing with the same subject, introduced in the Senate by Mr. Norris and in the House by Mr. Bathrick. This bill is indorsed by two large organizations of farmers—the Grange and the Farmers' Union—and no doubt can muster strong political support.

It provides for the organization of a Government office to be known as the Bureau of Farm Loans, which shall lend money directly to individual borrowers, the loan to be secured by a first mortgage on approved farm land, to run for at least ten years, and not to exceed two thousand dollars in amount, or to be for more than sixty per cent of the value of the mortgaged land.

The interest is to be four per cent a year, payable semiannually, one-fifth of the principal to become due in five years and one-fifth in each succeeding year.

To provide funds for making such loans the Secretary of the Treasury is authorized to issue and sell government bonds bearing three-and-a-half per cent interest and exempt from taxation. It is figured that the difference between the three and a half per cent which the Government pays on its bonds and the four per cent that it gets from farmers will cover expenses and all possible losses.

The real contest, so far as now appears, will be between the Administration measure as drafted by the House and Senate committees and the Norris-Bathrick measure providing for direct loans by the Government. Obviously the success of the latter would change the whole farm-mortgage business as an investment field.

Naturally farmers, like borrowers of every other class, want the lowest interest they can possibly get. That is merely saying that a man wants to buy everything he needs as cheaply as possible. Undoubtedly anyone can borrow at a decidedly lower rate with the Government's guaranty than without it. The credit of the United States is sufficient to lift the whole farm-mortgage business a notch higher than it could reach on its own strength—exactly as an issue of railroad bonds that might go at four and a half per cent on its own merits would go at three and a half per cent if guaranteed by the Government; but it would go to a somewhat different set of investors.

Using the Nation's Credit

The man who buys a five-and-a-half per cent farm mortgage would not ordinarily buy a three-and-a-half per cent government bond. He would look for something that paid higher interest, while the government bond would be taken by a more timid or indifferent investor—the trustee of an estate or some one who would care comparatively little for the interest rate provided he felt his principal absolutely secure.

There is no doubt that by using the credit of the United States farmers could borrow more cheaply. Whether the credit of the nation ought to be used in that way is another question. There is no greater fallacy than to assume an unlimited credit for any nation. Whatever credit a nation uses in one way, it has just that much less to use in some other way. The quantity of money in the country available for investment in government securities is as strictly limited as the quantity available for use in any other way.

Of late years we have seen British government bonds, with the finances of the government in a very flourishing way, too, selling at near thirty per cent discount. With new borrowings on a large scale, they might easily have dropped to fifty per cent, unless the interest rate had been advanced to a point equivalent to fifty per cent discount on the old bonds.

However, it is quite probable that farmers might, on the whole, get somewhat better terms for farm loans if there were a nation-wide organization to handle such loans. Debentures issued by such an organization and based on farm loans might be more attractive to many investors than the farm loans themselves. The debentures would be for even amounts—say, one hundred, five hundred, and one thousand dollars. All the debentures of a given issue would be uniform in date and maturity, and no doubt there would always be a good open market for them; so that a man could dispose of one as readily as he could dispose of a standard railroad bond. And the investor, instead of looking to a particular farm and a particular farmer for his security, would look to a great number of farms and farmers.

Canoeing—Chief of Summertime Pleasures

The laughing lake and rippling river invite you to skim over their placid surfaces in a canoe—to explore their charming isles and wooded shores—to feast your eyes and thrill your thoughts with their enchanting beauty.

What delights a canoe can afford you, your family, your friends! Think of the fishing, camping, hunting, picnic and vacation trips that can be enjoyed with a canoe—of the glories of the great outdoors it will unfold.

The first step in selecting a canoe is to send for the catalog of

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It tells the whole story of canoes and canoeing from the day of the red man's birch canoe to the sturdy, safe, low priced "Old Town Canoe" of today. 3000 canoes in stock assure prompt shipment. Write for catalog and name of dealer in your town.

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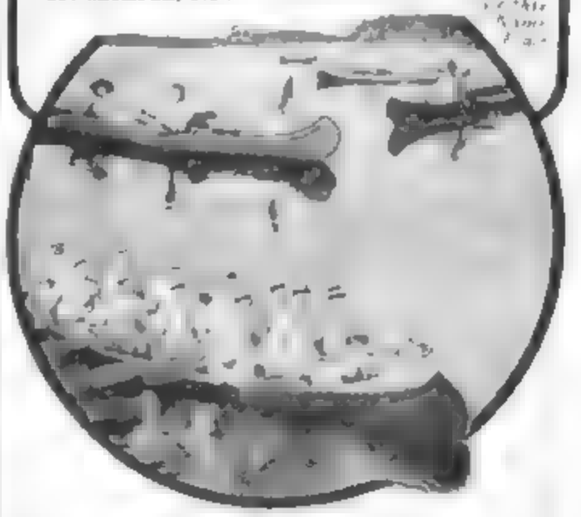

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Boston Garter

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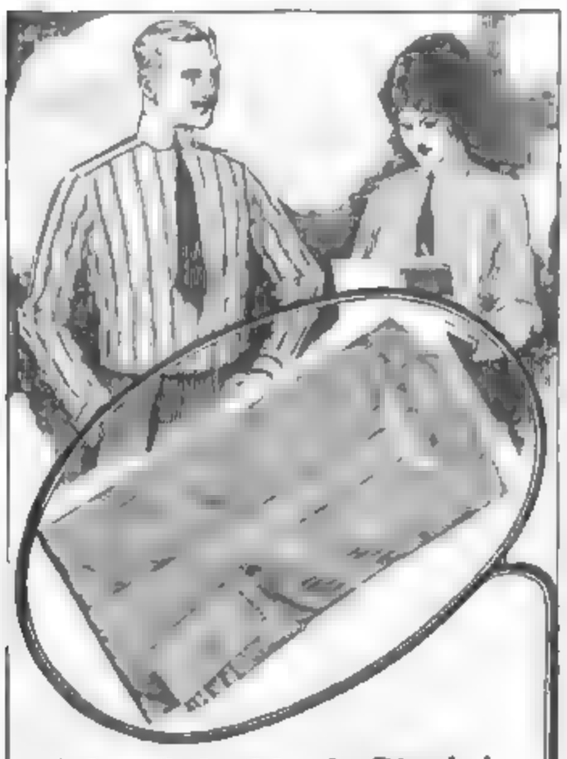

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THREE exceptionally high-grade silk shirts, made strictly to your individual measurement from fine quality washable silks—for **$10.50.** Smart patterns, guaranteed fast colors, superb tailoring and correct style. A Fifth Avenue custom shirt-maker asks $10.00 for a single shirt. This is a great silk shirt season. Order your supply at once direct from the makers. Save the difference in price by purchasing direct from designer to wearer.

We do not hesitate to state that a silk shirt opportunity of this sort has never been offered to you before.

Our "How to Shop by Mail" catalog deserves instant attention. Write for it immediately. It shows a great range of beautiful patterns [illegible] for shirts and pajamas for men and women and [illegible] shirts and athletic underwear for men. It also contains full descriptions, correct illustrations and prices, and gives explicit directions for ordering.

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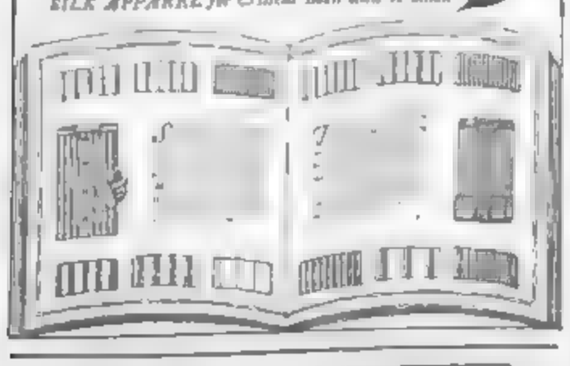
SILK APPAREL for Critical Men and Women



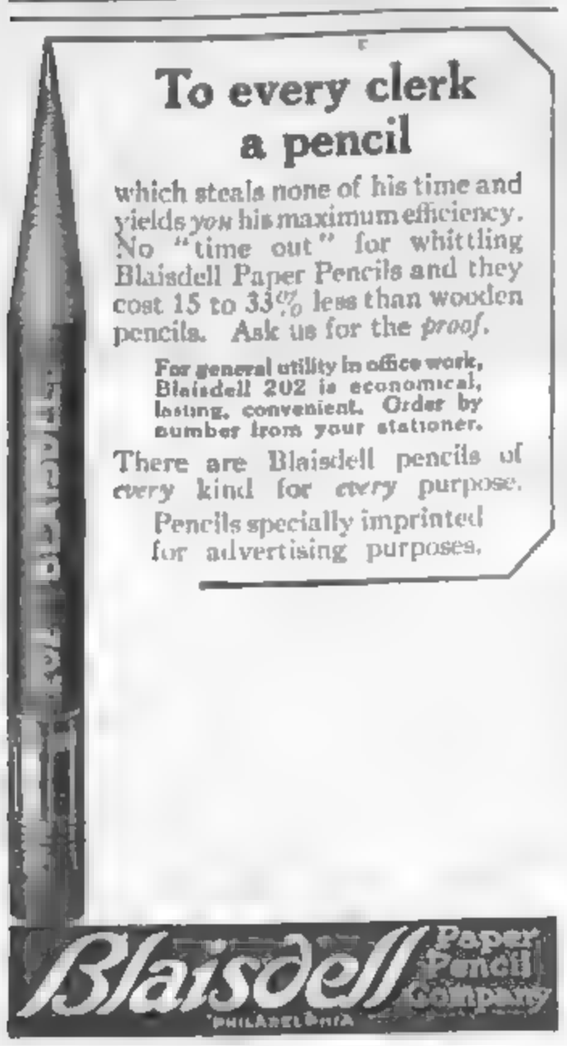
To every clerk a pencil

which steals none of his time and yields *you* his maximum efficiency. No "time out" for whittling Blaisdell Paper Pencils and they cost 15 to 33⅓% less than wooden pencils. Ask us for the *proof*.

For general utility in office work, Blaisdell 202 is economical, lasting, convenient. Order by number from your stationer.

There are Blaisdell pencils of *every* kind for *every* purpose.

Pencils specially imprinted for advertising purposes.



Blaisdell Paper Pencil Company
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In short, a chain of farm-mortgage banks, making loans on agricultural land and issuing debentures against the loans, might attract money into that field which now seeks investment elsewhere; and, of course, whatever attracts more money into a given investment field tends to lower interest rates somewhat within that field. As a rough guess, I should say farmers might be able to borrow on a land mortgage somewhere from one-half of one per cent to one per cent cheaper than at present.

They might also get the benefit of long-term amortized loans. An individual lender, looking to a particular farm for his security, will not make a long-time amortized loan. He wants a relatively short maturity—hardly ever more than five years—so that if the farm or farmer begins to deteriorate he can step in and protect himself. And he objects to an amortized loan because he does not want his principal extinguished by tiny annual payments spread over a score or more of years. In that case to tell which was principal and which was interest would involve too much bookkeeping for an individual lender; but a chain of coördinated farm-mortgage banks might introduce both the long term and amortization.

Probably in some parts of the United States agriculture has reached or is rapidly reaching a stage where long-time amortized loans can safely be introduced under proper regulationa; but that type of loan implies both permanence of agricultural land values and a thorough system of cultivation. Obviously a thirty-year loan on a farm the soil of which is going to be exhausted, or greatly depleted by bad farming within twenty years, would be a poor investment.

Whatever advantage farmers can derive from a better organization of borrowing facilities they ought to have; and it is a good thing for investors to have various sorts of securities from which to make a choice. An investor who would not consider an individual farm mortgage bearing five per cent interest might be glad to get a solid concern's debenture, based on farm mortgages, though the debenture bore only four and a half per cent.

In that way a more extensive organization of agricultural land credit may benefit both borrower and lender; but the intervention of the Government for the purpose of lifting farm loans entirely out of their normal position by affixing its guaranty to them is, of course, a different matter. A market limited to government securities would be a poor one for the forehanded man with a few thousand dollars that he wished to put at work.

The Ductless Glands

ONE of the liveliest hopes of doctors today is to find some way of controlling the ductless glands of the body, for those glands seem to be the bosses of the body. One of the latest attempts to control them is by X rays, and the experimental cases so far give some hope for expecting that X rays can at least stop them from doing too much bossing. Many of these glands, mostly very small in size, are scattered about the body in all sorts of inaccessible places, and each set of glands has charge over one activity of the body.

The pituitary body, for instance, which is given most attention, seems to control the size of the body; hence it is considered responsible for giants and dwarfs. The adrenals are known to control the pressure of the blood, and excessive blood pressure is to blame for many of the most serious troubles of the body. One disease, which is practically early old age, is even attributed to them. Diet and similar kinds of treatment to some extent help to make all these glands give the proper orders to the body, but only to a limited extent.

The knife is useless on most of them. As X rays can get into the body anywhere they are now being tried to see whether they can control these glands. So far as any successes have been reported, X rays have been useful only in cases where the glands were overworking. One case has been reported of the treatment of gigantism by directing the rays at the pituitary body and curbing its enthusiasm, with resulting improvement. In some cases of high blood pressure X rays directed on the adrenal glands have caused a reduction of more normal blood pressure, and other glands have been treated in this way with some good results. It is still largely experimental work by advanced skirmishers in medicine.

Men's Wear Merchants!
Do You Know What the Consumer Thinks?

Seven thousand thinking merchants who did know this year, greatly increased their union suit sales—some as much as 225%, while many *doubled* their business with

Cooper
Kenosha-Klosed-Krotch
Union Suits

—because men who had been wearing uncomfortable underwear found solid comfort and perfect ease in our patented garment. Easily distinguished by the *one smooth, single thickness of cloth throughout the crotch.* No laps—no edges—no folds.

Do you know the great "crotch comfort" of the single thickness? Don't risk the loss of your customers by offering imitations, drop seat union suits or the old style open crotch. The consumer has learned to know the difference and insists upon getting the genuine Kenosha-Klosed-Krotch.

We're working day and night—in the largest men's union suit mill—the cleanest, brightest mill—housing the best paid union-suit workers—ALL FOR QUALITY.

Kenosha-Klosed-Krotch Union Suits

Retail at $1.00 and up to $18.00 a suit.

always comfortable—All ways.

The Original

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COOPER UNDERWEAR COMPANY
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Dancing to the music of the Victrol

With a Victrola and Victor Dance Records it is easy to learn all the new dances.

The maxixe, hesitation, tango, one-step—you can enjoy all the modern dances in your own home with the Victrola.

Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Castle, teachers and g of the modern dances, not only use the V Records exclusively at Castle House, but perso the making of Victor Dance Records.

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photographs. Ask any Victor dealer for a copy, or write to us.

There are Victors and Victrolas in great variety of styles from $10 to $200, and there are Victor dealers in every city in the world who will gladly play any music you wish to hear.

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OUT-OF-DOORS

Your Canoe and Its Outfit

NO DOUBT the first boat was a log; and, seeing this pass upon the water, some soapless soul perhaps hailed it with the exclamation: "It floats!" It may have taken yet more prehistoric time to discover that the bark of a log will float as well as the body thereof; and, moreover, it is easier to carry between streams or to propel on any water. These things happened before our time. We white men found the Indian bark canoe in a model long unchanged, and have but slightly improved upon it, except in the way of materials.

Imitating the canoe itself, we have to some extent imitated the customs that came down with it. The Indian was poor and had not much equipment. He could take his boat and its needful contents on his back and start across country by land very comfortably. Such has ever been the aim and ambition of the white canoeist in his day.

Your true canoeist takes himself seriously, even though he recognizes himself as an imitator of the savage man; but both the canoe and the canoeist are worth taking seriously. There is no more beautiful form of sport, none more clean; and if you look over the personnel of any branch of sport—shooting, fishing, racing, boxing, golfing, all the amateur athletics—you will find no body of men to surpass the canoeists of this country. With few exceptions, they are men of good standards—in life, in business and in sport.

We have had canoeists ever since our leisure days began; but today there are more canoes a head than ever before. The sport grows, not only as to its organized form in the American Canoe Association and its allied divisions, but also in its unaffiliated and individual form. The parent body of all the organized canoeists is, of course, the American Canoe Association, whose great summer meets on the St. Lawrence or the Great Lakes are very famous affairs.

The Western division of the A. C. A. also has at times held important meets, local cruises, annual camps, and so on—not to mention the regular summer business meeting and the annual midwinter banquet. In this way canoeists, annually or oftener, are brought together; and there are members now meeting in one or other of these associated divisions who first met as canoeists thirty years ago, and who have grown old in the sport together.

Imitators of the Indian

Of course the summer meetings in the big permanent camps are largely racing meets for amateur prizes in a number of events—paddling, sailing, and so on. Among the men who go in for this sort of thing, however, are many who now and then take a solitary cruise in the wilderness or elsewhere; and an increasing number of men practice this form of the sport who care little for identification with any organization. These are the closest imitators of the solitary Indian and his ways.

Besides being the cleanest, the most beautiful and the most spectacular of all our sports, canoeing is one of the most economical, even if you belong to a canoe association. You can get a good canoeing outfit for about what a good golf outfit will cost you, and there are no club dues to pay, unless a trifle of a dollar-a-year association membership be called such. There are no grounds or links to keep up, and the field is all the waters of the out-of-doors, free and uncrowded.

You can purchase a good canoe today, either of the cedar or cedar-and-canvas type, for from thirty to sixty dollars. Even if you go in for extras—cane-seated stools and lazybacks for the ladies, a carrying yoke, an extra cushion or so—you cannot very well spend much money on your boat—that is to say, if you purpose being a devotee of the cruising canoe. Of course, if you want one of the beautiful racing craft built not for comfort but for speed, you can spend more money.

That is but one branch of canoeing—the racing side of the sport—but even that is purely amateur. Very bold and skillful are some of the amateur sailormen who race these little fliers, built decked fore and aft, with a self-bailing cockpit, rigged mainsail and mizzen, and sailed with a hiking board, which allows the skipper to lean entirely outside his boat, balancing as artfully as any bicyclist his weight against the thrust of the wind and his eye against the variations thereof. Such a boat is no place for a man who cannot swim. Fifty such men in fifty such boats make a merry sight of a pleasant summer day. It is amateur work, absolutely on the square.

There is no professionalism thus far in American canoeing. The most expert canoeist has no place to go if he wants to cash in his amateur knowledge. Not for him is any of the muck of the so-called Olympian Games, and not for him the commercialism that governs certain of our American pastimes of the more widely popular sort.

The bone and sinew of the sport of canoeing, however, is your solitary man, who goes out alone, or with one companion, into the wilderness and takes care of himself as the Indian used to do, priding himself on the lightness and compactness of his outfit.

How light can the canoeist's outfit be? There was one old woodsman, more or less famous in his time, who reduced his outfit to twenty-two pounds in weight—that is to say, his canoe and all its contents weighed twenty-two pounds! A builder made for him several of these extremely light canoes—one as low as nine pounds! I saw one of them that I could lift out at arm's length on one finger—I think it weighed about eleven pounds. In this craft he managed to get about quite a bit up in the Adirondacks, carrying what sufficed him for a camp outfit. This is like painting the lily, but it shows the possibilities of going light.

Clean as a Parlor Chair

After all, that sort of thing may be called faddish. No one knows how many men and boys were drowned in imitation of this old extremist. It is far more sensible to encourage a man's-size equipment. Any team of horses will run away and any boat will upset. To be practical and rational is always a good thing in sport. To make the canoe outfit light, practical and safe has been the study of many good business men, who have had offered to them the ideas of many amateurs.

There is a mental as well as physical stimulus in this fascinating form of recreation, and you will hardly meet any canoeist or go to any canoe camp without learning of some new wrinkle that some canoeist has discovered.

The canoe also has its social side. Round the city of Boston there are many hundreds of canoes in use in the summer season, and the canoe has become very popular of late in almost all the large cities where there is any safe canoeing water.

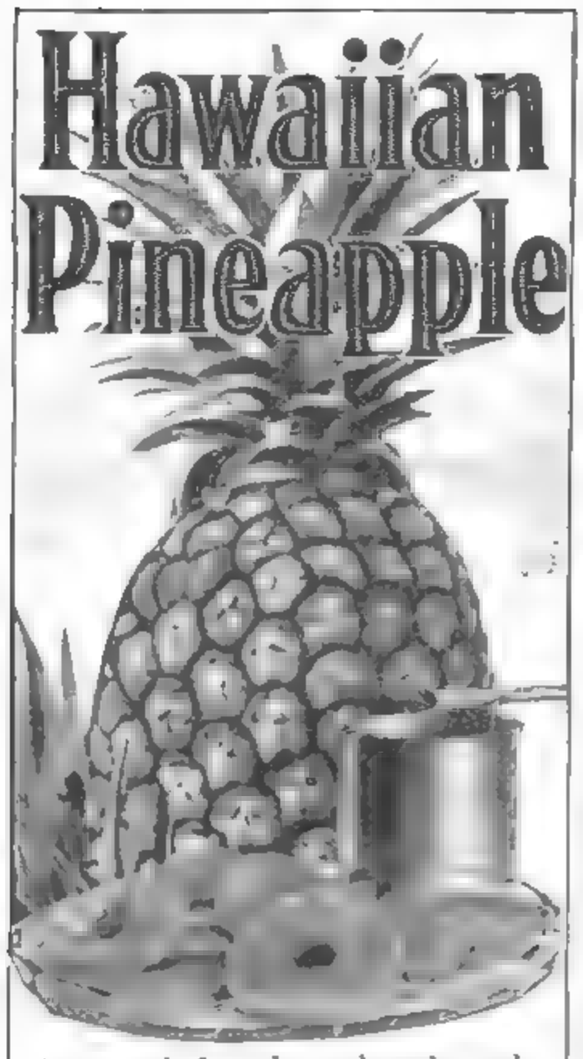
In many of the busy Western cities, where for a generation business men have thought it criminal to engage in any sort of sport, you may now of a summer evening see many and many a tired business man taking his wife or his sweetheart or his children out paddling on some lake or stream, and having a quieter time of it than the occupants of the chugging powerboats, which represent the ambition of others who are in a hurry.

You can go in for a good deal of elegance in such a personal craft as the city man's canoe—line it with tapestry carpets and silk cushions; have seats of cane and lazybacks of polished woods; but all the time the model of the canoe will be that which has been practically stereotyped for a long time—the model of the woods.

The white man's canoe, however, has one great advantage over the red man's—it is always dry and clean; and so lends itself to decoration, even of the feminine sort. A rowboat is apt to be clumsy and sloppy, but a well-handled canoe is as clean as a parlor chair.

Of course the big association meets—or summer cruising meets of less size—are the real clearing houses for canoe information. In any such camp you will find many interesting devices showing the personal love men have for this clean and tidy form of sport. In these cruises or traveling meets,

Hawaiian Pineapple



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where camp is broken every day or so, the usual thing is for two men to go in one canoe, and to divide the camp outfit. A fourteen-foot or sixteen-foot canoe—not to mention the fine craft that are made up to twenty feet—will carry two men and a perfectly comfortable camp outfit.

Men have used cruising canoes on long trips, camping at night without any tent and sleeping in the canoe itself, with only a shelter over the cockpit. You will see the cruiser of today, however, usually carrying along a tent—a practical yet very light affair, usually of so-called silk or silkoline, which is really Egyptian cotton—of bulk scarcely larger than a pocket handkerchief and a total weight of only four or five pounds.

There are divers curious and ingenious forms of these light tents. They may be had with shallow walls in the A model, the single-pole circular or miner's model, or in the open-front camp model, with an awning over the door. Most often the canoeist does not carry tentpoles, but uses a ridgepole made of a light rope, which he stretches between two trees or over two crotched poles that he cuts in the woods.

The oldtimer laughs at the man who carries metal tentpegs; but your dandy canoeist will be very likely to pull out a dainty bag with a lot of short pointed wire pins, with a ring at one end, like a surveyor's pin. They hold well enough to keep down the edges of the tent in ordinary weather. Of course the ropes on such a tent are not really ropes at all, but light, strong cords. The tent itself, however, will turn wind and weather very well.

Sometimes the tent will have the floor sewn into it. If not the canoeist will have a light waterproof floorcloth of some kind, on which to make his bed. If the cruise is in the wilderness he will have some sort of defense against mosquitoes—either a bobbinet netting inside the tent or a door to the tent itself. All his equipment, however, will be light. He will not carry a big roll of blankets and comforters, or a tarpaulin of twenty-ounce duck, like the cowpuncher. In short, the canoeist's tent, floorcloth, blankets, clothing and grub outfit, all together, will not bulk so large and will not weigh much more than the cowpuncher's bedroll, which he throws into the cook wagon.

The Effete Side of Canoeing

In the fixed association camps there will be a regular street of tents, all pretty much alike, often of a big marquee model, tall enough for one to stand in, with plenty of arrangements for clotheshangers and the like, room for a cot, and all sorts of little artificial camp comforts. This is the effete side of the sport.

The canoeist makes amends for that by the severity of his costume. A sleeveless jersey, a pair of duck trousers and rubber-soled sneakers are *en règle* on cruise or about camp, even at mixed soirées—though there are occasions when blue coats and vizored caps come into use, for your association man can do either nautical or social stunts by second nature. The man on a cruise depends on a sweater or old coat for his evening costume. All his clothes must be of the sort to go into a bag, for the trunk or valise is taboo. These sailorbags are usually slim, round affairs, waterproof, and capable of being tied in such way that they will not take water even in case of a capsize.

Your canoeist still experiments with blankets. They must be light and no larger than needful. Bulk is almost as bad as weight in his game. The cot is not quite the thing on cruise and the bed must go into a bag. A pillow, of course, is hardly allowable in a tent occupied by really rugged canoeists; there are the round dunnage bags into which one can put a pair of boots, a sweater, an extra shirt—or even a little grass or straw—and so make excellent pillows.

There is one thing especially to be remarked about all canoeing—its cleanliness. Etiquette, ethics and custom make this mandatory upon every man in the camp, or even upon the lone man in the wilderness. This is the one standard of conduct—to be neat and to be clean! In a canoe camp you are likely to see each chap make a little broom of twigs. The floor and front of his tent will be swept clean. There is an unwritten law against throwing rubbish in the company street or assembly grounds. Very often there will be a camp policeman appointed to care for the careless.

If you look inside a real canoeist's tent you will find everything absolutely in

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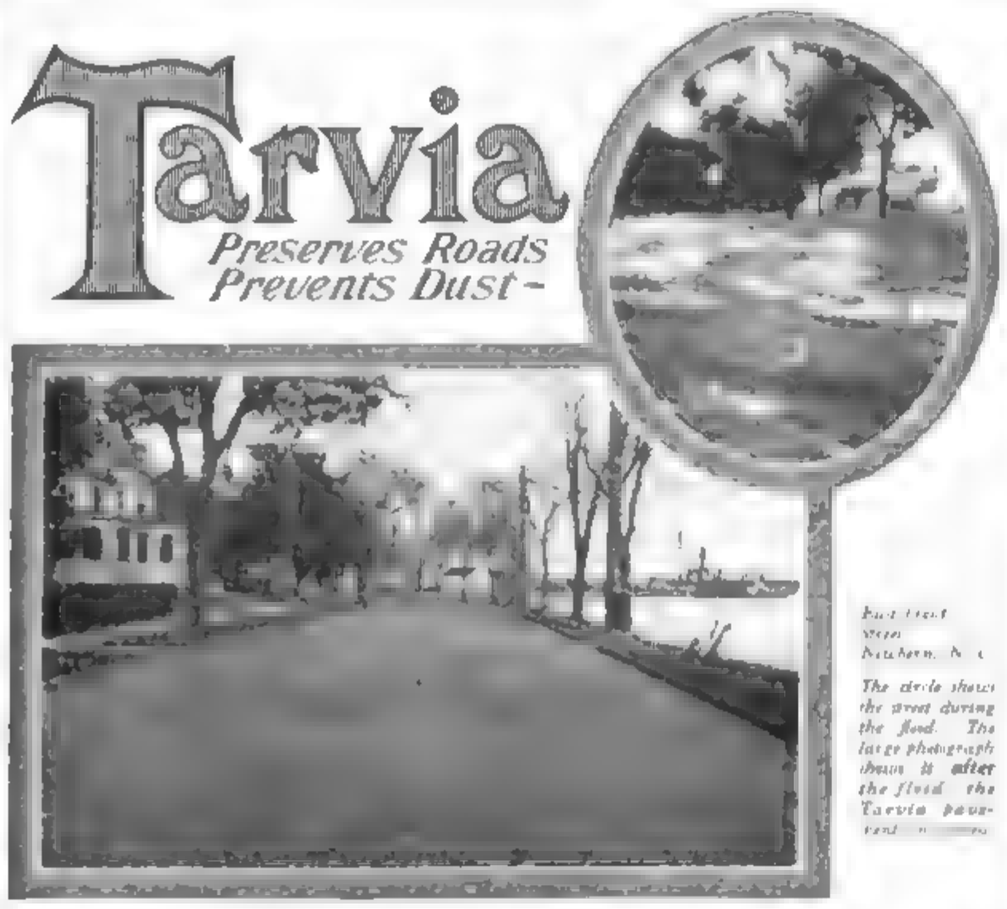

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apple-pie order. On the side of the tent you will see a little housewife, in which he keeps his combs, brushes, needles, thread, and other little articles not stored in his war-bag. Loose odds and ends of food or equipment are not good form. The camp mess, or the individual messes, are usually storage places for the receptacles carrying grub, and every effort is made to keep these as neat as possible.

Above all, hospitality reigns in a canoe camp, whether of many men or of two—or of one. This, too, seems to have come down from Indian times. It is a pleasant virtue, and your canoeist practices it finely. What he has in camp is yours so long as it lasts. If you are in trouble of any kind with your boat or equipment, a dozen are ready to help you.

There is a fine camaraderie in the sport. Your companion in shooting and fishing may be eager to beat you. Your companion in golf may be sour or morose or profane at his bad form. Your comrade in a canoe camp is loafing and inviting his soul, and the only competition he cares for is to make you have a better time than he is having himself.

In such a camp as one of these traveling canoe meets you can learn very much about the canoe and its outfit. All the standard models of the best modern canoes will be represented, and you will have an opportunity to see the best efforts of the outfitters in producing things practical, yet portable. Of course the outfitters sell to canoeists many things not really useful. Nearly always you will find one or more tents that offer you soup made out of tablets, coffee prepared from lozenges, or desiccated vegetables that do not taste like anything in particular. These things lose something of their charm when there is a farm within half a mile, where one can get milk, eggs, fruits, vegetables or fowl; and usually the division canoe cruises are made in settled countries.

A Portable Helpmate

Canoe cookery may or may not be good, for many men have many skills in cooking out-of-doors. The canoeist's outfit is usually simple and he does not carry many days' stores unless he is leaving the settlements altogether. Bacon he must have—in spite of those who insist that olive oil is better for frying. Fish or game he may have as opportunity offers; if not, then plain beefsteak bought of the village shop, or chicken lawfully or unlawfully obtained. If he carries potatoes there will not be many of them.

You are apt to find his flour or his meal in little waterproof bags, well tied and nested in another waterproof bag. His sugar and his tea will be similarly cared for—no package being very large or very heavy. Rice, sometimes oatmeal, not infrequently beans, will be found in these light stores; but the wish of the canoeist is to forage on the country as much as possible—and in most canoe cruises villages are not far apart.

The best camp cooks rely on the stew-kettle as well as the frying-pan. Fried fish, fried ham and eggs, are not to be sneezed at; but neither is the stew, cooked slowly, made out of bits of meat, some vegetables, a dumpling or so, or even some crusts of bread. Squirrels go well in such an enterprise, or even a young rabbit.

Of course, in a game country where one can get fish or grouse, there is no cookery and no food better than that which you will find in a well-conducted camp of experienced canoeists. Many of these men can make good camp bread or biscuits. Those who cannot, depend upon the loaves of bread they find here or there in the country or in the village. Even butter you may find in camp: as good butter as I ever ate came from Nova Scotia, and I ate it in latitude fifty-eight degrees north—two thousand miles from where it was made.

His cook outfit is the pride of the canoeist's heart. You will find hardly any two outfits alike. Aluminum is likely to be the material used in part—though the experienced camper does not use an aluminum teacup, because it holds heat too long. The canoeist nearly always has a stove, but one which will go into his pocket—a little griddle, with folding legs, which he can thrust down into the ground, making his stovetop any height he likes.

Of course you can broil anything you like right on top of the stove, or you may use that as a support for your kettle or your frying-pan, or your coffee pot if the latter has no bail by which you can hang it over the fire on a stick. Above all, the canoeist prides himself on the smallness of his fire—another Indian tradition. In a good camp you may see several little fires going of an evening, each with a different outfit, any one of which is collapsible, condensable, portable and practical.

I recall eating lunch once with a young man in a canoe camp, when we had eggs, potatoes, rice, beefsteak and coffee, all cooked at the same time on a stove not a foot across, and in a set of utensils that had been used to carry the grub to the cooking place. The entire cooking outfit cost just twenty-five cents; in fact, it was nothing more or less than one of those four-storied dinnerpails that workmen sometimes use to carry their lunches. Each compartment comes free, fitting into the top of the one below it, which is provided with a shallow flange. They all lock together; the cover clamps down; and when the workman picks up his pail by the handle he may be carrying a dish of potatoes in the basement, a pork chop on the main floor, a piece of pie upstairs, and a can of coffee in the attic. Of course you can carry raw food in any one of these compartments, as this young man did. He now took his dinner pail apart and used each one of these compartments as a cooking vessel. It worked very handsomely.

One trouble with such a cooking outfit is that it has no handles or bails; but a trifle like this would not disconcert a shifty canoeist. My host had in his pocket one of those Yankee pocketknives that have all sorts of things concealed in them. When he wanted to lift the coffee pot he did so with a hook he found inside his knife. When he wished to shift the compartment in which he was boiling rice he used the jaws of a pair of pliers he also found in the knife, which he applied to the side of the bailless vessel, just as though he intended to cut a piece of wire—which also he could do if he wished. In short, with an outfit that had cost next to nothing and had little weight or bulk, this young man and his wife cooked a meal for three with no difficulty whatever; and a very good meal it was.

My friend's wife washed the dishes. She was not a very large lady; and I have often wondered whether her husband—an ardent canoeist—did not marry her in part because of her portability.

Taking this young gentleman's camp as an instance and this meal as a starting point, we might give quite an object-lesson in neatness and dispatch. When the dishes were washed the stove was folded up and put into a clean canvas cover. The dinner-pail was assembled again, handle and all. Our plates—very light ones—went into a little packet. The unused raw food for the next meal was again put into the dinnerpail outfit.

The Guide's Ship

When the tent was rolled up it made a pack less than eight by twelve inches in size. The floorcloth covered the cargo. The clean, soft double blanket went into a bag, and another bag carried the clothing. These slender, round bags lay lengthwise in the hull of the canoe. At the staff on her bow fluttered the little burgee that lately had adorned the tent. The two paddles that had supported one end of the ridgepole now came into use. One trip from camp to boat served to carry the entire outfit; and when the little ship was loaded there was plenty of room for two or even three persons.

Granted two men, with eight or ten times as much food as we had in this boat; add a tackle box, two rods, a rifle or shotgun and ammunition—and still the boat would have ridden high and could have been propelled easily. With one companion—a boy fourteen years old—I have paddled forty miles in two days up a very swift river, with a pretty heavy camp outfit, and never felt uncomfortable either afloat or in camp. As a means for a week-end vacation trip the canoe is not surpassed.

Of course in the Canadian wilderness, in Maine and New Brunswick, the canoe is the guide's ship—the one means of transportation. The average man who goes into the woods does not know how to cut down his duffel, and the guides dread a city man on the portage; but, with a rational outfit, two good canoeists can go far into the wilderness.

I know of one man and his wife who were lost for a month in the Rainy Lake country, on the Minnesota line—in a country of which they knew nothing whatever—rather a risky undertaking, to be sure, but one in

Blown Out?
—No!

A 10,000 mile tire fortified against blow-outs by the famous Interlocks

BUT it would have been in the scrap heap long ago but for an

INTERLOCK
Inner Tire

Why should you allow your tires to blow out before the rubber tread is half worn out—wasting half their rightful mileage—when Interlocks will *save* this big *unnecessary* tire expense and give you the *comfort* of "no tire trouble"? Prevents punctures, too.

Write for the Interlock book or ask your dealer.

Double-Fabric Tire Co.
503 11th Street Auburn, Ind.

Buying Baby Bonds

In many cases you can buy Baby Bonds—$100 denominations—issued by the same companies on the same properties as $1,000 Bonds.

The smaller cost makes it easier to fit $100 Bonds into your savings program.

Send for Booklet T2 "$100 Bonds".

John Muir & Co.
SPECIALISTS IN
Odd Lots
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Members of New York Stock Exchange
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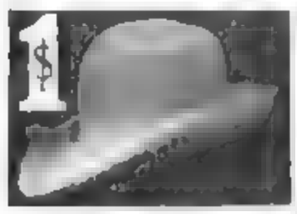
Branches
42nd St. & B'way—Longacre Building, N. Y.
125th St. & 7th Av.—Hotel Theresa, N. Y.
National State Bank Building—Newark, N. J.



Genuine All Hand-Woven Unblocked PANAMA

can be worn in to[illegible] just by Men, Women and Children. Fancy pinch-crown style. Light Weight. Very durable. All head sizes. Brims from 2½ to 5 inches. Sent Prepaid on receipt of $1.00. Money refunded if not satisfactory. "Weaver to Wearer" Style Book—Free

PANAMA HAT CO., Dept. A, 630 Broadway, New York City

which there was no disaster and no unbearable discomfort. Last summer the same gentleman and his wife and two children, with only one Indian guide, manned two canoes and journeyed far into the lake and river region north of Lake Superior. They came back after a very happy and comfortable time.

There are, of course, some experts in canoe handling who like to take long and hard wilderness trips. The headwaters of the Mississippi River are sometimes visited in this way, and the fast waters of the upper Wisconsin River are also popular. Maine is full of good canoeing waters, and the Adirondacks have long been a paradise for the little boats. But, quite outside of these remote and somewhat expensive regions—for a canoe is bulky and awkward to send anywhere by express—there are scores and hundreds of amiable little rivers close at home that can be used most pleasantly for small canoe trips.

You never know a river until you run it; and even your local river, where you have fished in restricted localities perhaps for many years, becomes for you a highway of romance when you run fifty or sixty miles of it and come out at some railroad town below, of which you have never heard.

Thus to explore some near-by, comfortable stream; not hurrying at all; taking your own time; using your own labor and not too much of that; going light and neat and clean; changing your camp every day or so perhaps, and going in only for enough sport to give you food—nothing is very much better than that for the city man. A week of this is better than many days of hurried golf. A month of it is better than any amount of life at a fashionable resort.

As a fishing boat the canoe cannot be called a success for the average amateur—though, of course, it is the fishing boat of the wilderness. Unless the canoe be large and roomy and handled by an expert, the amateur would better do his fly casting or bait casting from some more stable platform. Fine canoes, in the so-called lake model—broad and beamy; provided with a little keel; a socket for a short mast, and a pair of light oars for upstream work—can be secured in a weight quite within the portage capacities of two men of no very great strength or experience.

Much Fun for Little Money

A good, light outfit in a boat like this will afford a pair of vacationists about as much solid fun as they are likely to get elsewhere, no matter how much money they may wish to spend. A popular type of canoe is the sixteen-foot model, but guides who have to do much portaging will cut the size down to fourteen feet by choice.

The only thing to be urged against the canoe and canoeing is the danger of it. One should know how to swim—but, above all, should know how to be careful, and to avoid taking risks in bad water or in high wind. Some cruisers have rigged an airtank in each end, so that the canoe will not sink. Others rely on air cushions inflated for seats—rather wabbly and insecure seats they are.

Some sort of life-preserver is a good thing to have about—I do not know anything smoother than the outside skin of an inverted canoe. The amateur, suddenly capsized, is mighty quick to forget about the fancy stunts he has seen the experts do at the association meet. The best thing to do is to keep the canoe right side up in comfortable water and under no risky conditions.

There is no sport that has had more care expended on it by professional outfitters; and the result of all this has been that the canoeist can go out with the handsomest, nattiest and most complete outfit possible to be obtained by any sportsman whatever.

The boat itself has lines that tell of ease, strength, grace and self-confidence; and moreover, it has a jaunty, highbred air—one of quality and class—which endears it to the heart of the owner. With all its beauty, it is not very expensive; and, once you have your outfit, there is no sort of sport in which you will find it more difficult to spend very much money.

With a portable canoe that does not mind being used, a portable camp and cook outfit that never becomes aggravating, and a portable girl who does not mind getting freckled—or even a companion like himself—the plain North American citizen can get about as much dividend out of everyday, plain, inexpensive canoeing as he can out of any other line of human endeavor out-of-doors.

PIERCE-ARROW

An investment that pays continuous dividends

APPLY to the purchase of a motor car the same judgment that directs your purchase of securities. In each case you have a right to an unfailing supply of dividends and a ready market whenever you want to sell.

The dividend that comes from a motor car is the pleasure that it gives you. It is not enough that this should be as great as possible; it must also be as frequent as possible. Pierce-Arrow owners never get over the novelty of possessing a Pierce-Arrow.

Every time one of them sees his Pierce-Arrow approaching, every time he steps into it, every time he is carried smoothly and pleasantly wherever he wants to go—and back again—he experiences a new sense of ownership, a new dividend of pleasure.

And if that investment, which is great enough originally to supply this unique quality of service over many years, is ever to be liquidated, there is always a recognized current value for Pierce-Arrows. Motorists everywhere are anxious to get the added service and luxuries scarcely diminished by one owner in a Pierce-Arrow, for a price that indicates a loss of nothing except the sense of being the first owner.

Pierce-Arrow cars are built in three chassis sizes, 38, 48 and 66 horse-power. These chassis are equipped with many types of open and enclosed bodies, including a runabout with interchangeable Victoria and coupé top.

The Pierce-Arrow Motor Car Company
Buffalo, New York

$25,000.00 in Cash Prizes

to more firmly establish this Emblem and its significance in your mind.

This Emblem is the token by which you may identify the members of this Association. It typifies the ideals that are the Qualifications for Membership.

The privilege of using this Emblem has been bestowed upon these manufacturers so that wherever you see it you may know that it is associated with those concerns whose record of achievement has won for them this merited distinction evidenced by the endorsement of public approval.

We believe implicitly that there are men and women everywhere to whom these concerns mean infinitely more than merely successful commercial enterprises. We *know* that their years of fair dealing with worthy products have built up a legion of warm and loyal friends, and we say to each member's friends, "You are justified in having confidence in every other member."

It is one of the axioms of this Association that "an exchange of ideas creates new ideas." The offer that is described on the opposite page has been arranged to create an even greater appreciation of the integrity and merit that underlies these products. To give a just reward for the time and thought that will be spent, we are offering these prizes. Read every line of this message—*including the opposite page*—then turn your ideas into dollars.

Qualifications for Membership

HONOR:—A recognized reputation for fair and honorable business dealings.

QUALITY:—An honest product, of quality truthfully represented.

STRENGTH:—A responsible and substantial financial standing.

SERVICE:—A recognized reputation for conducting business in a prompt and efficient manner.

BY INVITATION, THE FOLLOWING ARE MEMBERS:

Rifles—Shotguns and Ammunition
WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS COMPANY
New Haven, Connecticut

"Yale" Locks, Builders' Hardware and Chain Hoists
THE YALE & TOWNE MFG. COMPANY
New York

Crane's Paper and Fine Stationery
EATON, CRANE & PIKE COMPANY
Pittsfield, Mass.

"Y and E" Filing Devices and Office Systems
YAWMAN & ERBE MFG. COMPANY
Rochester, N. Y.

Hams, Bacon, Lard, Vertheat Specialties, Grape Juice
ARMOUR & COMPANY
Bouillon Cubes, Laundry and Fine Toilet Soaps

Pillsbury's Best Flour
PILLSBURY FLOUR MILLS COMPANY
Minneapolis, Minn.

Towle's Log Cabin Syrup
THE TOWLE MAPLE PRODUCTS COMPANY
St. Paul, Minn.

Fine Furniture
BERKEY & GAY FURNITURE COMPANY
Grand Rapids, Mich.

"Niagara Maid" Silk Gloves & Ladies' Silk Underwear
NIAGARA SILK MILLS
North Tonawanda, N. Y.

Rugs and Carpets
M. J. WHITTALL
Worcester, Mass.

Linoleums and Oil Cloths
COOK'S LINOLEUM COMPANY
Trenton, N. J.

Varnishes, Japans, Enamels, Fillers, Stains, Shellacs
BERRY BROTHERS, Inc.
Detroit, Mich.

Typewriters
REMINGTON TYPEWRITER COMPANY
New York

Chalmers "Potosknit" Underwear
CHALMERS KNITTING COMPANY
Amsterdam, N. Y.

Small Motor and Fan Specialists
THE ROBBINS & MYERS COMPANY
Springfield, Ohio

Watches
ELGIN NATIONAL WATCH COMPANY
Chicago, Ill.

Umbrellas
HULL BROTHERS UMBRELLA COMPANY
Toledo, Ohio

Bohn Syphon Refrigerators
WHITE ENAMEL REFRIGERATOR COMPANY
St. Paul, Minn.

Alabastine-Sanitary Wall Coating
ALABASTINE COMPANY
Grand Rapids, Mich.

Fruit Jars, Packers' and Druggists' Glassware
HAZEL-ATLAS GLASS COMPANY
Wheeling, W. Va.

"Oildag," "Gredag," Acheson-Graphite and Electrodes
INTERNATIONAL ACHESON GRAPHITE CO.
Niagara Falls, N. Y.

Electric Pleasure & Commercial Autos "Detroit Electric"
ANDERSON ELECTRIC CAR COMPANY
Detroit, Mich.

"I P" Loose Leaf Books and Forms
IRVING-PITT MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Kansas City, Mo.

Fine Mechanical Tools
THE L. S. STARRETT COMPANY
Athol, Mass.

Sharpening Stones and Abrasive Materials
THE CARBORUNDUM COMPANY
Niagara Falls, N. Y.

Revolvers and Automatic Pistols
SMITH & WESSON
Springfield, Mass.

Lawn Mowers
COLDWELL LAWN MOWER COMPANY
Newburgh, N. Y.

Waterman's "Ideal" Fountain Pens and Ink
L. E. WATERMAN COMPANY
New York

Holeproof Hosiery
HOLEPROOF HOSIERY COMPANY
Milwaukee, Wis.

Clockmakers since 1817
THE NEW HAVEN CLOCK COMPANY
New Haven, Conn.

"Indestructo" Trunks and Luggage
NATIONAL VENEER PRODUCTS COMPANY
Mishawaka, Ind.

Electric Heating Apparatus
SIMPLEX ELECTRIC HEATING COMPANY
Cambridge, Mass.

Women's Fine Shoes, "Queen Quality"
THOMAS G. PLANT COMPANY
Boston, Mass.

Spectacles, Eyeglasses, Lenses, "Flis-U" and Other Optical Goods
AMERICAN OPTICAL COMPANY
Southbridge, Mass.

Lead Pencils, Pen Holders, Rubber Bands and Erasers
EBERHARD FABER
New York

Additions to our membership as admitted will be published in future Association announcements

Complete membership participating in this competition will not exceed fifty concerns, and will be published in October periodicals, including *The Saturday Evening Post* October 10th, 1914; the Window Display Competition and the Idea Letter Competition as outlined on opposite page will be open until May 15th, 1915. Any contestants sending in their contributions prior to October 10th, 1914, will be privileged to send in the extra contributions for additional members any time prior to the close of contests, May 15th, 1915.

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To Everybody

$10,000.00 in Cash Prizes for IDEA LETTERS

on either of the following subjects

1st. *Your ideas of the Superior Merits or any new uses of our Members' products, such as may be used for an advertisement; privileged to use illustrations, if desired.*

2nd. *Your suggestions of NEW BUSINESS IDEAS pertaining to production or sales in any branch of any Member's business.*

First Prize	$1,000.00	Tenth Prize	$100.00
Second Prize	500.00	Eleventh Prize	100.00
Third Prize	250.00	Twelfth Prize	100.00
Fourth Prize	100.00	Thirteenth Prize	100.00
Fifth Prize	100.00	Next 25 Prizes	$50.00 each
Sixth Prize	100.00	Next 50 Prizes	20.00 each
Seventh Prize	100.00	Next 100 Prizes	10.00 each
Eighth Prize	100.00	Next 200 Prizes	5.00 each
Ninth Prize	100.00	And $3,000.00 in prizes of $1.00 each for the next 3,000 ideas accepted.	
		Total, $10,000.00	

SPECIAL:—"AWARD OF MERIT" TO EVERY PRIZE WINNER

You will receive a handsome "AWARD OF MERIT" as a permanent record of your "accepted idea," with your name engrossed thereon, containing our complete membership and bearing the Association Emblem embossed in its natural colors, officially signed and sealed by the officers of the Association.

CONDITIONS: 1st—You may submit one letter only for each Member of the Association.

2nd—Each letter may be written on any or all of the subjects as listed above the prizes on this page.

3rd—Each letter must contain the respective Member's name at the top, followed by your idea, expressed in not over 50 words. Sign your name and address at the bottom.

4th—Each letter must be on one sheet of paper, written on one side only.

5th—This contest closes on May 15, 1915, and all contest mail must bear post mark not later than that date. No questions can be answered in this contest. Do not send any of your suggestions direct to Members of the Association, but mail them in one package

ADDRESSED TO: "Idea Letter Department"
Rice Leaders of the World Association
Fifth Avenue and 34th Street, New York City

where they will be officially stamped, entered in the contest, and forwarded to each of the respective Members who will judge and pass upon the ideas submitted for their respective concerns.

6th—No contestant shall submit the same idea for more than one Member.

All ideas submitted will be judged upon their merit and value, and will become the property of the Association and its respective Members, and will not be returned.

The person having the largest number of idea letters accepted will receive the first prize, the second largest number second prize, etc.

In the event of a tie for any prize, such prize will be awarded in full to each of those tying.

Prize Winners' Names, listed by Countries, States and Cities, will be on display in the windows or stores of various merchants whom you see making window displays in the Window Display competition. These lists will be mailed to merchants from our New York Association offices on August 14th, 1915.

Power and Riches Come from Ideas

Read Every Word of this Unusual Message.

It carries beyond the thousands of dollars in cash prizes unparalleled opportunity to submit your ideas to these great concerns; consider what it would mean to you, beyond a cash prize, to have your ideas accepted by such concerns.

Add your own ideas to those that have been behind the sale of these famous products. Successful as they have been, such ideas have by no means exhausted the fertile field of possibilities. Some of the best advertising and sales ideas in use today have been inspired in just this way.

Look for the window displays of these products at your dealers; ask your dealer and friends about these products. An exchange of ideas creates new ideas.

To Dealers

$15,000.00 in Cash Prizes for WINDOW DISPLAYS

of any of our Members' Products as herein listed.

Consider the magnitude of this opportunity. Nearly Five Hundred Cash Prizes.

Did you ever hear before of $2,000.00 in Cash being paid for one Window Display?

First Prize	$2,000.00	Tenth Prize	$250.00
Second Prize	1,000.00	Eleventh Prize	250.00
Third Prize	500.00	Twelfth Prize	250.00
Fourth Prize	250.00	Thirteenth Prize	250.00
Fifth Prize	250.00	Next 20 Prizes	$100.00 each
Sixth Prize	250.00	Next 30 Prizes	50.00 each
Seventh Prize	250.00	Next 100 Prizes	25.00 each
Eighth Prize	250.00	Next 300 Prizes	10.00 each
Ninth Prize	250.00	463 Prizes, Total,	$15,000.00

SPECIAL:—"AWARD OF MERIT" TO EVERY PRIZE WINNER

You will receive a handsome "AWARD OF MERIT" as a permanent record of your "accepted model window display," with your name engrossed thereon, containing our complete membership and bearing the Association Emblem embossed in its natural colors, officially signed and sealed by the officers of the Association.

Special Prize to Every Contestant

An album containing the first 100 prize-winning window displays, with each winner's name, will be mailed free to every contestant after the cash awards have been made.

This album of model window displays and valuable ideas brought together from all parts of the country could not be purchased, nor could a value be placed upon it. It is made possible only by this universal campaign, embodying displays of such varied lines as represented in our membership. The cost of producing this album will represent a small fortune.

CONDITIONS: 1st—A display can be made of any of the products herein listed as being produced by any of our Members.

2nd—Each display must be exhibited for at least one week, any time between May 6, 1914, and May 15, 1915.

3rd—Each display must contain the Association Banner, which bears the Association Emblem and list of members; it will be mailed free upon request.

State which Members' products you will display, and when you will make the first display.

Address "Window Display Department," Rice Leaders of the World Association, Fifth Avenue and 34th Street, New York City.

4th—Photograph of display—mailed flat—bearing on the back the name of the store in which display was made, address, and date of display, photographer's name and contestant's name, to be mailed to "Window Display Department," Rice Leaders of the World Association, Fifth Avenue and 34th Street, New York City, on or before May 15, 1915. All photographs submitted shall become the property of the Association and will not be returned.

5th—In the event of a tie for any prize, such prize will be awarded in full to each of those tying.

6th—If any merchant in the United States desires to enter this contest and does not handle any of the goods listed as produced by our Members, the Association will see that he is loaned during the time of the contest some product of some Member free of cost in order that he may enter this contest.

We reserve the right to disqualify any contestant whom we learn is using, what we consider, unfair methods in this contest. The judges, whose names will be published, will be men of authority on window display.

PRIZE WINNERS' NAMES: Large sheets containing list of all prize winners in Idea Letter Contest, listed by Countries, States and Cities, will be mailed August 14, 1915, to every merchant who enters this Window Display competition, to be displayed in his window or store, whereby the public may see who are the prize winners.

Enter this Unusual Window Display Contest. It will further the *prestige* of your store and the *confidence* of your customers.

NEW YORK, U.S.A.

Rice Leaders of the World Association

Elwood E. Rice, Founder & President **Fifth Avenue and 34th Street** **New York, U. S. A.**

LUXEBERRY WHITE ENAMEL

To the woman of taste the white enameled room makes a strong appeal. She delights in its atmosphere of cheery, dainty brightness. Not only in her boudoir, bedrooms and bathroom, but in the living rooms as well.

Luxeberry White Enamel produces a rich, deep, snow white effect unequaled by any other finish. A Luxeberry surface is smooth, satiny and durable, and may be left either a soft dull, or brilliant as the finest porcelain.

Luxeberry White Enamel won't turn yellow, chip or crack and cleans in a jiffy with soap and water.

In snow white rooms the natural wood floors should be protected and beautified by the finest floor varnish. Liquid Granite has all the toughness its name implies. It brings out the beauty of the wood, multiplying its attractiveness. Liquid Granite floors have a durable elastic surface that withstands the wear of grown-up feet and the romp of playing children—a surface you can wash without fear of turning it white—even boiling water has no harmful effect.

Berry Brothers' Varnishes have been the first choice of home owners, architects and decorators for over fifty years. Ask your dealer about them or write us direct for varnish information of special interest to home owners.

BERRY BROTHERS (INCORPORATED) Established 1858
World's Largest Varnish Makers
Factories—Detroit, Mich., Walkerville, Ont., San Francisco, Cal.
Branches in principal cities of the world

IF you have some spare time and want to convert it into money, let us tell you how to do it. Agency Division, Box 508, THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, Philadelphia, Penna.

The "BEST" LIGHT

[illegible] powerful [illegible] and [illegible] gasoline, unpleasant oil, and wasteful gas and the most efficient of all lights—the "Best Light." Agents wanted everywhere. Write for [illegible] today showing over 200 different styles.
THE BEST LIGHT COMPANY
5-25 East 5th St., Canton, Ohio

PATENTS That Protect and Pay
Send Sketch or Model for Search.
BOOKS, ADVICE and SEARCHES FREE.
Watson E. Coleman, Patent Lawyer, Washington, D. C.

PATENTABLE IDEAS WANTED. Manufacturers want Owen patents. Send for 3 free books, inventions wanted, etc. I get patent or no fee. Manufacturers [illegible]
RICHARD B. OWEN, 32 Owen Bldg., Washington, D. C.

They only leave the hole when you make doughnuts with

Carnation Milk
from contented cows

Ask your grocer for our Recipe Book

THE VORTEX

(Continued from Page 22)

"Quane"—that is the way she said it. I never saw that nurse again and she probably never thought of me again; but her sound, hard sense had pointed a way of escape from my trap. What was it the average girl looked forward to as her lifework? What was it she wanted? Homemaking—the trained nurse had called it domestic science. What was it the average woman was best fitted for? Homemaking. What was the one vocation in which I was not subaverage nor even average, but was always superaverage? Homemaking—domestic science—the science for which every other science and vocation exists. And here I was among the army of misfits because I had not had sense to find my fit!

Was that trained nurse, getting probably twenty a week and board, any lonelier than I was in my back tenement room, with not a cent above the margin of mere existence? Was she not safer, securer, happier? But she had called it domestic science. Was homemaking a science? I began to figure out what she said about saving. Could I but get twenty-five a month and keep, I could save three times more than John D. Rockefeller had earned the first ten years of his business life! It made me dizzy!

Years ago, what had sent our New England boys and girls into factories? The fact that they could earn bigger money in the factories than in the home—that there were more factory jobs than home jobs; but now was there a single home in all New York, was there a single home in all the United States, always sure of home help? Was there enough domestic help to supply all the homes in the United States? We women had been hopelessly on the wrong track. We had been shunning training for the one thing we all looked forward to. I thought of what that customer from the West had said to me: "There are millions of homes in the West that can't get help for love or money—not for forty dollars a month and board!"

Why Not a Uniform?

Was it not the same right here in New York, where I had been starving along—where a hundred thousand like me were always starving along? What was the matter with us? Was it the word servant? Were we such snobs? Was the word servant any worse badge than slave? And were women whose very lives depended on permission to operate a machine owned by some man any better than slaves with a serf's ring round their necks? Why did we shun domestic help?

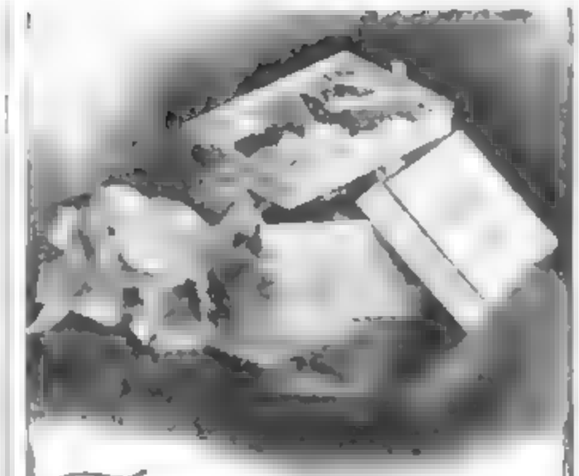
Few of the factory women earned more than twelve dollars a week. The majority did not earn six dollars steadily the year round. A good nurse helped to look after children; a good housekeeper—a good general help—could earn at least twenty-five dollars a month and board and clothes, with two afternoons off a week, at the most up to forty and fifty dollars clear; that trained nurse must have been earning one hundred dollars clear.

What was the matter with us that we shunned this one open door and battered our stupid brains out against the wall of the impossible in industrial life?

What a woman can save is the exact measure of her security against want and danger. In domestic vocations she can save practically four-fifths of what she earns. In industrial vocations she can save—what can she save?* I could save nothing. I was on the ragged edge of want and desperation—and do not forget the night I craved the can of potted meat!—I was on the ragged edge of something much worse! In this vocation honesty, thoroughness and faithfulness had a market value. Had they any market value fed into the high-speed machines?

Domestic vocations demanded a uniform. So did our stenographers. We had to wear black dresses, with white cuffs and collars. So does a nun's vocation demand a costume. So does the trained nurse's; and that costume protects her wherever she goes. So does an ambassador's vocation demand a costume. Why should domestic help resent a uniform? What was the matter with us? Were we fools and victims of words? Were we to be sneered out of life by prejudice? Were we foolish snobs?

*State and Federal statistics show that the average earnings in industrial vocations are under six dollars a week



The Orchid of Sweets

The rarity and costliness of orchids add to their fascination, but if they were as common as carnations their perfection of beauty would still make them the most prized of flowers.

Huyler's

Bonbons Chocolates

are the most prized of sweets, not because rarest, or costliest, but because of their perfection of flavor. If only a hundred boxes a day were made they would be priceless.

The luxury of Huyler's may be enjoyed no matter where you live, because Huyler's Bonbons and Chocolates and many other sweet things from Huyler's are sold by Huyler's sales agents (leading druggists everywhere) in the United States and Canada. If there should be no sales agent near you, write us.

Huyler's 64 Irving Place, New York
Frank DeK. Huyler, President

Ask for Huyler's Cocoa and Huyler's Baking Chocolate at your grocer's

SHALER Vulcanizer
Saves Tires and Repair Bills

$3.50

Write For Our Free Book
"Care and Repair of Tires"
that tells you how to keep tires in good condition and obtain long mileage. It's free and every car owner should read it.
C. A. SHALER CO.
1406 Fourth St. Waupun, Wis.

Time to Build Your Boat

[illegible] get 25-foot 31 mph boat—speed 9½ to 14 miles an hour. This includes full sized patterns to finish by.
Write for Brooks Boat Book
Illustrating row boats, canoes, sail and motor boats that [illegible] can build—also shows new [illegible]
BROOKS MFG. CO., 8355 Rust Ave., Saginaw, Mich.

DUFF ADVICE TO FORD OWNERS

–and to all owners of light weight cars

Don't waste time and temper tinkering with a toy jack. Scrap it and forget it—and invest the small price of a No. 345—fully guaranteed—

Genuine Duff-built

BARRETT AUTOMOBILE JACKS

Barrett guaranteed reliability, safety, speed and ease of action mean just as much to light cars as they do to heavy cars, and the Barrett No. 345 is exactly the same relative standard as the bigger Barrett No. 300—the finest and most powerful jack made for large pleasure cars.

All Barrett Jacks give a lifetime of highly satisfactory service. Their factor of safety is so great that breakage is almost unheard of—even in the oldest jacks.

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SEND NO MONEY but write today for our big 1914 catalog of "Ranger" Bicycles, Tires and Sundries at prices so low they will astonish you. Mail postcard or letter for particulars of our great new offer to deliver you a Ranger Bicycle on one month's free trial without a cent in advance from you.

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MEAD CYCLE CO. Dept. N-65 CHICAGO, ILL.

The United Mills Offer Great Bargains, Direct to You, in Rugs, Carpets, Curtains, Furniture, Blankets

There is not a well-to-do home today that is not on the ragged edge of desperation for help; and there is not a city today that has not its armies of women, thrown on the scrapheap by industry, on the ragged edge of desperation for a home. Why do they not come together? Is the washing of dishes so much more repulsive than the washing of smallpox sores by the trained nurse, or the swabbing of a diphtheritic throat, which any nurse in any hospital may have to do any day of her life at imminent risk to her own health? Are we so democratic in this most democratic of all nations that it is really snobbery that drives a hundred thousand women a year to the scrapheap of industrialism? Let us banish the word servant, though the motto of royalty is "I serve!" and substitute the words domestic help, as we have substituted the word surgeon for leech.

All of which reminds me of a curious experience of my own recently. I was interested in a little girl who was wrecking her health studying for a vocation she could never possibly fill with financial profit to herself. She was a splendid little housekeeper—thorough, conscientious, careful; and I asked her mother why she did not allow her daughter to take a course in domestic science instead of plugging at Latin and foreign languages. The mother looked at me with one long, blank stare.

"Do you mean—do you mean servant?" she said slowly, glowering.

"Of course I don't! I mean the science of domestic life—the chemistry of cooking; the botany of gardening; the finances of housekeeping," I tried to explain. She almost threw me out of that house.

To resume the story of the woman who found her way out:

I walked back to my mean tenement lodging from Eighty-Sixth Street, and as I walked I came to my decision. Even if I had been fitted—built on wires instead of nerves—for electrified machine-driven industry, where would it leave me at thirty-five? Worn out, with little saved, if a cent. In domestic science I could save at least four-fifths of what I earned. The next day I put my application in at two employment agencies for the position of domestic help. Here, again, is a place where the rich women who want to help can. I had to pay a two-dollar fee at each employment agency, and the places found for me were neither suitable nor safe.

References Required

The first place I left in a week. The wages were five dollars a week. In the next place the woman was dishonest and unfair. She expected her help to rise at five and work till midnight. She was a boarding-house keeper. She paid eighteen dollars a month; and I had not been there a week before I knew that she had no intention of paying the wages unless compelled. She tried to make deductions for breakages. If women who can help want to, why not open a free employment agency where such as I can find the place for which we are fitted—where the character of the mistress and of the house and of the surroundings can be as thoroughly investigated as our characters are?

By this time I was discouraged by my change, but not downcast. I knew that my place existed if only I could find it; but I was now reduced to that last ten dollars I had kept so carefully tucked inside my dress, for I had been reserving my room and paying the keep of the baby while I experimented in finding a true vocation. I looked at that ten dollars a long time the night I came back from my second failure as a domestic help.

Should I break it? Should I not? What had I been keeping it for?

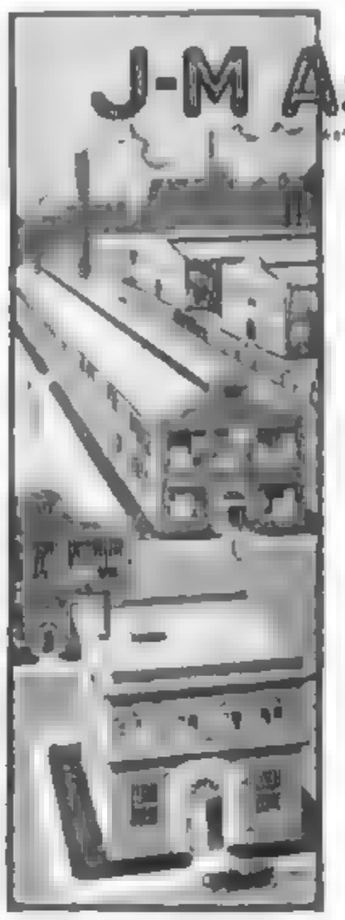
I wrote out a carefully worded advertisement: "A place wanted by a thoroughly capable and reliable woman as domestic help where faithful work will be appreciated and situation will be permanent. The highest references given and required." This I placed in a conservative family daily. The answer came within twenty-four hours. I was requested to call at a certain address in Madison Avenue where I had encountered the hospital nurse.

It was a beautiful, well-regulated home, such as I had never before seen in my life. My new employer listened quietly as I told her my faltering story. Then she asked me what I wished to know about her home. It was so surprising for me to be consulted by an employer as to my rights that I could not

JOHNS-MANVILLE Roofing Service has overcome all trouble-factors known to all types of city or country roofs.

This service, too, goes further than perfection of roofing materials or guarantees. Its development during fifty years has evolved an organization of over fifty principal Service Branches throughout the country. So that dealers and consumers everywhere have at all times the benefits of a complete Johns-Manville establishment nearby, maintaining a policy of quick service and close, satisfactory business relationship.

J-M ASBESTOS ROOFING
"The Roll of Honor"



THIS material easily takes the foremost place in the evolution of roof coverings. It gives a roof of imperishable rock at little more than the cost of the cheapest, most perishable roofing. Its body is a fabric of long-fibred Asbestos bound with another mineral substance—genuine Trinidad Lake Asphalt—forming a pliable stone sheet. It is watertight, will not crack or split in winter, or run, shove, dry or drip in the hottest weather. Requires no paint, gravel or slag. Sparks, cinders or flying embers cannot even scorch it. When a fire occurs inside a building, J M ASBESTOS ROOFING prevents the flames from spreading to adjacent structures. Laid with J-M CLEATS, it is a roofing at once attractive and distinct. The Cleats hold the edges in a vise-like grip, eliminating the possibility of leaks.

Lends an added charm to the appearance of the roof, is easily applied and prolongs the life of the roofing.

J-M ASBESTOS SHINGLES

TO provide the J-M features of roof safety and service and at the same time meet the decorative demands of residential architecture, J-M Asbestos Shingles were evolved. The material is pure Asbestos Fibre and Portland Cement, molded under hydraulic pressure into a homogeneous mass. No layers or laminations to separate. Outlast the most durable building. Cannot rot, warp, or split. Need no paint or other preservatives. Absolutely fireproof. Furnished with smooth edges, ⅛ inch thick, in gray, Indian red, slate and mottled brown; with rough edges, ¼ inch thick, in gray, Indian red, and mottled brown. Make the most beautiful and artistic of all Shingle Roofs.

J-M REGAL ROOFING
"The Roofing with Life"

J-M Roofing Service has also developed the rubber type of wool felt roofing to a point of dependable efficiency in J-M Regal Roofing. Laid with J-M Cleats, like J-M Asbestos Roofing, and second in quality only to J-M Asbestos.

Write Nearest Branch for Book No. 3649

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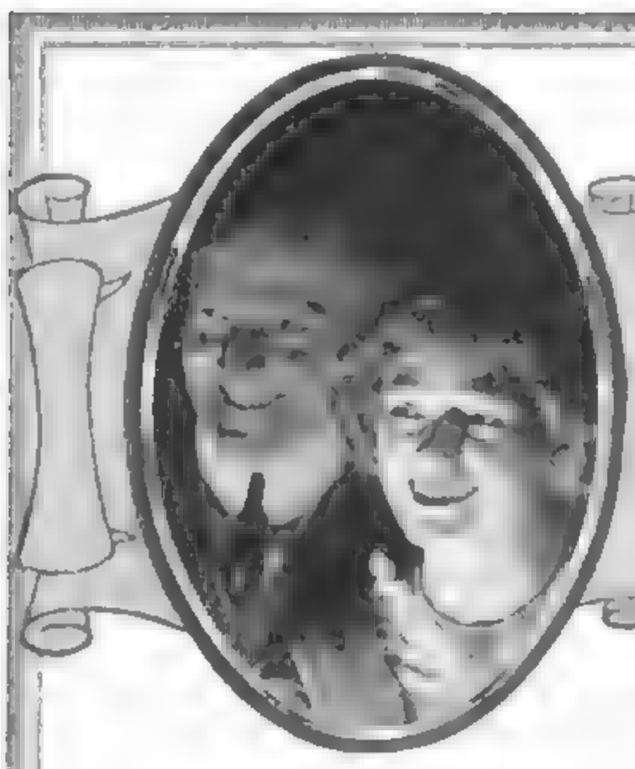

The Dimple or the Teeth?

Which is it, after all, that makes a woman's smile radiant? Ask any husband.

And remember this: the brilliance of white teeth can be kept only by guarding against the enemy that ruins teeth—"acid-mouth."

The sure protection against "acid-mouth" is

PEBECO
Tooth Paste

Any good dentifrice will serve the needs of today by cleaning the teeth.

Pebeco serves the needs of tomorrow—the needs of a lifetime—by keeping the whole mouth clean and by overcoming enamel-destroying acids. Use Pebeco and keep the radiance of your smile for a lifetime. Keep also the health of mouth and teeth that means happiness.

Send for Free Ten-Day Trial Tube and Acid Test Papers

They will show whether you have acid-mouth (as nine out of ten people have), and how Pebeco counteracts it.

Pebeco originated in the hygienic laboratories of P. Beiersdorf & Co., Hamburg, Germany, and is sold everywhere in extra large size tubes. As only ½ of a brushful is used at a time, Pebeco saves money as well as teeth. For trial tube and test papers address

LEHN & FINK, Manufacturing Chemists, 106 William St., New York
Producers of Lehn & Fink's Riveris Talcum

ask a word. I was engaged at twenty-five dollars a month, with board and uniform, and two afternoons a week off, as general domestic help. Though some nights we were kept up till twelve by company, there were other times when the whole family went out and we had no duties after two in the afternoon. When we were sent to the city on errands, we were sent in a motor or given carfare. Often theater tickets were given us. We had a sitting room to receive friends. I do not recall that hours of work were ever specified, but the work we had to do was; and when that was done we were free to spend the day as we wished. I have again and again had pleasant trips with my employer. I often drive in the park with her.

In the summer we all go from town to a beautiful country place. I had thought I should resent working under a mistress. Instead, I have found her a counselor and a friend. Once, when one of my brothers, who was on the fruit vessels in the tropics, came to New York ill, she brought him to my room in her New York house and permitted me to nurse him back to health in her home.

Strikes have come and strikes have gone. Hard times have thrown thousands out of employment; but I have never once known what the fear of want meant.

My little boy is in a school and I spend two afternoons a week with him.

Though, like the trained nurse, I began as general domestic help at twenty-five dollars a month, I have wound up as a nursery governess at thirty-five dollars a month; and now my mother is housekeeper, at forty dollars a month, in the same home.

Together we earn more than my father ever earned in all his life or than any two of my brothers earn; and we bank four-fifths of it.

The question I ask myself is: How could I ever have been such a fool as to wallow about in the seas of uncertainty and danger and want in the industrial world as a subaverage, when this, the true destiny of a woman, was awaiting me in the safe harbor of a home?

Father William—1914

"YOU are old, Father William," the young man said,
"And your grandchildren number a score;
Yet whenever they strike up those cabaret tunes
I notice you're out on the floor."

"In my youth," Father William replied to his son,
"I should never have done such a thing;
But now that old age has quite softened my brain—
Why, a toe with the wildest I fling."

"You are old," said the youth, "and I'm sure that your joints
Should be feeble and stiffened long since;
Yet you swung your fair partner three times round your head
Without a perceptible wince."

"In my youth," said the sage as he winked a moist eye,
"With a circus I once ran away;
And the tricks that I learned with the acrobats there
Have stood me in stead to this day."

"You are old," said his son, "and however you keep
All those steps in your head I can't see;
That you know when to dip, hop and turn a backflip
Is a positive marvel to me."

"In my youth," said his sire, with a giggle senile,
"I was given an adding machine
To repair; and my aptness for figures since then
Has been more than abnormally keen."

"You are old," quoth the youth; "but, aside from the fact
That you've proven yourself for some trotter—
Not counting how you, with your years, are so skilled—
Do you think that such conduct is proper?"

"I have stood here and listened as long as I will
To your questions," his father retorted;
"If I stay any longer I'll miss half the fun."
And away to the dance he cavorted.

—*Keene Thompson.*

Next Sunday

Generally in 48 hours your corns will be gone if you use this simple method.

Apply **Blue-jay** tonight. Tomorrow you will not even think of the corn. Day after tomorrow the corn will be loosened. It can then be easily removed.

Some people keep corns year after year, merely paring them once in awhile.

Some people use old-time treatments, and think corns can't be ended.

They wrong themselves. A famous chemist has solved the corn problem. And his invention—**Blue-jay**—now removes about one million corns a month.

Go try it. Note how the pain is relieved instantly. Note how gently **Blue-jay** undermines the corn. Note how soon the whole corn comes out, without any pain or trouble.

Next Sunday you can be as free from corns as a barefoot boy. And, so long as you live, you need never again let corns bother you.

Blue-jay
For Corns
15 and 25 cents—at Druggists

Bauer & Black, Chicago and New York
Makers of Physicians' Supplies

MEDART'S Playground Apparatus

For Public Parks and School Yards

Made of steel, hot-galvanized, unbreakable either through use, abuse or constant exposure. It assures that safety which the Municipality must guarantee to its children

MEDART'S PLAYGROUND APPARATUS

[illegible] Both are [illegible]

THE MEDART HOME GYMNASIUM is designed particularly for outdoor use at home. A combination [illegible]

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HALLMARK SHIRTS

—made with careful attention to every detail of fabric, cut, stitching and style. The kind of shirts you've always wanted at the price you like to pay.

Sold everywhere
$1, $1.50 and up
HALL, HARTWELL & CO., TROY, N. Y.

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SHAMROCK—a new satin madras style for Spring and Summer. With the back button shield and graduated tie space.
15c two for 25c
If your dealer hasn't them send us 75c for six or write for the SLIDEWELL catalog

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IN June school closes. Ahead are three months the teacher can employ just as he or she chooses. If your profession is teaching and if you *choose* to do so, you can earn over ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS a month by representing the Curtis publications. Several of our teacher-representatives earn over two hundred dollars a month.

If you accept our offer, we will work with you and advise you. You *must* make good if your services are to benefit us. That's why we will take an active personal interest in your success.

Write us a letter of inquiry. We'll tell you all about our plan.

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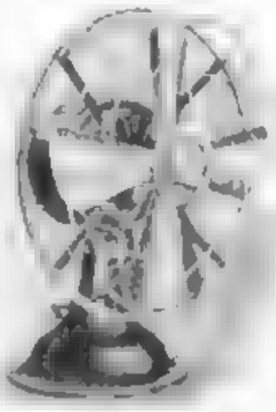
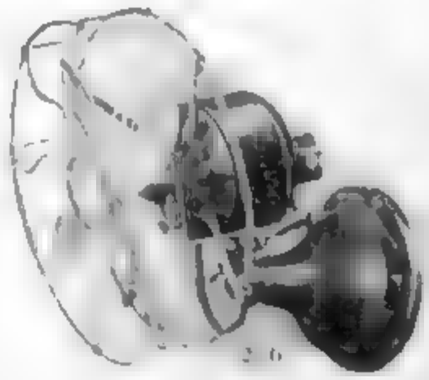
She Dresses In Coolest Comfort



Induction Type A C
8-inch Fan, Desk Position

And comes down to dinner fresh, serene and even-tempered. You, too, need a "STANDARD" Fan this summer to save you from the trying heat and humidity of the sweltering months to come. Don't suffer this summer as you did last. Hot weather'll be here before you know it. Look up the "STANDARD" dealer in your locality, or write us for his name today, and make your fan selection before the big summer rush commences.



Gear Type Oscillator
Wall Bracket Position
A C and D C

A Few Cents a Week

The cost of operating a Robbins & Myers Fan is surprisingly low. A "STANDARD" Fan consumes *less than half the current* of an ordinary electric light. The expense is so small you can't afford *not* to have one.

Robbins & Myers "STANDARD" Fans

Famed For Durability

For 18 years Robbins & Myers "STANDARD" Fans have been preferred for their smooth, steady, noiseless operation, for their freedom from ordinary fan troubles, for their durability. Today they are better than ever, built by specialists who devote their entire skill and experience solely to building small motors and fans. The result is a fan that stands unexcelled for speed, silence and economical operation.

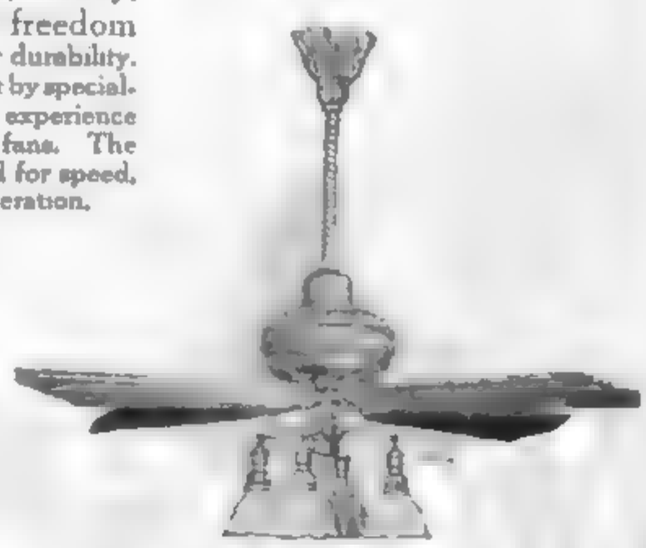
$9.00 Buys One

For this small sum you can enjoy glorious breezes in any room in the house when there isn't a leaf stirring outside. $9.00 buys a "STANDARD" 8-inch Home Fan (other sizes in proportion). You can move it wherever you please, simply connecting the cord and plug to the usual electric light socket. Made for either direct or alternating current. All improvements.

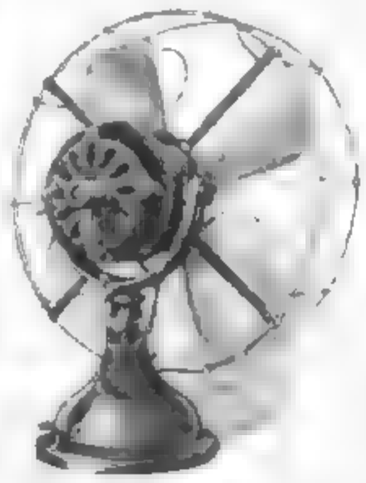
By invitation, member of Blue Leaders of the World Association

All Types and Sizes

Robbins & Myers Fans are made for all uses—ceiling, desk, bracket, oscillating, exhaust—for homes, offices, stores, factories, theatres, cafés, clubs, etc. Write for our 1914 booklet, showing complete line, and name of our nearest dealer.



Three Speed A. C. Ceiling Fan
Style "E" with Electrolier



16-inch Induction Type Fan
Desk Position

THE ROBBINS & MYERS COMPANY, Springfield, Ohio

BRANCHES—NEW YORK, 145 Chambers Street; CHICAGO, 320 Monadnock Building; PHILADELPHIA, 1218 Chestnut Street; ST. LOUIS, Chemical Building; BOSTON, 100 Purchase Street; CLEVELAND, 406 Marshall Building; CINCINNATI, 9 East Third Street; ROCHESTER, 161 St. Paul Street; NEW ORLEANS, 312 Carondelet Street.

Agencies in All Principal Cities of United States and Foreign Countries

"61" FLOOR VARNISH

IT happened during the first breakfast. But in this particular case the floor was protected with "61" Floor Varnish, so "they lived happily ever after."

The spilling of hot or cold liquids on "61" Floor Varnish is not a calamity. "61" is proof against these accidents as well as damage by impressions or blows. It is heel-proof, mar-proof and water-proof. You may dent the wood but the varnish won't crack. Test it yourself. Send for

Booklet and Two Sample Panels

one finished with "61" and the other with Vitralite, *the Long-Life White Enamel*. The porcelain-like surface of Vitralite will not show brush marks, nor will it crack, chip or turn yellow, whether used inside or outside, on wood, metal or plaster. It can be cleaned and washed indefinitely without dulling its perfect gloss, and is absolutely water-proof.

The Quality of P. & L. Varnish Products has always been their strongest guarantee. Our established policy is full satisfaction or money refunded.

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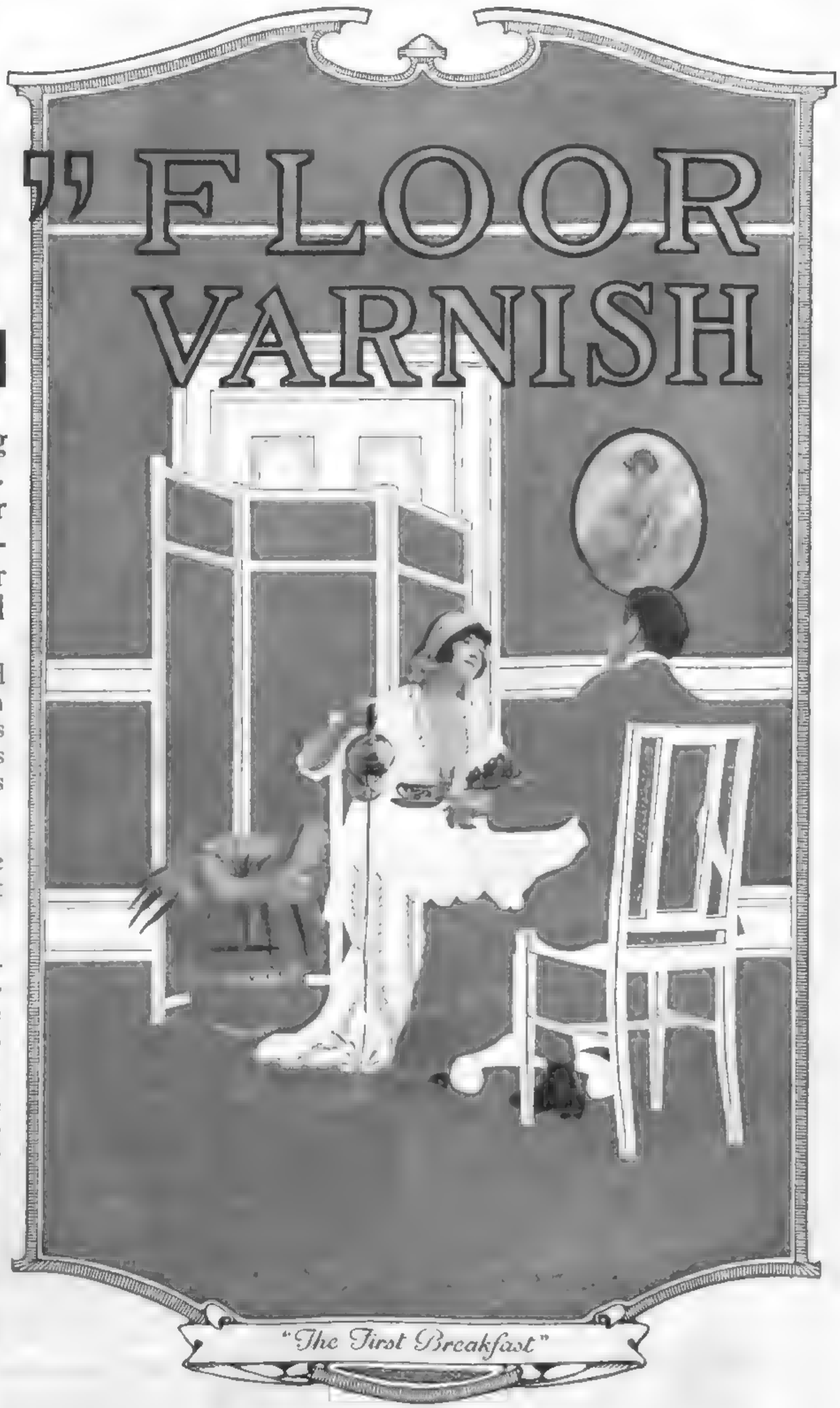

"The First Breakfast"

Vitralite

THE LONG-LIFE WHITE ENAMEL

SAUCE FOR THE GANDER

(Continued from Page 8)

"You made the law!" she said. "You men made it because some of your fellow voters were hiding behind their wives' petticoats. Surely, having made a law, you'll not refuse to abide by it!"

They would not listen, however, but only jeered. She came back into the drawing room looking quite exalted though furious; but the next moment she saw Viv's photograph on a table, and she covered her face with her hands.

It was the next Thursday evening that Basil came to the house at Lancaster Gate. We had been very glum at dinner, Poppy staring through me with her fork half raised, and dabs of powder round her eyes so I should not know she had been crying. Vivian's place was laid; but, of course, he was not there.

And after dinner Huggins, the butler, gave notice. He said he was a married man. The Upper Servants' Society—male branch—had gone over to the Husbands' Defense, and he had been ordered to leave Poppy's service.

He brought the coffee to the drawing room and was clearly uneasy.

"Of course," said Poppy, "you may go, Huggins. Nothing should interfere with the freedom and right to his opinion of the English voter."

"No, madam."

"'O Liberty, thou goddess, heavenly bright!'" said Poppy.

"Yes, madam."

Poppy rose.

"Fiddlesticks!" she snapped. "Liberty! And you let a tuppenny-ha'penny association dictate to you that you must resign a good position!"

"Union is strength, madam."

"Bah! Union is also an evidence of fear."

This being over Huggins' head he bowed and went out. Shortly afterward the tweeny, who is the buffer between the upper and lower servants, said her husband had sent for her. This time Poppy did not argue, though it hurt. The tweeny had been a recent convert.

It was just after this second blow that Basil came. Poppy heard him on the stairs.

"Basil's intellect, or what he calls his intellect, has been fighting his heart," she said scornfully, "and heart wins, Maggie! Heart always wins with the male."

She looked at me defiantly, mutely challenging me to deny that Viv would come back to her on his knees. The trouble with Poppy was that she had always looked at Vivian's jaw, which was mild and amiable, and not at his wrists, which were hairy and full of character.

Basil stood in the doorway—he is very good looking, especially when he is excited. And he was excited now. Poppy stared at him.

"Well?" she said.

"I'm deucedly sorry, Poppy!" said Basil. "I've been trying to make him listen to reason, but he absolutely refuses. He says he'll stay—says he likes it; it's so extremely quiet. He wants his pens and some paper sent over—has an idea for a new play."

Poppy's color came back in two spots in her cheeks.

"So he likes it!" she observed. "Very well! Then that's settled." She turned to me. "You've heard Basil, Madge, and you've heard me. That's all there is to it."

"It's a horrible place," said Basil.

"Vivian likes it."

"You are going to let him stay?"

"I didn't make the law. You men made it. Now try living up to it. The matter is closed, Basil. I shall never pay the tax."

Basil looked wretched. He dropped his voice.

"That—that isn't the worst, Poppy," he said slowly. "He's—gone on a hunger strike!"

I cannot recall the week that followed without a shudder. Poppy went to bed with what she said was neuralgia and lay all day with the curtains drawn and her eyes staring at nothing. And Vivian continued the hunger strike.

You recall part of it probably—how the Husbands' Defense League put speakers at the Marble Arch and in Trafalgar Square calling on all Englishmen to rally. You can see what it meant. Suppose every wealthy Englishwoman refused to pay her income tax on the ground that, so long as she could not vote, it was taxation without representation—what would happen?

"The House of Lords will cease to exist," said one of the posters. "Parliament will be held in prison. Our industries will cease. Our armies will be without officers or will follow their officers to jail. The state will become a matriarchy. Women, the real lawbreakers, will be free, while their husbands suffer!"

On the fourth day of Vivian's strike the papers began to issue bulletins:

"Harcourt holding his own!"

"Harcourt rather pale, but cheerful. Is working at a new play. In a statement given out today by Vivian Harcourt, the dramatist, he stated that he has written an entire scenario since he inaugurated the fast. 'The best work I have ever done!' he said, with enthusiasm, when seen today. 'Hereafter I shall always fast when embarking on any important work.'"

"Harcourt not so well!"

"Harcourt weaker! Has stopped work."

"Harcourt confined to his cot—still undaunted, but lying in a stupor at times."

That covered eight days. On the ninth day a furious letter appeared in the Times demanding to know why forcible feeding was not resorted to in the Harcourt case.

"Why feed the women in our jails," it said, "and allow to die of exhaustion a man who has committed no crime, but is standing for a principle?"

I do not affirm that Poppy wrote this letter; I merely comment on the fact that when I visited her the day before it was published there was ink on her fingers and on the linen sheet of her bed.

Daphne had been on a Suffrage tour in the North and she came home on the ninth day. She came to Poppy's home at once. She found Poppy in bed, with cold cloths on her eyes, and her wedding ring off. Daphne sniffed.

"You and Viv are two children!" she said. "You're a silly for thinking you can beat the Government at its own game, which is taxation; and Viv's a fool for letting you be one."

Poppy is not placid of disposition, and she flung the cold cloths at Daphne and ordered her out; but Daphne only sniffed again and raised the shades.

"You haven't got a headache—you have a pain in your disposition," she said. "Put this on again." And Poppy put on her wedding ring. "Now," said Daphne, "you won't pay this money as a matter of principle, and Viv won't for the same reason. I won't, because I haven't got it; Madge probably ditto. But the beastly thing must be paid. The point is—to do it without yielding."

Now I must give Daphne credit for this: She did not intend to get me into it at all; as a matter of fact she sent me out of the room.

"Run along, Maggie!" she said. "Go and telephone Basil to come and have tea with you, or go shopping and buy yourself something. We're going to talk."

I did not go out. I sat alone in the drawing room and thought; and the more I thought, the worse things seemed—for it was perfectly clear that Basil's protestations for the Cause were nothing when it came to the test. He was perfectly willing to stand on an eminence and let me look up at him, or even to put me on one himself, hung about with his tributes; but I knew in my inmost soul that he would never go to jail for me—and it hurt.

And even if he did go he was not of the heroic stuff Vivian was made of. I felt quite sure he would have three meals a day and tea, and come out looking spruce and well fed. The thing that hurt most was that, knowing him to be the sort of person he was, I should be so fond of him. He had no mental or temperamental heights, and I knew it; but he was so solid somehow, and exceedingly good-looking—and he was not, like Viv, forever coaching pretty actresses. Viv's desk was covered with photographs indorsed: "To dear old Viv, from Dolly"; or "The Tigress"; or "Passionately, Nell"!

Daphne took me home with her. She said she had a plan and it was best that I should not be in Poppy's house.

"It's a knot that's past untying," she said as we went down the stairs. "We'll have to cut it."

BOHN
SYPHON
REFRIGERATORS
DELICIOUS dainties
just out of the Bohn!
Fresh, sweet and approximately ten degrees colder than they could have been kept in other refrigerators.
Though kept in the same compartment with onions or other foods emitting strong odors, they are absolutely uncontaminated.
Write For Our Book
"Cold Storage In The Home"
It describes the exclusive features through which the Bohn is superior—The Bohn Syphon System of Air Circulation, Flax-
Linings (not white paint)
An evidence that the Bohn Syphon System is regarded superior by those who know lies in the fact that it is adopted by the Pullman Com-
of all Amer-
WHITE ENAMEL REFRIGERATOR COMPANY
General Offices and Factory
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VARDON PRAISES
THE COLDWELL
MOTOR MOWER
Philadelphia, Nov. 12th, 1913.
Newburgh, New York.
Dear Sir:
The American courses have improved very much since last I played here in 1900, and I have come to the conclusion that your Motor Mower is to blame.
I cannot find words to express its great merits, but at any rate I can truthfully say that it is O. K. in every particular. Would advise Green Committees to do away with horses and procure a Motor Mower which pays for itself in no time.
Yours faithfully, (Signed) HARRY VARDON
The Coldwell combination roller and motor mower will do more and better work than three horse mowers. Rolls and mows in one operation. Climbs 25% grades easily.
Motor mower book, and catalogue of 150 different styles of horse and hand mowers, free on request.
Coldwell Lawn Mower Company
Newburgh, N. Y.
Philadelphia Chicago
Mfrs. of Hand, Horse and Motor Power Lawn Mowers

WHIRLPOOL SANITARY DISHWASHER

FOR FAMILY USE

Thoroughly washes china, glassware, silver and kitchenware in a few minutes of easy operation.

Dries and sterilizes china.

Hands never touch water.

Large numbers are being sold in the

JOHN WANAMAKER STORE
Philadelphia

and the Wanamaker circular says of it:

"At last—a successful dishwashing machine for the home."

"It makes dishwashing a pleasant task."

"The well-known objections to previous types have all been overcome in this machine."

Average family size
$15.00

Information furnished regarding larger sizes.

If not obtainable in your locality, The Whirlpool will be sent prepaid upon receipt of price.

All machines strictly guaranteed or money refunded.

The Whirlpool is self-cleansing and absolutely sanitary. Washes finest china and glassware with no danger of breakage, using a dishpan full of water for washing, and another for rinsing. Durably built of stamped metal; no pump; small in size, and especially adaptable to limited space. Beautifully finished in baked enamel. Refined and ornamental.

Appeals strongly to high class **dealers** and **agents.** Will be shipped to responsible agents, prepaid, upon receipt of price. Returnable at our expense, after ten days' examination. Regular discount allowed thereon when agency is established. Shipped in cartons 18x22 inches weight 23 pounds.

HERSHEY-SEXTON COMPANY, Manufacturers
1223 FILBERT STREET, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

He Quadrupled His Salary

A post-office clerk in a Kansas city wished to attend Washburn College, but did not do so because he thought that lack of funds was an insurmountable obstacle. He had not heard of the Curtis Scholarship Plan.

He became dissatisfied with his position in the post-office; its promise of advancement was limited. After thinkung the matter over, he enrolled as a student of Civil Engineering in a well-known institution of learning. A few months later he entered the employ of The Santa Fe Railroad. He was rapidly promoted from one position to another until, now, he is the assistant signal engineer for the company.

As a direct result of his decision to study Civil Engineering, he increased his salary 400 per cent.

If your position holds out little promise of substantial advancement, let us tell you how thousands of persons have, through our Scholarship Plan, secured the training they needed to establish comfortable incomes. Upon receipt of your letter, we'll send you a copy of our illustrated educational booklet which tells you how, free of charge, you can secure a course of training *in any university, business college, musical conservatory, or other institution of learning in the country.* Address your letter to

Educational Division, Box 506

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, Philadelphia, Penna.

There was a crowd of husbands round the door as we went out and they said things.

"'Ow fat and rosy they look!" said one man in a bus-driver's uniform. "And the 'usband and father dyin' in prison! Smug—that's w'at they are!"

We did not bother to set him right. We got into a taxicab rather hastily and Daphne twisted her knee. At first she said it was nothing; but she could hardly get up the stairs to her flat. She would not give in at first, but finally she let me put her to bed; and I saw she was all in for a day or two.

"It's tonight I'm thinking of," she said forlornly. "I could manage, with a stick; but I could never get through the window."

"Through a window!"

"I believe you'll have to do it after all," she went on. "It's quite simple. You'll find the window unlocked and the money in the pocket of Poppy's painting apron. In the morning she'll send for the police and say she has been robbed."

"I'll not go through a window!"

"But by that time a messenger will have turned the money in to pay Poppy's tax, the receipt will be issued, and Vivian will be free. She can protest; but—the thing will have been paid, and with her money. An iniquitous measure can be fought only with iniquity."

"But, Daffie dearest ——"

"The police will find the open window—I broke the lock—and footprints ——"

"My footprints!"

"Madge," she said sternly, "are you or are you not for the Cause?"

"I am!" I replied feebly—and the thing was done.

The evening papers reported that Vivian was in bad shape and that his cheerful resignation had moved his attendants to tears. That settled me. There was no time to lose. I put on some clothes belonging to Daphne's maid and went round to Poppy's at ten o'clock. I stood on the outskirts of the crowd, which was raging, and waited for it to break up. Poppy did not come out. Huggins stood near me, hissing with the best of them. Even through my veil I believe he knew me, for he turned on me suddenly and said:

"Yell a bit—can't ye, miss?"

"There is quite noise enough already," I said.

"You're not one of these here suffragists, by any chance? Aren't got a 'usband locked up anywheres?" He seemed to have dropped back into the language of the people; in fact all the trappings of civilization had gone from the mob. They snarled like beasts. Primitive men they were, fighting their women—"That fiercest hate which is compounded of love!" as Daphne put it. "The male brute contending against the female for supremacy. Matter against mind!"

Poppy's house is on a corner, with a wall at the side, and inside the wall is the door to the studio wing. Daphne had given me a key to the gate and it was easy enough, with the crowd in front, to slip in. The window was difficult, but I made it at last and found myself in a lower passage. Viv's den was dark and empty. I felt my way up to the studio and got the money. After all it had been easy. Viv was saved, Poppy's pride need not humble itself, and the Cause was free of its greatest menace!

I felt heroic, magnificent! I clutched the money for Poppy's income tax in my hand and started down the stairs. As I reached the bottom somebody tried the lock outside. I nearly fainted. I turned and ran up in the dark, and the door below opened. A man in a long coat came in stealthily and went directly to Vivian's den. And just then a church clock struck eleven.

I was frightened. It seemed to me that as soon as he ransacked the room below he would come up to the studio. Perhaps he knew about the money! Burglars have an uncanny sense for such things. And the idea of being caught in the studio—as in a *cul-de-sac*—made me panicky. I clutched the money and slipped down the staircase past Vivian's door. The burglar was there, going through Viv's desk, with a light turned on and a cap down over his eyes.

I forgot to be cautious then. I bolted for the door, flung it open—it was a patent lock, with a knob inside—and stepped out into the night air—and a policeman's arms!

"Easy a bit, hold girl!" he said. "Hi'm 'ere and you're 'ere. What's the 'urry?" He held me off and looked at me. Luckily I had never seen him before. "Quick with your 'ands, ain't you! In you goes and hout you pops!"

"If you think I'm a burglar," I said haughtily, "I'm nothing of the sort. I'm ——" It came over me all at once that I must not say I was a friend of Poppy's, with the exact amount of her income tax in my hand. "The burglar you followed is still in the house," I said. "He's in Mr.—in the study, just beyond that door."

"None of that, young woman," he said sternly. "You'll just come along with me! 'Ousebreaking it is; I watched you in and hout."

He took me by the arm and I went along. There was nothing else to do. I tried to drop the money as we went, but some of it was gold and he heard it. Still clutching me, he gathered it up as it lay scattered over the pavement. I was rather dazed. The only thing I could think of was that, for the sake of the Cause and Poppy, I must not tell who I was; but I begged him to send an officer to Poppy's house, because there was a burglar in it.

At the police station they telephoned Poppy—and here she made her terrible mistake. She thought it was all a part of the plot, and after she had looked in her studio she said she had lost a lot of money. She told how it was—in notes and gold; and, of course, they found it all on me. She says that when they told her they had it, and a young woman, too, she almost swooned. She tried to find Basil, but he was not in his rooms; and Daphne was laid up and almost frantic when she heard what had happened.

Poppy's position was pitiable! She did not know what to do. If she declared the plot and freed me all London would laugh and the Cause would suffer. If she did not declare the plot I should get a prison sentence. I have drawn a poor picture of Poppy if you think I stood a chance with the Cause!

That is how things stood the next morning. Vivian and I were in jail; Daphne in bed; and Poppy in hysterics. Then a curious thing happened. The evening papers announced that Vivian had paid the tax for Poppy and was free. Viv repudiated the payment—said he had not done it—and refused his liberty.

"Mr. Harcourt," said one paper, "feels the absurdity of his position keenly. He is apparently cheerful, but very feeble. His eyes flashed, however, as he stated that the Income Tax Office could not legally accept the payment, as it was not his money. If any of his supporters had in mistaken zeal taken a collection for this purpose he said he could only regret their action and refuse to profit by it."

On the next day, however, the Times published a letter signed, "Not Even a Husband," which stirred the whole thing up again. The writer declared that the tax had been paid with Vivian's own money; that the writer himself had stolen it out of a desk in Mr. Harcourt's house; that it had been sent by messenger to the proper authorities and a receipt issued, which was appended; and that, in other words, though Mr. Harcourt was to be lauded for his principles, his continued imprisonment at the public expense was absurd. Also, the writer was under the impression that an innocent person was being held for his crime; and he called on the public honor to see that this wrong was at once righted.

Immediately on the publication of this letter Poppy and Jane Willoughby, with a delegation, gathered before the Prime Minister's house, and Poppy made a speech from the carriage block. She said she had just learned that a suffragist, an American and a friend of hers, had been arrested while leaving her house and unjustly detained for two days. This was carrying persecution too far. Undoubtedly it was the work of the Husbands' Defense League.

"Taxation without representation!" she cried. "I did not have a voice in making the income-tax law. Why should I obey it?"

"I didn't have a voice in making the Ten Commandments," boomed a man's voice from the crowd; "but I'm expected to obey them."

It was Poppy's chance at last.

"If you men had made the Ten Commandments into law," she said in her clear voice, "you'd have repealed that law long ago!"

The crowd roared. Then she and Jane drove to the jail and got me. Viv's T. C. retort had saved the day for her.

Daphne made a speech in the Edgeware Road that night, with her leg in a plaster cast. Vivian and Poppy were together again. Jane Willoughby called me up about them.

I do not fear your tongue

When you have answered my advertisement, just on the bare chance that I may be telling the truth about my Panatela, and I have sent you a box of fifty with permission to smoke ten and return the rest if you like—there is still that suspicious, tobacco-educated tongue of yours to be satisfied.

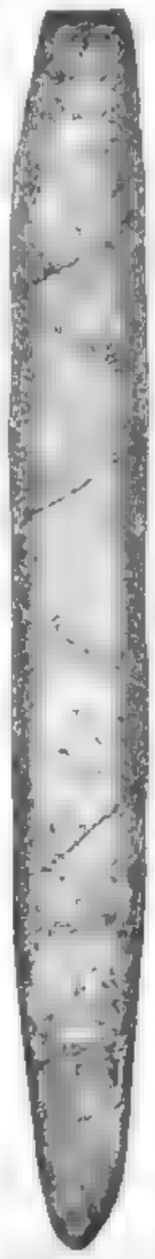
I do not fear it.

For eighty out of every hundred men who have smoked ten have kept right on smoking my Panatela.

It is on the second and third and many succeeding boxes that I make my small manufacturer's profit.

My Shivers' Panatela is hand made by skilled adult men cigar makers in the cleanest factory that I know of. It is made of Cuban Grown Havana Tobacco with a genuine Sumatra wrapper. It sells for $5 per hundred or $2.50 for 50.

I do not sell through dealers, but do business directly with you.



MY OFFER is: I will, upon request, send fifty Shivers' Panatelas, on approval, to a reader of *The Saturday Evening Post*, express prepaid. He may smoke ten cigars and return the remaining forty at my expense and no charge for the ten smoked if he is not pleased with them; if he is pleased with them and keeps them he agrees to remit the price, $2.50, within ten days.

Shivers' Club Special is identical with my Panatela except that it is shorter and fatter and has a larger burning surface. Sold on the same terms as the Panatela.

Shivers' Panatela
EXACT SIZE AND SHAPE

In ordering, please use business stationery or give references, and state whether you prefer mild, medium or strong cigars

HERBERT D. SHIVERS
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Billings & Spencer

"97" Automobile Wrench

The wrench for service.

Drop-Forged Steel throughout.

No malleable castings.

For reliability in any emergency be sure your wrench is a Billings & Spencer.

Your hardware or garage man carries them.

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Insure your shipments at minimum cost against loss by slipping our coupons into your parcel post or other mail packages.

Costs only 2½c for $10 parcel

Protects you against partial or entire loss from any cause, including fire, theft or breakage.

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234 Walnut St. Philadelphia

"They're going to live in Italy," she said. "It's desertion of the Cause—and that's all there is to it! Haven't they been round to see you?"

"No."

"I think it's shameful," snapped Jane, "after what you've gone through because of their pigheadedness'"

"Perhaps," I said, "Vivian was not able to come. He must be very weak."

Even over the telephone I heard Jane sniff.

"Weak!" she jerked out. "Never saw him look better! Faat, indeed! The wretch never went on a hunger strike. The H. D. L. sent him wonderful hampers daily!"

Everything combined to make me sad that night—Vivian's duplicity; and the fact that the members of the H. D. L. had conspired to make Poppy weaken; and that all men were alike; and that only when they were quite old and became fathers were they able to understand women at all—and then only their daughters, not their wives.

Basil came in that night rather late and sat in front of the fire—and looked at me.

"Uncle Egbert is dead," he said.

"When?"

He had the grace to flush.

"A month ago, Madge."

"And for a month you've been weighing things pro and con!" I said scornfully.

"It has taken me a month to find out that I cannot live without you."

He was very humble and quite miserable; and, because he did not seem able to sit still under my cold glance, he wandered over to Daphne's desk and turned over her papers. It was the position of the man in Vivian's den! I knew it was Basil who had stolen the money for Viv and paid the tax—Basil who had written to the Times—Basil who had been seen stealing through the area gate. Basil, then, had been the cause of my arrest! The whole thing was too much. I told him so.

"I won't marry you!" I finished hotly. "In America a man doesn't take a month to think things over because he's afraid, or write a letter to the Times when he's got the girl he cares about sent to jail! I'm going home to marry some nice American chap and have the suffrage given to me as a right and not as a privilege; and I'm going where there isn't any income tax!"

One of father's cablegrams arrived just then and I opened it. He said:

"Income-tax law passed by half the people for all the people!"

America too! And there was that wretched house, eaten up already by taxes and streetpaving—and babies with hammers!

Basil was eying the cablegram furiously. I just held it out to him.

"It's about the house," I said, quivering a little. "You are quite right to be afraid of me. There's an income tax at home now and I shall never pay it. It's taxation without ——"

Basil held out his arms and his eyes glowed.

"You darling!" he said. "What is the income tax between you and me? I love you with all my heart, and nothing else matters—unless you don't love me."

It was then that the awful truth came over me. The Cause was not first with me after all! Poppy had been right—it was Basil all the time; Basil, with his glowing eyes and his warm heart, and his English conservatism.

"The Cause ——" I gasped.

"I'm going to be your Cause!" said Basil, and caught me to him.

"But the tax ——"

"Don't pay it if you don't wish to," he said in his lordly way. "My wife may always live up to her principles. Besides, in America a husband is not responsible for his wife's debts! I looked it up!"

A Kansas Comeback

MERLE THORPE, who is at the head of the Department of Journalism in the University of Kansas, presents this as his idea of the quick-as-a-flash comeback.

An oldtime Kansas editor was sitting in a restaurant eating a pickled pig's foot—or a pig's pickled foot, as the case may be. A tramp printer came in, saw the editor, and screamed:

"Git out of the way, you! I'm the old wild boar from Fort Scott!"

"Yes," commented the editor genially; "and I'm eating one of your paws!"

The Best Hardware Dealer in Your City Sells "PEARL"

Here's a Screen That Wears

"PEARL" Requires No Paint or Repairs

You've *been* using painted screen—had to paint or repair it every spring. This year try Gilbert & Bennett PEARL Wire Cloth! Learn just how *long lasting* and *handsome* a screen *can* be.

PEARL Wire Cloth is *durable* simply because it is practically *rust-proof*. And, as you know, *rust* ruins screens—*not* wear. As for appearance—well, the handsomest homes in America are equipped with Gilbert & Bennett PEARL. You'll have to see "PEARL" before you *fully* appreciate its beauty and worth.

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Specify Gilbert & Bennett PEARL Wire Cloth—
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There is only one genuine PEARL Wire Cloth That is made by Gilbert & Bennett. Don't accept "galvanized" or any other substitute. Insist on seeing *two Copper Wires* in the *Selvage* and the Round Tag *bearing our* name on each roll.

The best hardware dealer in your city sells PEARL Wire Cloth and will gladly supply you.

Or—write nearest office for samples, literature and the dealer's name.

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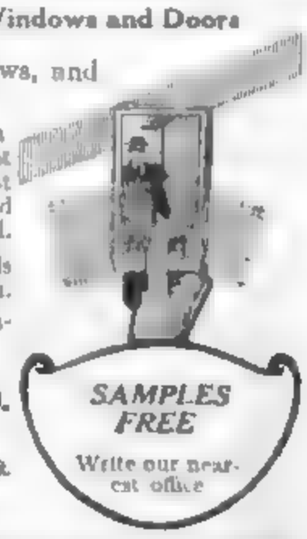
Georgetown, Conn. Kansas City, Mo.



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GINGER ALE

Let this sparkling beverage spray its little, cold, carbonic needles about your nose. Swallow it and feel your thirst vanish and your dry throat give thanks for the glorious wetting.

Clicquot Club Ginger Ale is a real ginger ale beverage of real character. The water is from the famous Clicquot Springs, the carbonation is high and the resultant effervescence delightful. The sugar is specially refined and the ginger is the best Jamaica import. Each bottle holds two full glasses.

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Studebaker

SEVEN PASSENGER
SIX
$1575

Full Floating Rear Axle
Electrically Started
Electrically Lighted

This Car Against Any Car—
Let Us Prove It

With every sense alert, try, as you ride in the Studebaker SIX, to imagine some one particular in which its riding qualities might be improved.

Try to recall some previous ride in a heavier, costlier car, which seemed to you, then, the uttermost in luxury.

Superfluous weight does, sometimes, make for steadiness, there's no doubt about that—see, now, how this light, strong car attains the same identical result in steadiness and roadability with none of the disadvantages of excess weight.

Take the wheel and see if you ever felt that you had at your command a greater flood of pent-up flexible power.

Test out that flexibility—see how instantaneously obedient this docile engine actually is to the touch of your finger-tips.

Put it through its paces—face it with obstacles and difficulties—and see if it does not respond in every case like the thoroughbred it is.

Demonstration—demonstration against any car, and every car—demonstration drastic down to the smallest detail—that's what Studebaker asks, without fear, from you, for this splendid Studebaker SIX.

F. O. B. Detroit

FOUR Touring Car	$1050
SIX Touring Car	$1[illegible]
SIX Landau-Roadster	$1[illegible]
SIX Sedan	$2[illegible]
[illegible] Roadster	$[illegible]
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F. O. B. Walkerville, Canada

FOUR Touring Car	$1375
SIX Touring Car	$[illegible]
SIX Landau-Roadster	$[illegible]
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Canadian Factories:
Walkerville, Ontario

Descriptive Data

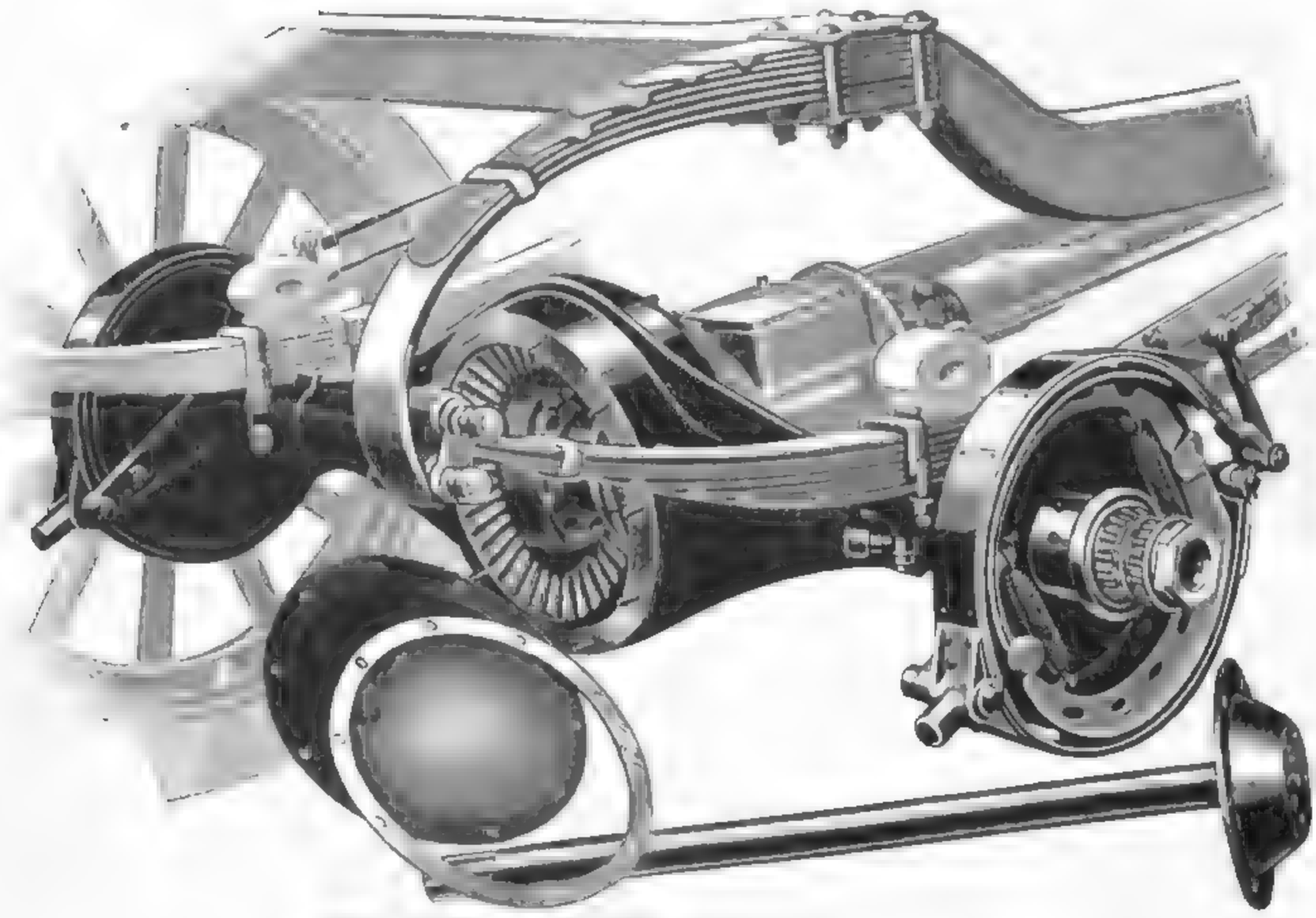
Studebaker FOUR and SIX motors are cast enbloc. They are of the modern long-stroke type, giving the highest possible efficiency in power and gallon-mileage.

Each Studebaker car has a full complement of adjustable Timken roller bearings — a pre-eminent anti-friction device.

Built complete in the vast Studebaker shops, each Studebaker unit fits with perfect alignment into the synchronized Studebaker chassis. Even the tops and the Jiffy curtains of Studebaker cars are built by Studebaker workmen.

Other points of excellence included in each Studebaker FOUR or SIX—

Full floating rear axle; the Studebaker-Wagner electrical system; gasoline tank in cowl with direct line to dash-adjusted carburetor; enclosed valves, quiet and retaining accurate adjustment; running boards clear of all equipment; extra rim, mounted at the rear; special quality electric lamps; electrically lighted dash equipment with lubrication sight-feed, battery tell-tale and Stewart-Warner magnetic speedometer.



Studebaker Rear Axle, with Differential Cover Plate Removed

Nearly 90 per cent of all Studebaker owners drive and care generally for their own cars.

And it is the amazing accessibility, on the Studebaker, of those parts which need occasional attention that enables these owners to do so with ease and without embarrassment.

Is this accessibility more pronounced on the Studebaker than other cars?

It is—as the three illustrations will strikingly show you.

For instance, all parts or assemblies needing lubrication or application of grease or oil are easily reached without effort.

Cylinder oil is very handily poured into the crank case through a filler tube; grease is injected into the rear axle through a plughole in the differential cover; the clutch collar is lubricated by means of a grease cup and flexible tubing, without removing floor boards.

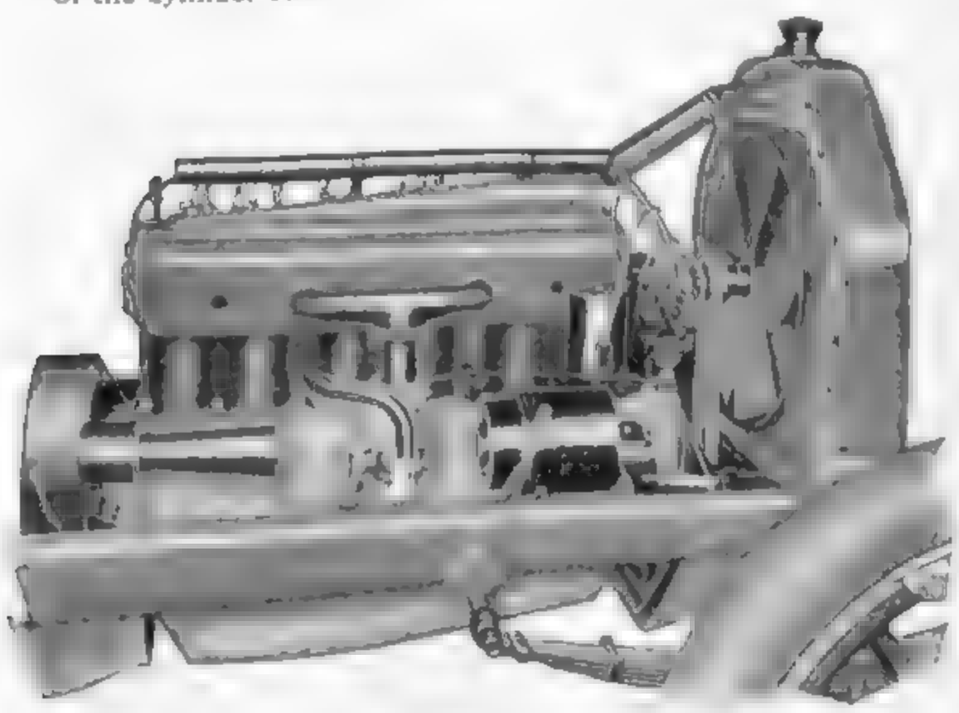
The gasoline tank is filled without disturbing passengers or going to the rear of the car.

Set considerably higher than the frame side member, the carburetor's position permits of easy and instant examination from any side.

The entire gasoline feed system from tank to carburetor can be inspected or cleaned without lifting floor boards or getting under the car—raising the hood makes it all accessible.

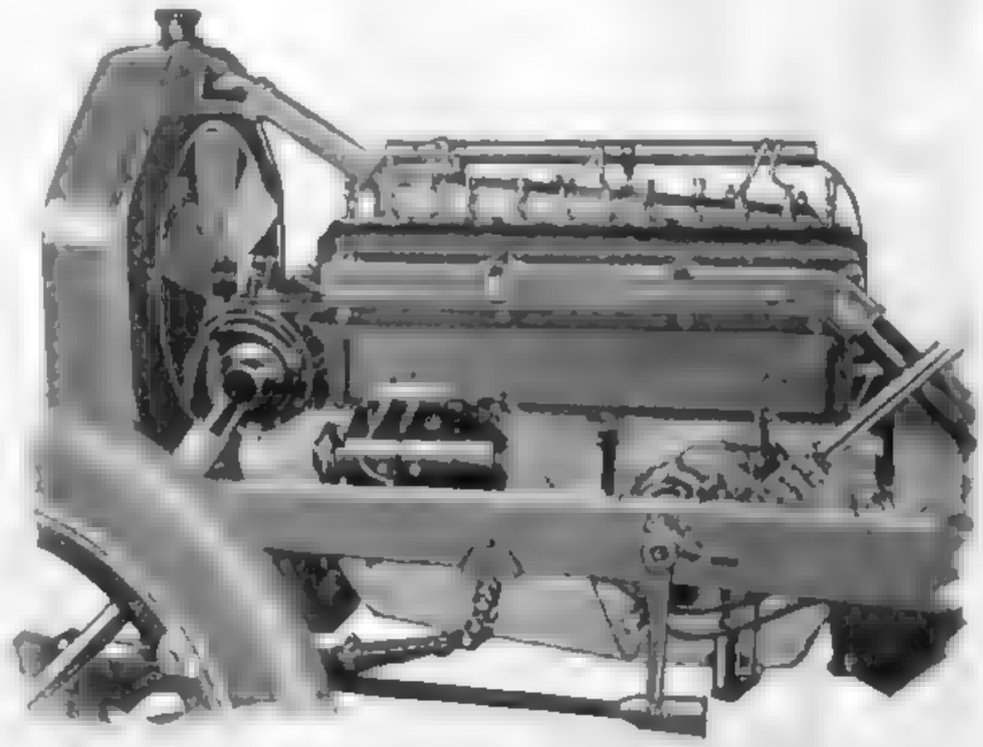
A dash control for the carburetor—a single instrument instead of two or three parts—performs all ordinary functions and does away with "jiggling" or "tickling" the carburetor with the hood raised.

If you want to "look at" the ignition system, you find it most conveniently located at the front of the cylinder block.



Right hand side of Studebaker SIX motor, showing carburetor, ignition source and electric starting motor. Note the simplicity and accessibility of units.

You don't have to unlock boxes to reach the electric battery or tools—they are under the front seat.



Left hand side of Studebaker SIX motor, showing valve cover plate, electric generator and oil filler tube to crankcase

If the fan needs adjustment, you get at it without disturbing any other part.

The simple removal of the cover plate exposes the entire valve mechanism for examination.

The location of the ignition switch on the dash, under the driver's hand, and the means for easy padlocking, are features the experienced owner will appreciate.

Two nuts hold the extra rim and tire in place on their carrier at the rear, and a simple but effective locking device is provided.

Each top holder is adjusted and tightened by a single nut, instead of stiff, stubborn straps.

The curtains are Studebaker-Jiffy, lowered and raised from the inside in one-tenth the time required for ordinary curtains.

These are the reasons why most Studebaker owners not only look after their own cars, but take pleasure in doing so.

STUDEBAKER

Detroit

He Mops In Misery Without B. V. D.

A TYPICAL summer day—a typical office scene—a round of smiles at the mingled *discomfort* and *discomfiture* of the man who hasn't found out that B. V. D. is "*the first aid*" to coolness. *You*, of course, have B. V. D. on or ready to put on. If not, march to the nearest store and *get it*.

For your own welfare, fix this label firmly in your mind and make the salesman *show* it to you. If he can't or won't, *walk out!* On every B. V. D. Undergarment is sewed

This Red Woven Label

MADE FOR THE B.V.D. BEST RETAIL TRADE

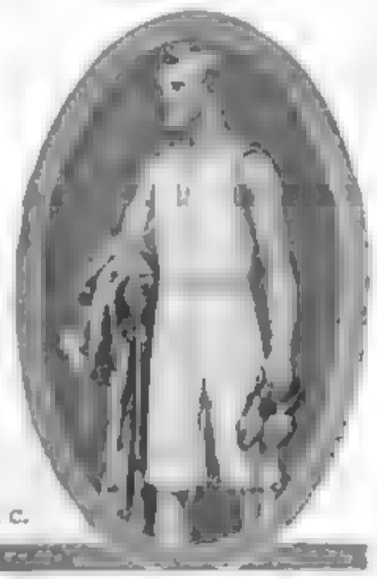
Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. and Foreign Countries

B. V. D. Coat Cut Undershirts and Knee Length Drawers, 50c., 75c., $1.00 and $1.50 the Garment.

B. V. D. Union Suits (Pat. U. S. A. 4-10-07) $1.00, $1.50, $2.00, $3.00 and $5.00 the Suit.

The B. V. D. Company, NEW YORK.

London Selling Agency: 66, Aldermanbury, E. C.



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THE HEAD OF THE FAMBLY

(Continued from Page 16)

give my hand a shake. And then we all four sat in the dusk talkin'. And he said, once, he was mighty glad to be home with us. Grover and I answered we was mighty glad to have him; and Janie said, "Yes," in such a little voice that we laughed at her.

When Mr. Barrens went back to his office, o' course he had the upper hand on account o' the grit he'd shown. And he kept it by takin' no excuses for mistakes or late runs.

He was very thin and pale, and sat back in his office chair dressed in white flannels—not at all like other superintendents; but his eyes had turned cold and sharp, and when he stuck out his jaw at the men and spoke to 'em very quiet they felt a shock all over—for now they knew he was on to the way they'd been sneerin' at him, and often just his one low word meant that the man on the carpet had to sell his home and pack off with his fambly to another railroad. Mr. Charley Barrens was boss o' his division and, bein' the friend o' the great director, no man dared answer back, for fear he'd be blacklisted with other roads.

The old hotel where he lived was just across a little park from the platform and one evenin' he came hobblin' out on his cane for exercise and stopped near me to ask 'bout Grover.

Though we was together in the shadow, he didn't talk as much as he used to, sayin' only this:

"When these men used to sneer at me I couldn't fight 'em all single-handed; but when that powder-car business showed 'em I wasn't 'fraid I just made use o' the chance it gave me. Now I'm makin' good and won't be 'shamed to face Miss Cloud." He was turnin' away and asked over his shoulder: "And how is Miss Janie too?"

I answered that she seemed kind o' lonesome since our parties in the evenin' broke up. He stood still listenin', but it was only a minute till some business came into his mind and strikin' down the cane he said "Damme! Damme!" and hobbled into the office.

The road men called the superintendent's office the throne room and the word comin' out o' there the law. There wasn't any 'sputin' it and Mr. Barrens never took it back—though twice men who got fired tried to beg off. Ever'body understood there mustn't be a wreck or a late train. The men wondered what he'd do when there was a washout; but when that happened Mr. Barrens laid off the bridge boss; he was the big one, too, but didn't dare kick.

Some o' the men s'posed he called 'em so hard 'cause he knew nobody would try to get back at a wounded man; but when Mr. Barrens got well he was just the same, and would walk past men he'd fired, and who hated him, without a sign o' bein' scared o' their doubled fists.

All at once such talk shut up and the whole division just knuckled down to him, and every man thought o' nothin' but to hold his job.

That was an unlucky division, though, and there was a good many wrecks and blockades, which Mr. Barrens straightened out just by sittin' in his office and firin' the man most to blame.

Those were mighty good times for me, with nobody to bother 'cause I was a friend o' the big boss and ever'thing o' his was let strickly alone. One evenin' he called me in and said if I minded business and didn't miss any more crews I could have the job o' takin' car numbers on the first o' the year. He didn't have any pets.

But it seems as if just havin' such a man for your friend makes ever'thing come right. There was no more red lamp at our house—Grover went to school and Janie kept the home better'n any woman in the neighborhood. She'd settled down for good—only speakin' to Robbins when they met on the street and never lettin' him walk with her. I did want her to go round visitin' more—lots o' the best young men would 'a' been glad to take her to shows and dancin' parties; but she said she'd rather stay home and didn't seem so gay any more. She said:

"I'm mighty thankful, Cole, that you managed me just right."

I guess all these good times made me step pretty high.

Late one afternoon, while Grover and me were throwin' a ball in the yard, Mr. Barrens came walkin' home with Janie. They'd met on the street and he said he must come on down to see how the Flynns got on at home. Grover made a bad break. He'd been listenin' to some o' the road talk, and when Mr. Barrens said "Hello!" and walked up, Grover said he'd rather shake the iron hand.

Mr. Barrens was puzzled a minute; then he smiled pretty grim and answered that he kept that for the office.

He tossed the ball with us and Janie stood on the porch. It was gettin' late, but he kept chattin' to us all, by turns; and at last Grover said:

"Janie, Mr. Barrens'll be gettin' hungry for his supper."

We hadn't known whether to ask him, for he'd only stayed with us before 'count o' the accident. Now he laughed and answered that he'd stay if Janie would let him help cook. So we all went into the kitchen, and Janie put on her apron and tucked back her sleeves to the elbow to make the biscuit, and I peeled potatoes. Mr. Barrens broiled the steak and made a terrible smudge.

I was s'prised to see him act just like a boy and pretended not to notice; but Grover was makin' a big play game of it, and it was a wonder the way Janie joined in. Her face was pink and her eyes shone just like stars. And she was saucy too.

"You got used to smoke by runnin' powder cars through the fire," she told him.

"And I didn't come out o' that black wreck till I saw my good spirit," he answered quick, "with her face pale and black hair hangin' loose!" which was the way Janie had come in the door on the night o' the accident. He said this and for a second they both stood in their tracks starin' at each other.

Of a sudden Janie's face was white and he was bent over broilin' the steak again. They were still, then, and I guess she thought she'd been too saucy—even Grover stopped his noise for a minute. It was gettin' dusk when I left home and Mr. Barrens came along. I thought Janie should have asked him to come again; but she only said good-by in a proud way, as though forgettin' her manners.

It was that very night Miss Cloud's car came in on the West mail. I was comin' back from a round-up about midnight and saw it on the sidin' above the depot, with one dim lamp burnin'. As I stood watchin' and wonderin' if I'd see her this visit, somebody came out on the platform and asked:

"Is that you, Cole, with the lantern?"

When I answered she stepped inside to pick up a light shawl, and then I lit her path across to the station platform. Miss Cloud said she'd sent the butler down to the office with word to me; and learnin' I was out on my round she had been keepin' a lookout.

She didn't seem to want anything done, though; just said her stateroom was close and she'd like a walk in the air. So we went pokin' up and down the platform, talkin'. Mr. Cloud had come to make his last 'spection of the roads he was figurin' on. The car would be taken out in the mornin', but in two or three days they'd be back to our headquarters to stay 'bout a week.

She asked all about Mr. Barrens; she hadn't wired him to meet her so late at night. I told o' the red-hot run through the roundhouse and how he was hurt. Holdin' tight to my shoulder, she said:

"But he's all right now, ain't he?" I bet you Miss Cloud thought a lot o' him too.

She had to hear it all over again, and was so glad that the men said it was the bravest thing they'd known of and looked up to him for it. Then she must know of his wounds and where he was taken care of.

"Well, well!" she said. "At your house! So you and Grover and Sister Janie nursed him!"

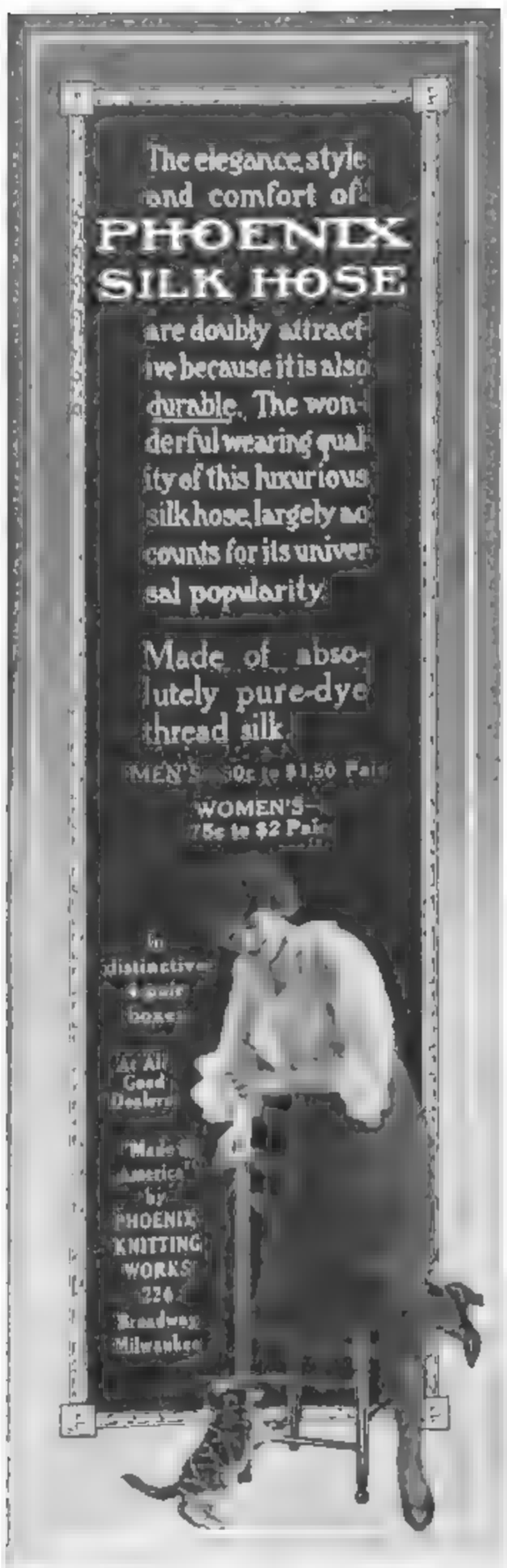
She remembered their names and, findin' out that Janie was nineteen, wanted to know how the head of the fambly managed such a big girl.

Together in the shadow you tell things, but I hung back a minute till she spoke about her secret. She was head o' the Cloud fambly, too, and, without tellin' her father, had to manage him all the time.

"Why, he'd run wild if I didn't!" she said; and somehow I told 'bout us Flynns, and how Janie had given up the dance-hall without hardly any managin' at all.

She was still for a while and then said she was so glad the danger lamp was out at our home.

"And I hope it never will be lit again," she went on. "And here is something I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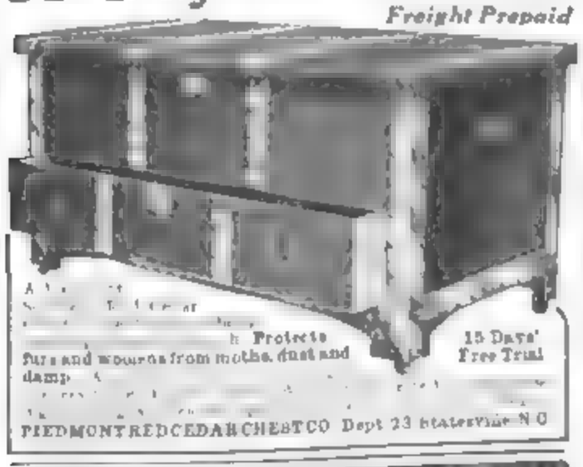

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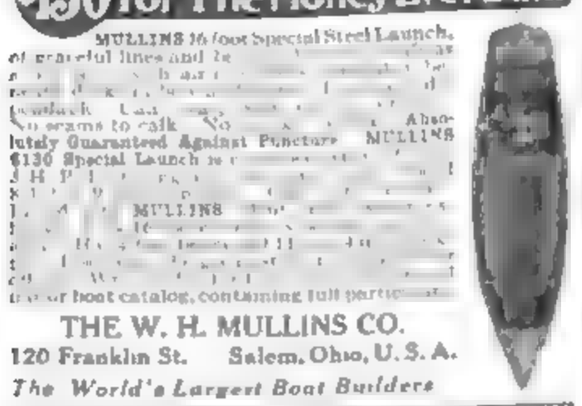

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She said good night again and went into the car, and I could hear the watch tickin' in the dark. By day it was gold, but in the night-time it was just like a friend talkin' secrets ever after.

Mr. Barrens and Grover thought it was splendid; but Janie didn't say much. She was more interested in Miss Cloud, though, and asked how she looked. I could only tell that her clo's rustled like silk and that she had gray eyes by lantern light; so Janie was dis'pointed.

Janie wasn't very gay that day; but next mornin', after I came home, she went about singin' all the time, and I said:

"Janie, you're not walkin'—you're dancin'!"

And she stared down at her toes while crossin' the room; but she couldn't keep 'em from waltzin' a little bit and, with a laugh just like a birdcall, she gave me a tap with her knuckle and said:

"Oh, you must always stop and look and listen!"

Well, I didn't mean to do that, but nobody could help noticin' how happy she was those days, and her eyes had a soft, bright light which made you wonder. Grover and I was happy too, as menfolks always are when the women sing round home. I guess us Flynns had nothin' to worry 'bout now.

Miss Cloud come back and I met her most every night. Some big railroad men and lawyers were in town, and her father was busy with 'em. Sometimes he would run down the line; but the car was always in our yards at night and Mr. Barrens ate dinner with 'em; then he and the lady would look over books together or come out to stroll on the platform.

O' course he thought more o' her than anybody, but he didn't overlook bus'ness, and he kept his hawkeye on every man of us. It seemed funny that such a slim, stylish young man should keep down so many reckless men with an iron hand.

Nobody can sing and laugh all the time, and so Janie quit after a while. She asked the news every mornin' and listened very interested.

"Does he care for that woman?" she asked once.

"Why, sure!" I answered; "more'n he does for anybody. He'd ought to."

When I got up in the afternoon Janie was sittin' by the kitchen table just as I'd left her, with the breakfast dishes round.

"You look as if you hadn't moved," I said, s'prised.

"Are you sure he does? What makes you say so? I don't b'lieve it!" she said, pickin' up our talk as though I'd been gone only a minute 'stead o' six hours.

"Mr. Barrens? He told me so. Why shouldn't he?" I asked.

"Nothin'!" she answered.

She began gatherin' up the dishes; then she laughed and sang, too, but in a low voice that sounded full o' fierce words. And 'stead o' dancin', she walked with a reckless swagger.

It's better to let womenfolks alone when they're out o' sorts, so I didn't ask anything, 'cept when it had begun stormin'. The afternoon was dark and that was the first rain o' fall.

Pretty soon Grover come in and I played backgammon with him

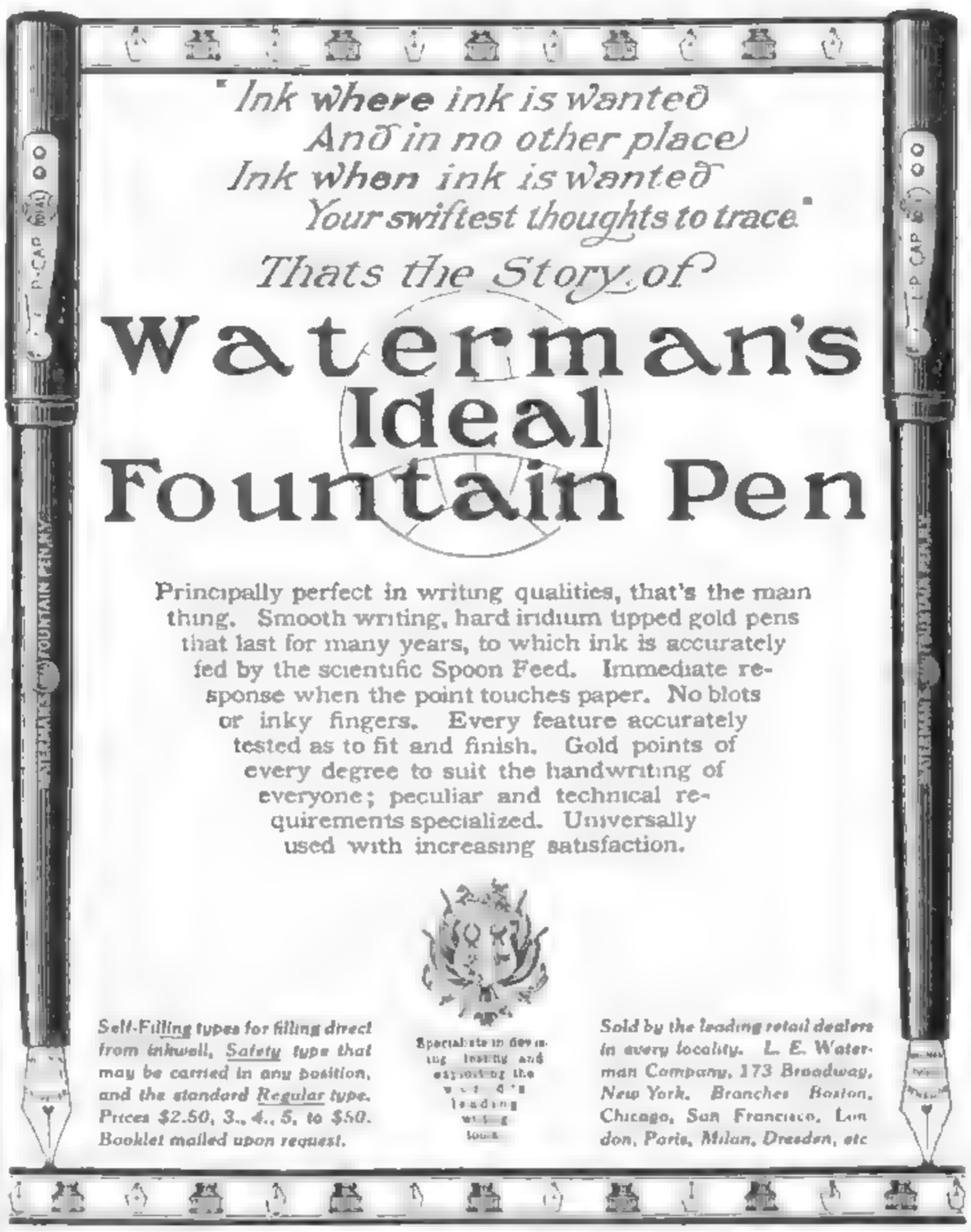
That night I'd called the crew for the White Owl, the overland passenger, when I felt the present'ment. Generally you wait till you're at least a freight conductor afore you have one, or nobody will pay any 'tention to it; but this one was different and, comin' on strong, about one o'clock I went up on the street through the rain.

Some o' the lights in the dance-hall had been put out, but the music was still goin' in a cracked, drunken sort o' way for the all-nighters.

I went up the stairs and looked inside; nobody paid any 'tention, the ticket taker bein' up the hall drinkin' out of a bottle with the orchestra.

I saw Janie sittin' 'cross the hall by herself; she had on her hat, which was pulled down a little over her forehead, and her raincoat lay crumpled up on the floor. She looked like a person tossed out of a wreck only her lips were drawn thin in a kind o' sneer, and her eyes glittered.

If it hadn't been for the present'ment I'd have turned cold and sick all over to see her so desp'rit and forlorn. I went over and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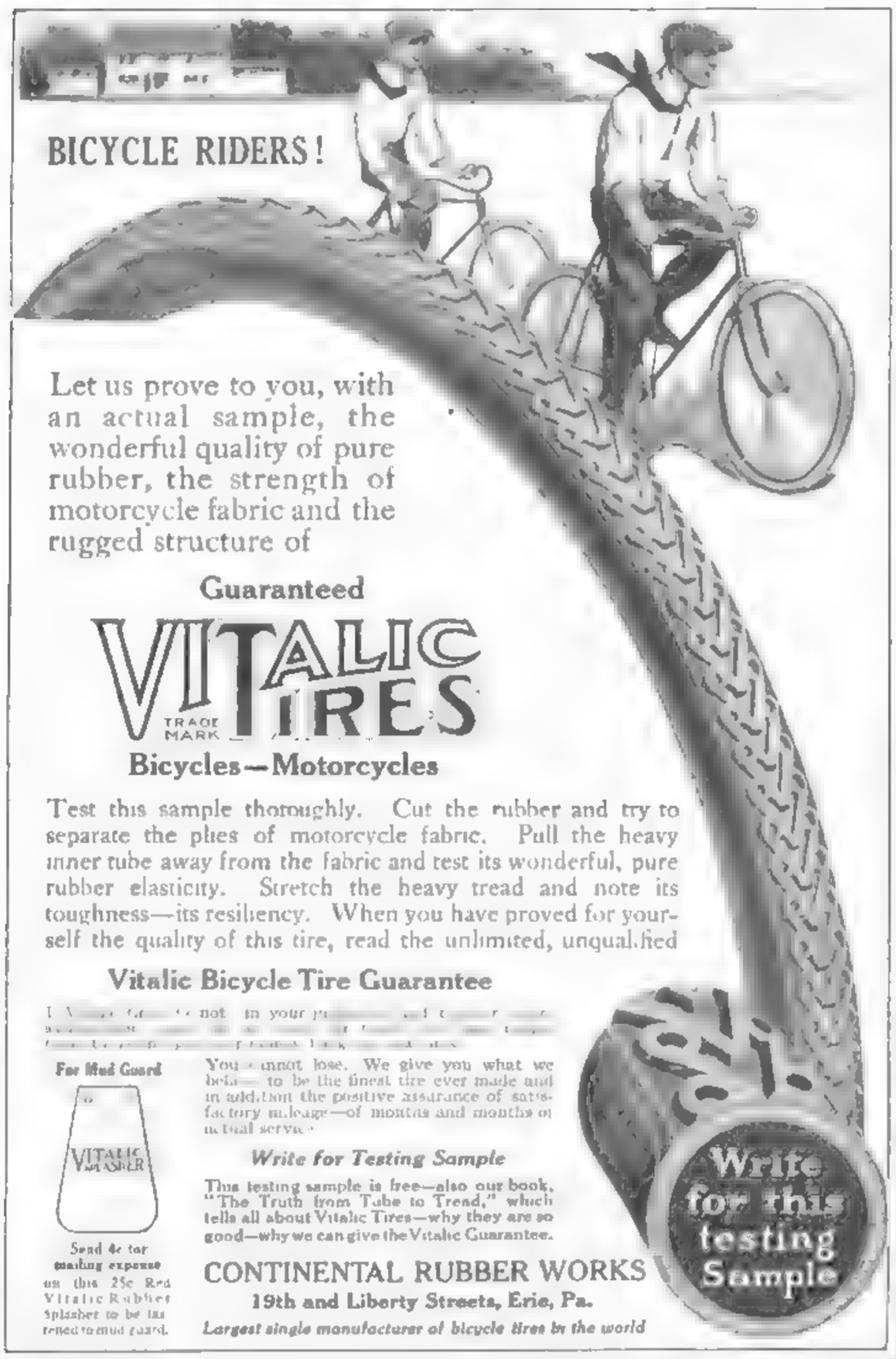

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asked if she was ready to go home now, and one o' the men said

"Let her alone; she'll get over her grouch after a while and dance."

Robbins wasn't there, so I knew Janie'd come by herself. She paid no 'tention to the man and, after lookin' me through with her frownin' black eyes, said:

"Why, yes, Cole, if it worries you I'll go home." She put on her coat and we went out, and as I talked about the storm she took my arm. "I just went to hear the music," she said; "I wouldn't dance with such people.

In the storm and dark ever'thing was all right between us, and she thanked me at the door for managin' her so well.

Business got slacker and slacker that night and 'bout daylight there wasn't a train in sight; so the dispatcher said I might go home. Janie was lyin' down on a couch in her party dress; but, hearin' me come in, she followed to the kitchen, where I took off my raincoat and hung my cap to dry out.

"Better go on to bed and take a nap afore breakfast," she said; but she seemed to like me round for comp'ny and we sat talkin' in the kitchen so as not to wake Grover.

I remember the rain beatin' on the roof and the early mornin' light comin' gray and chilly through the curtains as we sat 'cross the kitchen table from each other. The stove was cold, with ashes scattered over the hearth. So the daylight crept in between us and my spirits turned cold too.

"I don't care if he does like that woman!" said Janie.

Her arms were stretched straight in front of her on the table, though her head was held up in that proud way she used to have; and I noticed how her throat and breast swelled with deep, fast breathin'.

"O' course you don't; why should we care?" I answered, wonderin' at her.

"Why should we?" she said after me. She struck the table with her fist. "No, you don't; but I do—it can't be helped ——" All of a sudden Janie remembered what she was saying, and her face and throat, even her arms, blushed and burned. "Oh! Oh!" she said to herself; "I am hurt! I am done for. Who can stand this! Where is the old devil, so I can go to him, and be happy and forget!"

I believe all I could say was, "Don't, sis!" and that she hardly knew Mr. Barrens. "You can forget him easy if you want to—right here!" I told her.

I saw the blush go down, and such a look come to her face! Nobody can understand such things—it's like starin' the priest in the face when he is prayin'. Yet I had to look.

"Don't, sis!" I said; but her face grew whiter and whiter, with a deep black wrinkle between the eyes.

Once, a long time ago, I thought the blindin' white spot in the center o' the storm was where God stamped when He was angry. I remembered this now—her face was that kind o' terrible white. Then Janie laughed to mock me.

"I hardly know him!" she said. "Yes, I know him! I didn't want to love him. I wanted to hate him; but he wouldn't let me! He said he—cared for me most of all. Comin' every evenin' and tellin' me so, I believed him. He kissed me—I ain't 'shamed! What is it to you?"

I thought Janie was mad then; but she told the truth. Every evenin' after I'd gone and Grover was asleep Mr. Charley Barrens had come. Not one evenin' had he missed from the day we'd all had supper together till Miss Cloud came to town.

"When she goes he'll come again," said Janie, "and I'll be glad!" I wondered why if she wanted to forget him.

"Why don't you speak?" she asked; but I couldn't and only shook my head. She was anxious and pretty soon reached over to pat me. "Don't mind," she said.

I got up and made me some coffee, and Janie never moved, watchin' me close as a cat. When the fire burned bright I made toast and ate some with the coffee.

Grover, hearin' us, came out laughin' and rubbin' his eyes; but we couldn't play or laugh just then, and he backed up into a corner one step at a time. I must have showed it plain, for after a while he pointed his finger.

"Cole's 'fraid again!" he said. "Why, he's gettin' whiter and skinnier ever' day!" Janie turned such a frown on him that he went out whimperin'.

Then she sat watchin' me again till I put on my raincoat.

"You go on to bed!" she said in a hoarse voice, and I wanted to answer her, but couldn't. "Go to bed, Cole, please!"

As I went toward the door she started up, overturnin' the chair.

"Wait!" she commanded, and runnin' into Pa's room she came back with the red lantern. "You know how to manage me," she said. "I've told you how, and it's worked more'n once. Now don't you dare try the high hand with my affair!" She studied my face; there wasn't any excitement now, that was worn away and she was cool and fierce. Still studyin' my face she lit the lantern. "You put such store by this danger fire," she went on, more and more quiet; "now I'll hold it up to you—it's lit against you. Yourself, Cole Flynn, is bein' signaled to stop where you are. [illegible]!"

I watched; it was an awful thing to have that red warnin' hung out against my leavin'; but I had to go.

My sister Janie's hair streamed stormy and black about her face and shoulders. And I never will forget the last look I had of her that mornin' in her wrinkled party dress and ribbons.

Nobody was at Mr. Barrens' office that early 'cept the porter, who was sweepin' and dustin'. Then he went away and I brushed my clo's with the whisk broom and smoothed my hair. I wished I had on my stiff shirt 'stead o' the flannel one, and the new necktie.

The two clerks came and after a while Mr. Barrens, who nodded and motioned me into his big private office, which had a door on the hall too. He sat down at his desk facin' me, without speakin'—he was always strickly business in that office—and between us was the piece o' carpet where ever'body who stood lost his head.

I stepped on it and told him that I was resigned as night caller. He wrinkled his brows at me and waited.

"You mustn't come to our house any more," I told him; then his hands gripped the arms o' the chair and his eyes stared.

"What damned impudence is this?" he said. "You've been spoiled ——"

It was too late for him to fire me anyway, so I still stood on the carpet.

"You mustn't come," I said, and the blood poured into his face like a guilty man's.

"Did Janie send you?" he asked in a quick, low voice.

I told him Janie had nothin' to say about it, me bein' the head o' the fambly.

"You can blacklist me too," I said, so as not to ask any favors.

There wasn't anything more to talk over; so I went out by the hall door and then to the savin's bank, where I'd put away the last fifty dollars' insurance two days afore. With the fifty in my pocket I went home and found Janie waitin'. Grover, sittin' on the floor in a corner with a crust, looked at me suspicious, 'cause the lantern was lit against me. He hadn't even combed his hair or put on but one shoe.

"I told him he mustn't come any more," I splained, and Janie didn't answer; but there was a little streak o' blood under her lips where she'd bitten 'em.

"He's disgraced us all now!" she told Grover, and pretty soon she went to her room; and so as to be ready for anything I changed my clo's and put some things o' mine and Grover's in Pa's suitcase.

It was afternoon when Janie came out in her street clo's and carryin' her travelin' bag. Grover and I was ready, too, though I'd had to be a little rough to make him put on the other shoe. He was mad, and when Janie come in said: "Cole wouldn't dast to jump on anybody his size, would he?"

Janie looked s'prised to see us ready to travel, but sat down across the room to put on her gloves.

"Have you gone clear crazy?" she asked at last, and Grover nodded.

I answered that us Flynns had to hold fast together and Janie tore one of her gloves.

"Do you mean to follow me? Well, I'll lose you in the city where I'm goin'," she said. "Do you think I'll stay here after you've meddled and disgraced me?"

I didn't answer any more and we all sat with coats and hats on a long time, Janie movin' only once to place the lantern in front of me. The storm, growin' heavier, rattled the windows and scattered showers o' dead leaves all that afternoon.

"I hate ever'thing!" Grover said.

Dusk came down early; and then Janie picked up her bag and went out, and Grover and me followin'.

"Are you too crazy to lock up?" he asked; and I told him that it was no use, tramps would take the place anyway.

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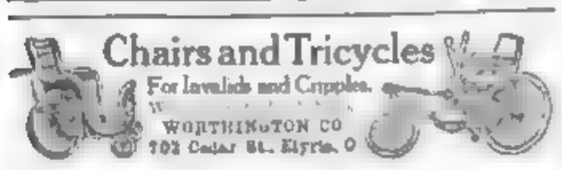


Chairs and Tricycles
For Invalids and Cripples.
[illegible]
WORTHINGTON CO.
702 Cedar St., Elyria, O.

Janie cut right across the yards to the station and I knew she meant to take Number Nine, the four-thirty passenger, which was due in St. Louis next mornin'. There wasn't anybody in the waitin' room and no ticket agent came by traintime. I kept listenin' for its whistle and looked through the window toward Mr. Barrens' office, which was in the telegraph buildin' halfway up the platform. There was a light above his desk and I could see him walkin' up and down.

A long freight train pulled in from the East and the engine backed up to the roundhouse; but there was no switchin' done, and I noticed the yardmen lookin' out o' their shanty down the track. Next minute the wrecker drew up at the superintendent's office, where three men carryin' valises boarded her. All this meant a bad wreck—the three men bein' doctors.

"Maybe Number Nine is in trouble and we can't get out tonight," I said; but Janie answered:

"Then they'll make up a train here. I'll wait."

It seemed pretty strange for me to be sittin' there waitin' to buy a ticket like a passenger; but I knew Janie would never turn back now.

The depot porter had been sent out on some message o' the wreck, so the light hadn't been turned on; and just we three were sittin' there in the thick dusk when a cab came splashin' up to the entrance and a lady ran across the platform. She came into the waitin' room and stood near the door a second, peerin' round.

"Cole, are you there? And Janie, and Grover!" she said.

"I am," answered Grover, and went up to her, but for a minute I couldn't speak.

Miss Cloud took Grover's hand and said: "I'm so glad to find you! We're called East tonight and I went to the house to visit you. It was empty, with the danger lantern burning. I thought something had happened—and a neighbor said you'd all started over this way, with traveling bags."

"We're all movin' to the city," I splained and she said:

"Cole! Without tellin' me good-by?"

"Here is Janie," I said; and I was 'fraid Janie would forget her manners, but she rose and said "Howdy-do?" and shook hands. It was so dusky we couldn't see each other's faces very well.

The door flew open and Mr. Barrens ran inside through a storm o' rain.

"Miss Cloud," he said, uncertain if she was there, "didn't I see you drive up just now?"

I heard Janie's breath draw deep and touched her arm.

"Why, I've found the Flynns here; they're goin' away," said Miss Cloud.

He came right on toward us.

"Janie, you mustn't go—you can't! What has Cole told you?" he cried out.

Janie stood her ground.

"It's been decided!" She answered so cool I was proud o' her. "I will tell you good-by now!" And she shook his hand—and dropped it.

It was then the lights went up. I blinked; but Janie's eyes grew wider and she leaned for'ard—she gripped my arm as though terribly afraid and her whole body shivered.

Then I looked at Miss Cloud too; her face was as sweet as any boy's mother's ever was, with only two tiny wrinkles—and her hair was almost gray. Somehow it made a tremendous change in things to find her so much older than all of us.

I heard Mr. Barrens speakin':

"Miss Cloud, I leave it to you—Am I bein' treated fair? I love this girl and want to marry her, and told her so; and she loves me. Now she wants to desert ——"

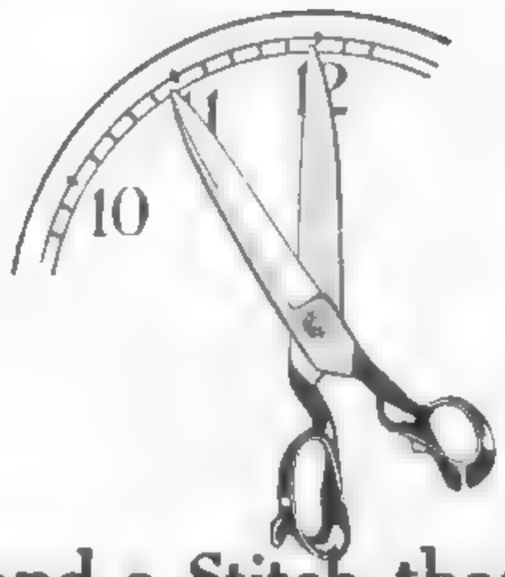
"You didn't come!" said Janie faintly.

"I ought to have told you, Janie! I didn't want Miss Cloud to know I was goin' to be married till I made good. You've meddled in this," he said to me, madder than I ever saw him, "and have nearly wrecked our lives. Let it be a warnin' to you forever!"

"He wouldn't manage me right—after I'd told him how, too," splained Janie; "and I'd lit the danger signal against him!"

They held fast each other's hands; so it wouldn't make any difference, now that Janie wouldn't hold to me.

I'd only known Miss Cloud in the shadow and was 'fraid the light would change her, as it does so many; but she looked at those two and then at me, with cloudy gray eyes—and I looked back grinnin'—she was just the same ever'where.



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This advertisement is addressed to high school students and others who want to earn money this spring and summer. We will tell you how Mr. Smith and others have earned the money they needed. We will instruct you how to do it. If you are sincere in your efforts, we will stick by you and work with you to the finish. It is to *our* advantage as well as *yours* to help you make money.

You are invited to write for particulars. Address your letter to

Agency Division, Box 507

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

"Wish us happiness!" said Mr. Barrens; and she stood eyin' 'em and thinkin'.

The switch engine, which had taken the superintendent's chief clerk and the roadmaster to the wreck eight miles away, had come screechin' in with the engineer o' Number Nine aboard her; but we'd forgot all about wrecks and were s'prised when a battered man came in out o' the storm, huntin' Mr. Barrens. He was like the ghost o' wrecks—bloodstained, limpin', and as black as if he had wallowed under tons o' coal.

"Superintendent," he said, "I quit!" The men had such a fear o' Mr. Barrens that even this wounded one stood up straight and respectful. "I never have been called on the carpet," he said.

Mr. Barrens answered cold as steel:

"You have quit a day too late for our good!"

The engineer's jaw sagged down; he nodded and turned away, bracin' himself by the backs o' the benches. Of a sudden he faced about and pushed himself clear of 'em; his body stopped swayin' and stiffened on its feet.

"How 'bout quittin' too late for my own good?" he asked.

He grinned a wide grin and the teeth shone white in his black face.

"Get one of his friends to care for him," Mr. Barrens told me.

"You stay where you are," said the engineer. "I'm signalin' danger. That's for you, superintendent; you're the big Mogul and you're runnin' wild, without orders, and takin' this division to hell with you ——"

"Enough o' that! Down with you—out with you!" commanded Mr. Barrens with a look like a flame.

"Speak on, my man," said Miss Cloud in her quiet voice. "I will listen."

"I will," said the engineer. "Fire the cogs and belts and levers o' your machine, superintendent; it's their fault if the machine don't run. The machinist, jammin' it and dammin' it, ain't to blame. Let rails split and ties fall out and trestles crack and operators sleep: 'Go to it!' you say; and the best men go to it, and we wreck or run on time." He began swayin' in his tracks. "I've set me signal and thank God for it!" he said in a thickenin' voice. "Now blacklist me, damn you!" He started out.

"That's twice today I've heard o' that blacklistin'," Mr. Barrens said, followin'.

The other shot back:

"Well, it ain't you we're 'fraid of—it's your pull with old Cloud!"

He walked out pretty straight and then crumpled down on to the platform. I saw one of the yardmen run to pick him up.

"I wish you happiness!" said Miss Cloud to the superintendent and Janie. "You've both fired your engineers and made good."

There was a still minute when nobody spoke; and then the lady said she'd been wonderin' exactly how I rode that powder car through the roundhouse and would like to hear afore goin' away for good.

She was the first one who'd asked me 'bout it; and I splained that I'd caught the ladder while the wheels were slippin', after Mr. Barrens dropped me out o' the cab. Then I swung round by the brake-rod and stood on the drawhead, where it wasn't dangerous. O' course somebody had to be round to see that the car was doused with water, in case Mr. Barrens got hurt and couldn't tend to it himself.

She said that I oughtn't to take risks with a fambly 'pendin' on me, and the only excuse I could make was that I hadn't taken any chances at all afore or since that one run.

"Ho, Charley Barrens—wasn't that the run you made good on?" asked Miss Cloud.

Her voice was not loud, but it sounded cold and far through the room; and there was something threatenin' in her look. Janie said:

"Why, Cole, you never told me ——" and stopped still.

I was watchin' Barrens. He stood starin' at the floor; then, deadly white, but cool and steady, he bowed to Miss Cloud and, stoppin' to give my hand a hard grip, went out.

"Cole, order out my special!" said Miss Cloud. "Come!" she told Janie, and picked up her bag. "I'll send the boys a housekeeper in your place."

Not once did Barrens look back; he swung up behind the curtain o' the switch engine and it started for the wreck. Janie watched him out o' sight and then drew back into the corner, sobbin' to herself.

"Do you cry because Barrens is on his way to make somethin' of himself without stoppin' to look back?" asked Miss Cloud. "He's been selfish and cruel enough. So have you!"

Janie held up her head:

"Cole," she said, with a little gasp, "what'll I do? It'll be whatever you say."

I thought she'd better go, 'cause she was holdin' on to Mr. Barrens now and ought to learn the ways o' his people. She said:

"Cole, can't I still hold on to you too?"

"What nonsense!" said Miss Cloud. She took us all in her arms. "Didn't Barrens make the great run without knowin' Cole was aboard? Well, now he's makin' a greater one—and we'll all be aboard; but he won't suspect it till he pulls in safe, on time!"

We all made the run with Mr. Barrens. I made good by ridin' that powder car, even if he didn't—'cause Grover ain't 'shamed o' me.

Sometimes he comes to the superintendent's office, where I'm beginning as clerk, to warn me against takin' chances.

It's somethin' splendid to have a fambly, though there's only one left of 'em holdin' fast to you—specially when the white light o' day shows a clear line and proves ever'thing true which you'd only felt or wished for in the shadow.

An Electric Spy

AN ELECTRIC spy, which reported at the end of each day to the manager of a business every mechanical act of all the employees and all the machinery, recently roused much favorable discussion in the American Institute of Electrical Engineers. Applied to a newspaper office, for instance, it would tell the manager just when each page of type was locked up in the composing room, when it was received by the stereotypers or electrotypers, when they delivered the plates to the pressmen, and when each press started and stopped.

In a daily newspaper office near the time for starting the presses every second counts and each department is jealous of every second it is allowed. The electric spy would report to the fraction of a second on each department, so that no controversy about time could occur.

It has been tried in a cement mill for reporting on every act of every machine, so that delay in any place will be shown, with no possibility of concealment. In a factory, it has been suggested, it could be set to work so that it would report to the manager at the end of the day at exactly what second the machinery started up in the morning, the operation or failure to operate of every machine, and even the opening and closing of the various doors, from room to room, right up to the blowing of the whistle at night.

In an office building it could be made to report the visits of the cleaners to the offices at night or the operation of the elevators during the day. So far the principal use of the electric spy has been calmly to report afterward exactly what happened in one of the wildly exciting times when high-voltage electricity starts on a rampage in a power house or distributing station.

So many protective and substitute devices are now used in a power house that when the trouble comes it may only cause a little dimming of electric lights out in the city, or darkness for two or three seconds; but in the power house everything happens at once, with the men jumping from switch to switch amid monster sparks and blinding flashes. When the trouble is all over it is often impossible to tell whether one breakdown was the start of it all or one of the results of a series of other breakdowns, and the men who go through the battle can hardly tell what happened.

To know what did occur is to know how to prevent it in the future; so the electric spy was invented. On a wide ribbon of paper fifty pens make records, each pen connected by a wire with a switch or a machine. The essential feature of the invention is that the ribbon of paper never moves until after one of the pens has made a record. Each time a pen makes a record the exact second is stamped on the edge of the ribbon and the ribbon is moved along.

If two actions come almost simultaneously one is recorded and the other is held back until the first record is completed, which means for about a third of a second. In this way everything that happens is marked down in correct order; but if nothing happens there is no long ribbon of useless records accumulated.

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from the
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THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

WRITING FOR THE MOVIES

(Continued from Page 13)

Players Film Company, and we shall see Maude Adams, John Drew, Ethel Barrymore and Billie Burke on the screen.

Augustus Thomas long ago presaged the moving-picture tidal wave that was to engulf the dramatic stage. A year ago he formed the All-Star Film Company; and, with Richard Harding Davis and a company of actors, he went to Cuba and filmed Soldiers of Fortune as a multiple-reel feature production.

Though every successful play of previous seasons and every successful novel is now being ground over into moving-picture feature productions, that but adds to the work and pay of the trained motion-picture writers.

Let a novelist or playwright be as skilled in his line as he may, there is a marked difference between writing a book or a play and visualizing it for motion-picture pantomime purposes. A successful play may be shown in from three to five scenes, and the dialogue tells the story where the action does not; but to make a film drama of a stage play necessitates an augmentation of the action to a surprising extent.

On the stage an actor may enter and say: "I have just stabbed Richard Knatchbull, between the market house and the post office!" In the film drama, however, the stabbing of Richard Knatchbull must be depicted; in fact everything told in words in a play must be shown in pictures.

A moving-picture feature must run at least six reels if it is to comprise an entire show of itself. For each reel there must be from twenty-five to forty scenes. These scenes may be different incidents repeated in various scenic settings; but it has been found that no one scenic setting in which the action is held for over four minutes will retain the attention of an audience.

Some of the very short scenes or flashes, in fact, do not hold the screen for more than five or ten seconds. These flashes, as they are called, are explanatory and connecting scenes. When the burglar is going to break into a house he is flashed on the screen as he steals up the street in the shadow and moonlight—moonlight or night-time in general is indicated by green-tinting the film—and as he climbs up to enter by the second-story window.

A Specimen Photoplay

In the same manner, when the heroine announces she is going away she must be shown on the film as leaving the house as well as leaving the room. It must be also shown where she goes when she goes away; and also at intervals what she is doing while she is away. All this is shown by flashes and cutbacks—that is, alternating short pictures—while the main action of the film drama is also intermittently shown.

So to dramatize for the motion-picture camera any play, novel or magazine story necessitates the service of a skilled photoplay writer who understands the technic of the photoplay and the limitations of the camera, as well as the wonders it can work. Thus, until such time as the average playwright and fiction author learn the technic of motion photography, those who already comprehend it will have the arranging for the film of photoplays from the stories and stage writings of others, as well as the entire photoplay construction of their own stories. So photoplay arranging and writing remain and will remain for some time in the hands of the staff writers or the moving-picture authors.

The technical arrangement, so far as the mere writing of a photoplay is concerned, follows a few simple rules.

A photoplay manuscript is divided into four parts: 1—The synopsis or plot; 2—The cast and description of the same; 3—The arrangement of scenes; and 4—The scenario, or scene description and action of the characters consecutively arranged to tell the story pantomimically.

Here follows a one-reel comedy, the leading rôles of which were enacted by John Bunny and Flora Finch:

LOVE'S OLD DREAM

OR, PAID IN HER OWN COIN

A PHOTOPLAY COMEDY BY ROY L. MCCARDELL

I—Synopsis

Miranda Mudge, a spinster of forty, has resolved that she will get a husband by fair means or foul. Her resolve centers on Professor Simon Sweet, a well-to-do collector of rare coins, who has taken a cottage in the New England town where Miranda resides.

Meantime the professor, who is a good-looking though absent-minded man of thirty-five, has fallen in love with an orphan niece of Miranda. This niece is not kindly treated by Miranda; in fact all the members of the family are in terror at the tyranny and tongue of the virago spinster.

Professing a great interest in coins, Miranda gets Professor Sweet to bring some of the rarest to her house to show her. By connivance with a rascally lawyer in the town she arranges to get breach-of-promise evidence against the professor. She alters his notes in regard to the coins he is going to bring her until they read as though they were love letters. She also arranges a camera under the table and has a string so she may snap a picture showing the professor on his knees at her feet. She plans to effect this pose by dropping some of his rare coins while he is showing them to her. When he gets on his knees to pick them up, she is to pull the string.

When the trap is all set a dog chases Miranda's pet tomcat across the room and the old maid endeavors to rescue it, but is upset backward over the sofa.

The trap is sprung on the professor, the old maid screams and her niece enters. The professor declares a proposal. Incourt the camera is produced as the principal piece of evidence that Miranda carries will prove her case. After recess in court the picture is exhibited and it shows Miranda upset over the sofa, her white stockinged legs in the air. Alas! The dog had pulled the string in chasing the cat or in being chased away by Miranda, and her case is laughed out of court. The pretty niece sees that the professor is immediately [illegible]; and at the end of the [illegible] the rascherous spinster is wholly discredited and the niece escapes her aunt's tyrannies and weds the professor.

II—Characters

PROFESSOR SIMON SWEET	A jolly bachelor whose hobby is rare coins.
MIRANDA MUDGE	Who has a cat, but wants a husband.
DOLLY DREW	Miranda's pretty niece who has a hard time of it with Auntie.
[illegible]	An unscrupulous lawyer
[illegible]	The village photographer
ALEXANDER	Miranda's beloved cat
LADDIE	Dolly's collie.

Moving Men, Miranda's Servant Girl, Postman, Judge, Jury, Court Spectators, Villagers and [illegible]

III—Scenes

Street in front of Professor Sweet's [illegible]	1, 3, 5, 6, 8, 9
Reception Room of Miranda Mudge	2, 4
Library of Miranda Mudge	7
Sitting Room of Miranda Mudge	10, 11, 16.
Arbor or tree-seat in garden	12
Lawyer Sharpe's office	13
Professor Sweet's study	14
Window-sill of Miranda's sitting room	15
Photographer's dark-room office	18
Country courtroom	17, 19
Enlargement of photograph	20
Professor's bedroom, with dream	21
Miranda's bedroom as 2, 4 with dream effect	22
Close-up bust picture of Professor Sweet and Dolly	23
Close-up and end [illegible]	24.

IV—Scenario

1—Leader:

MISS MUDGE HAS HEARD THAT THE NEW RESIDENT IS A WEALTHY BACHELOR

Scene: Village residence street; nice detached cottages. Truckmen unloading furniture at door of one; stout and jolly Professor Sweet superintending job. He is especially solicitous of boxes marked: Professor Simon Sweet, Numismatist, Dingleville, Massachusetts. Handle With Care!

2—Scene: Bedroom of the old maid, Miranda Mudge.

She is always petting and caressing a big pet cat wherever she is. Miranda, all excitement, is seen at window—rubbering at new neighbor moving in, through her field glasses.

3—Cutback to Scene 1 and show on screen close-up view of one of the boxes with inscription as above.

4—Cutback to Miranda rubbering in her room. She swings field glasses in another direction.

5—Scene: A village street.

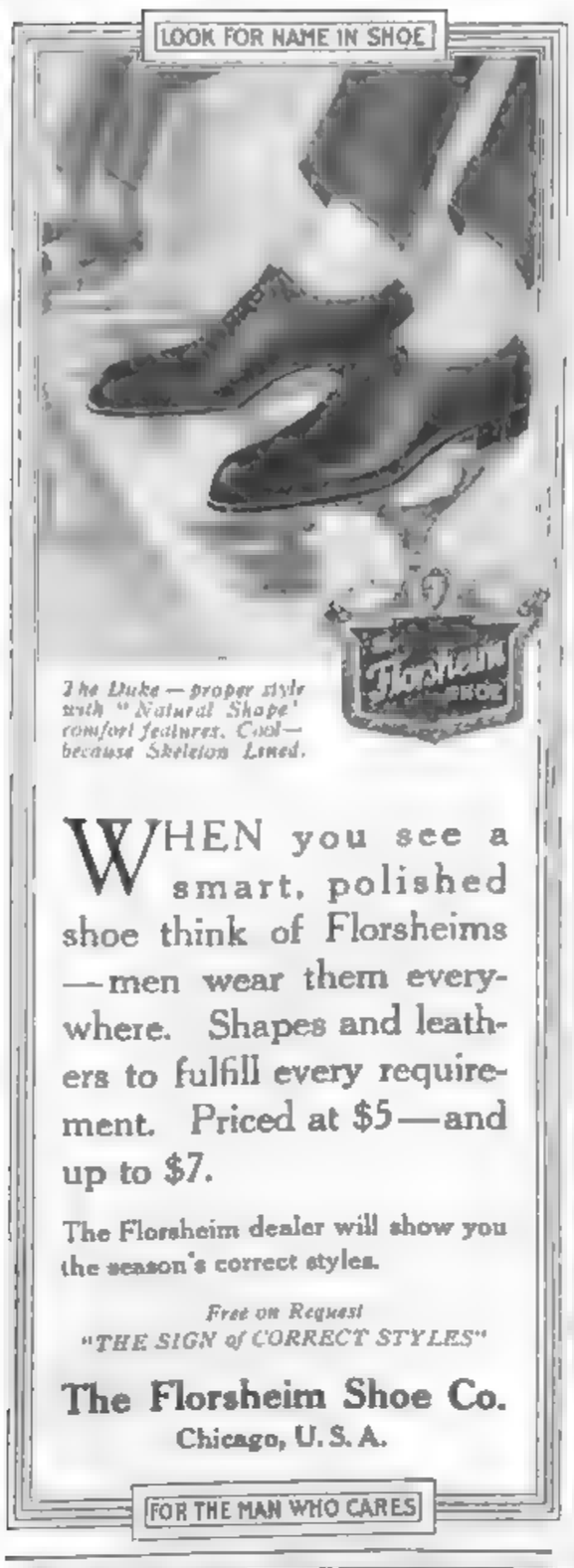
Dolly Drew, Miranda's pretty niece, is seen approaching with parasol and packages and her inseparable companion, a handsome collie, which does not like cats. She is reading a letter and approaching the professor's gate; passing by the boxes a nail catches her dress—faked box between girl and camera on pavement. Professor is all apologies, and so on.

6—Professor is escorting Dolly to Miranda's door, and it can be seen that he is smitten with the pretty girl.

7—Leader:

"HE IS A NUMISMATIST; THAT MEANS NO RELIGION AT ALL."

"NO, AUNTIE, A NUMISMATIST MEANS A COLLECTOR OF RARE COINS."



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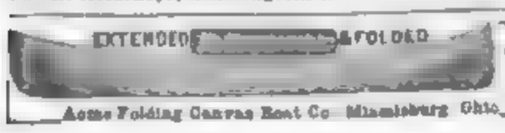

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Scene: Interior of Miranda's library.
Miranda and Dolly consult large dictionary.
Flash up on screen the definition of Numismatist from dictionary in facsimile type.

8—Leader.

A MONTH LATER
MIRANDA IS INTERESTED IN OLD COINS — AND THE PROFESSOR

Scene: Showing the professor in yellow flannel suit and sun umbrella on village street, looking anxiously around. He is being pursued by Miranda Mudge.

9—Professor hides behind tree and escapes Miranda. Dolly joins the professor and it can be seen that they are fond of each other.

10—Miranda's sitting room.
She enters from street, angry and disappointed. Servant girl comes in and tells her Dolly is with the professor in the garden. Servant points out of window. Miranda gets field glasses and looks.

11—Scene: Showing the professor and Dolly talking pleasantly under a tree or arbor.

12—Leader.

LAWYER SHARPE TELLS MIRANDA TO FIX UP SOME BREACH-OF-PROMISE EVIDENCE

Scene: Lawyer's office.
Sharpe and client [illegible] and shows her how, on hiding it under [illegible] and pulling a string and letting coins drop from her hand, she may get a picture of the professor on his knees, and so on.

13—Professor in his study, gloating over his coin collection, using magnifying glass. Goes to door and receives letter from postman.
Flash letter on screen:

MY DEAR PROFESSOR: What you told me last night gave me great happiness. Yes; come this evening. Do not disappoint the one who is so fond of you. She will be expecting you.
"As ever, yours
MIRANDA

14—Scene: Miranda's sitting room.
Miranda arranging camera under table, with string to its shutter. Camera tilted on line with sofa. Miranda goes to window, raises blind to admit strong light on sofa.

15—Close-up picture of Miranda's pet cat seen dozing on window sill.

16—Cutback to Miranda's sitting room.
Professor enters; is seen looking for Dolly and showing his disappointment at Dolly's [illegible]. He shows coins and Miranda drops some [illegible]. He kneels down to pick them up. Miranda reaches to pull the string attached to camera shutter, and just then Dolly enters with her dog, which chases the cat. The cat jumps on the professor's back, while the dog barks at it. Sofa upsets, with Miranda going backward, her white stockinged skinny legs in the air. Miranda gets up and throws her arms round the professor's neck.

Cut-in leader

"YES, SIMON, I WILL MARRY YOU!"

Cutback to scene
Showing horror of the professor, dismay of Dolly and glee of Miranda, who grabs camera and runs out as though overcome by bashfulness.

17—Leader:

MIRANDA SUES THE PROFESSOR FOR BREACH OF PROMISE

Scene: Country courtroom. Persons of story [illegible] testifying, present. Lawyer Sharpe produces camera. Judge calls on village photographer to develop the compromising picture. Village photographer sworn; exits with camera.

18—Leader:

THE VILLAGE PHOTOGRAPHER DEVELOPS A SENSATION

Photographic dark-room effect. Village photographer developing plate in red light—tint film. Photographer shown in silhouette for photographic novelty effect. Silhouette profile of photographer shows he is first astonished and then convulsed at what plate develops. Close-up photograph.

19—Cutback to country courtroom.
Enter photographer. Hands picture to judge, who laughs. Photograph is passed round to jury, lawyers, and finally to Miranda, who faints when she sees it.

20—Enlargement of photograph—a hand holding it—filling screen. It is a still picture of Miranda on upset sofa, white-stockinged skinny legs in air, cat on the professor's back and dog barking at it.

21—Scene: Bedroom of the professor.
Professor is seen sleeping and having nightmare of Miranda kissing him.

Leader: LOVE'S OLD DREAM

22—Scene: Bedroom of Miranda.
Miranda is sleeping, hair in curl papers, dreaming—vision in—she is kissing the professor. In her sleep she picks up the cat, sleeping by her on a pillow, and rapturously kisses it. She wakes up and throws the cat from her in great fury.

23—Close-up bust picture of the professor and pretty Dolly as bride and groom, Dolly petting collie dog.

24—Close-up and enlarged picture of cat on fence, licking its paw.

This is the technical way to write for the movies. Your photoplay must tell its story without lagging or dragging; and the characters, the plot and its performance must "get over" by the sequence of pictures.

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(Signed) Edward E. Rice
Founder and President

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Fifth Avenue and Thirty-fourth St. New York, U. S. A.

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Every selling organization has to have one worker—and I am *it*. With five branch offices, forty salesmen, four crews of missionaries and one hundred demonstrators to urge along from day to day, I am probably the worst offender of the 15 hour law in America. Against my natural instincts, I *have* to be systematic. And the best little system of them all was wished onto me by a printer's salesman. As he put it, "a different color for each office form." The daily sales sheet has a dominant color I can pick from a hundred papers. Each branch office has its own color for stationery reports, orders, etc.

The system saves an astonishing amount of time and worry.

The printer's salesman showed me a fine, tough paper which comes in 12 attractive colors and white. Believe me, it was some order that he got—and he is sure of reorders. The whole office has adopted the same system—the advertising manager especially finds it a great help for form letters.

HAMMERMILL BOND

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—when you pack up your fishing kit, stuff your knapsack with blankets and cooking utensils and set out for the wild places, you'll need a good waterproof tent. Then it will make no difference to you whether the stars are winking through the branches overhead or a thunderstorm is drenching the woods around you. You'll be safe and sound—and dry. When you have a good tent for protection, why! camping is the greatest sport in the world—no matter what the weather.

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Cutting Down Some Staple Unnecessaries

(Concluded from Page 9)

stale and the interest wanes. Then somebody naps, somebody did not know—and the unexpected happens.

By reason of the triviality and multiplicity of their causes accidents are apt to be much stranger than fiction, and sometimes almost humorous in their variety and perversity.

Not long ago a London milliner brought suit against her former employer because he had discharged her. Why had he discharged her? Because she had lost a finger. How had she lost her finger? Why, she got leave to go down to Hendon and there went up in an aeroplane; and because one of her fingers was struck by the propeller, and she had to have it amputated, she lost her job.

Because accidents are what they are, the most promising way of dealing with them constantly up and down the line seems to be through the safety director and the safety committee—two agencies that are being developed as a result of experience.

The safety director works principally at the boss' end. He is probably an engineer, or a man of technical experience plus a knowledge of people, and his work is to safeguard the machines and bring about better technical conditions generally.

The safety committee works for the organization. It is made up of men representing different sections of the organization, as a rule. The safety committee of a trolley company in the Middle West has on it just now the vice-president of the road, two engineers, an accountant, two motormen and two conductors. The first safety committee got together on a big railroad system was made up of four track foremen.

These safety committees have long had their counterpart abroad in a big London gasworks, where, after every mishap, a jury of twelve men, drawn from both the wage and salary earners, sat to consider the cause and responsibility, and made such recommendations for improved methods or greater caution as seemed necessary. It brought about notable decreases in accidents.

Committee Inspections

The American safety committee, however, deals chiefly with accidents before they happen. It is a body to which any employee may report bad working conditions or lax methods on the part of fellow employees, with the certainty that what he has to report will be taken up from the standpoint of safety above all other considerations. It also instructs employees what to look for and guard against, and keeps up the spirit that is so necessary in accident prevention.

Furthermore, the committee makes frequent trips of inspection, publishes reports about the old ties and scrap iron lying along the right-of-way, or the safety apparatus neglected or out of repair in a shop, with the result that usually there is an immediate cleaning up and an improvement of organization tone.

It watches new employees, teaches the inexperienced, cautions the careless, and if necessary has them transferred. It keeps the score in accident prevention, so that all may see the totals from week to week and try to improve the showing. It considers safety suggestions, awards safety prizes, and in other ways brings about a common understanding between employer and men and the general effort for safe operations that is true accident prevention.

Editor's Note—This is the first in a series of articles by James H. Collins. The second will appear in an early issue.

Two for Five

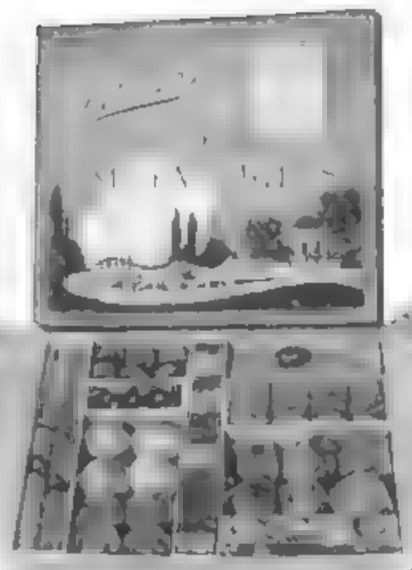
SECRETARY GARRISON, of the War Department, boarded a horse car in New York. He had no change and gave the conductor a five-dollar bill. The conductor took the bill, walked to the front end of the car and stood there.

"My change?" suggested Garrison.

"I can't change no five-dollar bill," the conductor replied.

"Then give me back my bill," demanded Garrison.

"Can't do that either, boss," the conductor replied; "but if you'll stay on the car until we get to the barn you can have the horses!"



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And we have caught this *real* violet fragrance in a soap so clear *you can see through it*—the color of the violet leaf, a beautiful translucent green.

"Freshen-up" with it tonight!

See what a sense of dainty cleanliness it brings you, what an exquisitely fresh fragrance it imparts to your skin and hair.

Any water, anywhere, releases its delicate perfume and makes an instant lather—soft, white and plentiful.

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Thousands of Women Are Buying This NEW HOOSIER This Month ["A Whole Kitchen at Fingers' Ends"]

You can search the world over and not find anything that saves so much labor in your kitchen as this beautiful new Hoosier.

You can sit down at work with this Hoosier and save miles of steps. It combines Three Big Cupboards, a Large Pantry, Special Bins and Compartments, and dozens of Labor-Saving Features, around a roomy metal table that slides out 16 inches.

Yet the new "White Beauty" is so compactly and scientifically arranged that it saves you even half your ordinary reaching. Definite places are provided in it for over 400 articles. Many of these places are labeled so you automatically keep things in order.

YOUR NEED FOR IT *you will not question when you know its total conveniences. And now, with so many new features and its much larger size, at the present low cash price, it is a wonderful bargain which you can easily afford.*

YOU MAY CHOOSE between two dominating models—"White Beauty," which has a waterproof, ivory-white enamel upper cupboard, and the models with merely an "Oak" interior, at slightly less price.

OUR MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE *protects you on any Hoosier you buy and removes any final cause you might have for hesitating to*

ANSWER THESE TWO QUESTIONS:

1. Am I doing justice to myself and my family by wasting my strength with miles of useless steps in my kitchen, which a Hoosier would save—or

2. Shall I write now for detailed information about the new Hoosier features in order to compare—detail by detail—the savings this cabinet will make for me when I put it in my kitchen?

SOON THIS SEASON the Hoosier agent in your town (there is only one) will very likely hold a limited sale of Hoosiers on the *famous Hoosier plan.* Here are the terms:

1. **$1 puts the cabinet you choose in your home.**
2. **$1 weekly quickly pays for it.**
3. **The Low Cash Price fixed by the factory prevails strictly.**
4. **No interest. No extra fees.**
5. **This sale is under direct supervision of The Hoosier Company.**
6. **Your money back if you are not delighted with your Hoosier.**

THIS IS A REMARKABLY *EASY* WAY to own a Hoosier and we advise you to *write us now* for the book, described over there ⟹ With it we'll send your dealer's name and all prices and details *without obligation to you.*

Did You Read This Column Last Month?

We described these six new Hoosier conveniences. 700,000 women now use the

HOOSIER

(1) Mrs. Christine Frederick's famous "Housekeepers' Food Guide"—on the upper left door—answers every woman's eternally perplexing problem—"What shall we have for dinner?" You turn the dial to the meat you want and a complete outline of a perfectly balanced meal is before you—an exclusive Hoosier feature that is an invaluable help.

(2) The Cook-book Holder on the middle upper door holds your cook book securely when not in use. When you are cooking, simply open up the book to the proper page behind the holder. It is on a level with your eyes, always clean, never in the way.

There are 40 Special Conveniences in the NEW HOOSIER —17 are entirely NEW.

(3) The Hoosier Metal Flour Bin holds 50 pounds. It is low and easy to fill. The sliding glass front enables you to clean the entire bin easily. The inside is entirely of metal with no corners to hold flour. First flour in is always out first.

(4) The New Shaker Flour Sifter is the most wonderful of all the New Hoosier inventions. It is the only flour sifter ever made that shakes flour through instead of grinding it through. It *cannot wear out* and cannot grind through any grit or foreign substance that might be in the flour. *It makes flour fluffy and light.*

Every Hoosier Cabinet is built of carefully selected and seasoned oak. This extra quality guarantees lasting service.

(5) A Big, Extra Roomy Drawer in the base is made entirely of metal for the proper storage of all kitchen linen, towels, dish cloths, etc. The drawer is noiseless, rustless, and easy to keep clean.

(6) A new feature in the Base Cupboard is a narrow shelf located for the storage of canned articles. Most women will find this a great convenience as an "emergency shelf." It will save many trips to the cellar or pantry.

New Domestic Science Book Free

"YOU AND YOUR KITCHEN," by Mrs. Christine Frederick, former National Secretary of the Associated Clubs of Domestic Science, *describes the other Hoosier features fully and treats YOUR kitchen problems in a SIMPLE, BROAD, SCIENTIFIC MANNER.* It is filled with illustrations and will prove a valuable help to you. Send for it now. You do not obligate yourself by accepting.

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CHEAP AT A MILLION

(Continued from Page 25)

to a particularly uncomfortable high-backed Circassian-walnut chair in the foyer, left the great little multimillionaire under the watchful eye of footman Number Two. This annoyed Mr. Merriwether. Nobody is altogether invulnerable.

The footman returned, with the card and the tray.

"Madame is not at home, sir; but her brother would be glad to see you if you wish, sir. He is madame's man of affairs."

"Very well"

"If you please, sir, this way." And the footman led the way to the door of the library where Tom had been received often.

"Mr. Edward H. Merriwether!" The emphasis on the first name made the little czar of the Southwestern roads think it was done in order to differentiate him from Mr. Thomas T. Merriwether. Even great men are not above thinking themselves very clever.

He entered the room and took in its character at one glance, just as Tom had done. He became cool, watchful, alert and observant, as he always did when he went into a fight. He looked at the man who was said to be the brother of the woman who had leased the house—the woman who had a daughter she wished to marry to a blond with money and position.

The man had a square chin and, even in repose, suggested power and self-control. Mr. Merriwether met the remarkably steady, unblinking gaze of two extremely sharp eyes and recognized without any particular emotion that he confronted a man of strength and resource who moreover had the double strategical advantage of being in his own house and of not having sought this interview.

"Be seated, sir," said the man in the calm voice of one who is accustomed to obedience, even in trifles.

Mr. E. H. Merriwether sat down. He noticed little things as well as big. He noted, for instance, that he had begun by doing exactly what this man told him to do. The man intelligently waited for Mr. E. H. Merriwether to speak. Mr. E. H. Merriwether did so. He said:

"I called to see Madam Calderon."

"About?" The man spoke coldly.

Mr. E. H. Merriwether raised his eyebrows. He did it in order not to frown. There is no wisdom in needless antagonisms. His only son was concerned.

"About my son," he said.

"Tommy?"

The great railroad magnate, accustomed only to deference, flushed with anger. Had things gone so far that such intimacy existed?

"I understand," he said, trying to speak emotionlessly, "that my son visits this house."

"Of his own volition, sir."

"I did not think there was physical coercion; but, of course, as his father — " He stopped in the middle of the sentence.

This never before had happened to this man, who always knew what to do and what to say, and always did it and said it with the least expenditure of time and words; but, as a matter of fact, what could he say, and how?

"That relationship," the man said calmly, "often interferes with the exercise of what people formerly called common sense. Will you please do me a very great favor, sir?"

"A favor?" Mr. Merriwether, skillful diplomatist though he could be at times, now frowned in advance.

"Yes, Mr. Merriwether—indeed, two favors; or, rather, three. First: Will you please ask me no questions now? Second: Will you please return to this house at eleven o'clock tomorrow morning? And third:. Will you promise not to speak to your son about your visit here until after you have paid your second call, tomorrow?"

It flashed through Mr. Merriwether's mind that to grant the favors might expedite Tom's appalling marriage. He said decisively:

"I cannot promise any of the things you ask."

"Very well," said the man composedly. "Then, I take it, there is nothing more to be said."

He rose politely and as he did so pressed a button on the table. The footman appeared and held the door open for Mr. Merriwether to pass out.

The autocrat of fifteen thousand miles of railroad, with unlimited credit in the money markets of the world, was not accustomed to being treated like this; but, precisely because he felt hot anger rising in tidal waves to his brow, he instantly became cool.

He remained sitting and remarked very politely:

"If you will allow me, sir, to tell you that my reasons ——"

The man, who was still standing, held up a hand and broke in:

"And if you will allow me to tell you that I am neither a criminal nor a jackass I shall then proceed to say that nobody in this house has any intention of entering into any argument or controversy with you. I am actuated much less by personal considerations of my own than by a desire to avert from you eternal regrets and—er—unseemly displays of temper."

E. H. Merriwether knew exactly what he would like to do to this man. What he said—very mildly—was:

"You must admit, sir, that your requests might be interpreted ——"

"Oh, I see!" And the man smiled very slightly. "Well, suppose you take Tom to your office with you tomorrow morning and keep him there while you come here. Tell him to wait for you because you wish to have luncheon with him. I do not care to discuss my reasons—for example—for not wishing you to speak to Tom about this visit. I do not wish to wound your feelings; but I am not sure that you know Tom as well as a father ought to know his only son. And there are times when a man must be more than a father, when he must be a tactful man of the world and a psychologist."

Mr. Merriwether realized the force of this so clearly that he winced, but said nothing, since he could not admit such a thing aloud. The man proceeded coldly:

"If you are both an intelligent man and a loving father you will promise what I ask—not for my sake, for yours. There are many things, Mr. E. H. Merriwether, that money does not cure and that not even time can heal. Ask me nothing now; come here at eleven tomorrow morning, and in the mean time do not speak to Tom about himself—or your fears."

"If you were only not so—er—damned mysterious " And Mr. Merriwether forced himself to smile pleasantly.

"Ah—if!" exclaimed the man, nodding. "Do you promise?"

"Yes!" answered Mr. Merriwether.

He had made up his mind that Tom would not be abducted. As for worse things, if Tom had not already committed matrimony he could not very well do it in his father's private office. It was wise to keep Tom virtually a prisoner without his knowledge. And parental opposition has so often served merely to add gasoline to the flame of love that one father would not even whisper his objections.

He bowed and left the room, angry that nothing had been accomplished, relieved that within twenty-four hours the matter would probably be settled, and not quite so confident of the power of money as he had been for many years.

IX

TOM arrived at his home early enough to have his bath at the usual hour. Though he had never been asked to account for his movements he nevertheless made it a point to breakfast with his father. He would do so today. There was no occasion to say he had been to Boston or that he had slept in a Pullman.

As a matter of fact he had not slept well. The stateroom seemed full of those elusive flower-fragrances that always made him think of her, particularly sweet peas—a beautiful flower and of such delicate colors, he now remembered who had not thought of them for years. He really loved them, he now discovered. Their odor always tinged his thoughts with a vague spirit of romance; and this, in turn, in some subtle way rendered him more susceptible to the lure of adventure. It almost made him feel like a boy.

For all the stimulating reaction of his cold plunge Tom looked a trifle tired about the eyes at breakfast.

Mr. Merriwether looked at his son with eyes that also looked tired, said "Good morning, Tom!" in his usual tone of voice, and hid behind his newspaper. Instead of reading about the absurd demands of the

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Insure durable, bright floors by using ELASTICA—the one perfect floor finish that gives floors a sparkling lustre. Under ordinary use ELASTICA does not mar, nor does water affect it. For that "just done over" look for a long time, use nothing but ELASTICA.

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FLOOR FINISH

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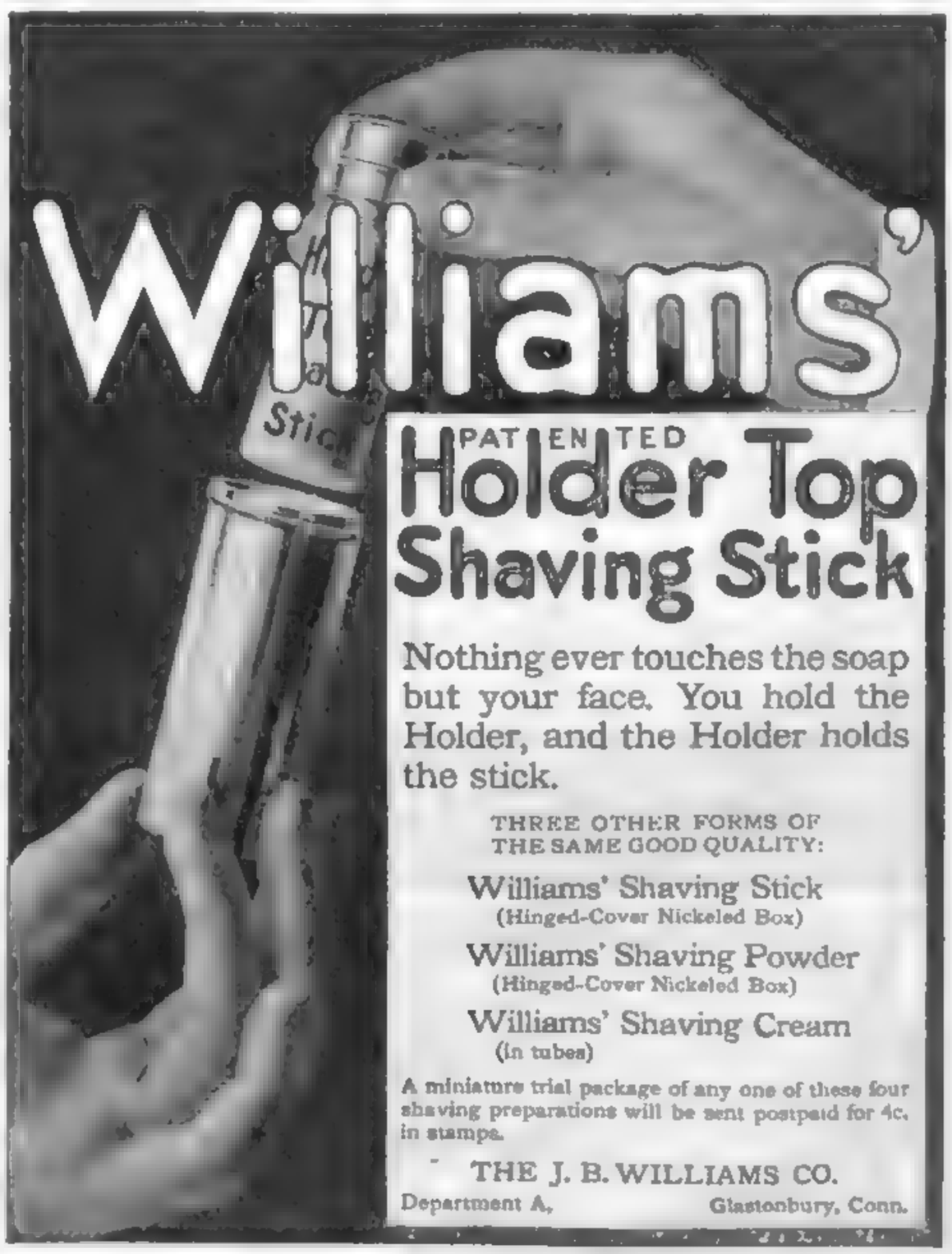

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Williams' Shaving Stick
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A miniature trial package of any one of these four shaving preparations will be sent postpaid for 4c. in stamps.

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Witness the evidence of all the best paint manufacturers. They always use Zinc in their best paints.

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Are you interested? Then write for the book, "Your Move."

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HERE'S an equation that comes very near to your pocketbook. You have several spare hours every week—those hours just before dinner. Employed as we will direct, they will yield you several hundred dollars a year. This is a simple, straightforward offer. You owe it to yourself to learn all the details. Address your inquiry to

Agency Division, Box 502

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Bicycle Tires $2.48 Per Tire
A $4.25 Quality for

The standard price for a high-grade tire is $4.25 apiece. Of course, lesser tires sell at lower prices. But the several leading makes still cost you $4.25 per tire.

In the Goodyear-Akron you get the utmost quality for $2.48 per tire. You get Goodyear quality—the best tires men can build. You get it for $2.48 per tire because this is the world's largest tire plant. Enormous output and modern equipment have brought cost down and down. And our average profit last year was 6½ per cent.

Remember that Goodyear Automobile tires hold top place in Tiredom. They outsell any other. So do Goodyear Motorcycle tires. The Goodyear-Akron single-tube Bicycle tire is made by the same experts, in the same factory, and by the same Goodyear standards.

How to Get Them. Order from us direct. For the plain tread, send $2.48 per tire. For the non-skid, send $2.75 per tire. If we have a [illegible] near you, order will be filled through him. [illegible] Saturday Evening Post. We ask [illegible] because we can [illegible] them larger [illegible]

GOODYEAR AKRON, OHIO

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, Dept. 224, Akron, Ohio

railroad workers all over the United States for higher wages he was thinking that he had never allowed anybody to do his work for him because he had always intended that Tom should succeed him. He had at one time fully intended to train Tom for the succession, to have him learn railroading from brakeman up.

Indeed the boy, after leaving college, had seemed much taken with the idea and listened with interest to his father's talks about his plans and desires and hopes. But with the great boom, that wonderful era of amazing reorganizations and stupendous consolidations, the great little man had been swamped by the flood of gold that poured into Wall Street.

And gold, as usual, had been ruthless in its demands on the great little man's time. For years he had averaged a net personal profit of a million a month; but it was not that he wished to make more money. It was that his time no longer belonged to himself; it was not his family's, but his associates'—not his only son's, but his many syndicates'. And he had devoted himself to the welfare of his syndicates and had written a dazzling page in the annals of Wall Street.

But what about his son's present and the future of the Merriwether roads? If Tom died the Merriwether dream would follow him—but that would be a natural death at the hands of God. If Tom lived and refused to be a Merriwether the death of the Merriwether dreams would be by slow strangulation—in short, hell!

His promise to the brother of the woman who had a daughter that might prove to be the executioner of his dreams stared him in the face. The situation called for tact and skill and superhuman self-control. He liked to fight in the open; but this was not a battle for more millions; it involved more than the deglutition of a rival railroad.

McWayne had reported that Tom had acted like a lunatic when he could not secure the room in the Hotel Lorraine that had been engaged by Mrs. Calderon and daughter. The only ray of light was that Tom had not talked to the ladies.

"Tom," asked Mr. Merriwether casually, "have you anything on special for this morning?"

Tom had in mind a visit to 777 Blank Avenue, at which he promised himself to end the affair: but he answered: "N-no."

"I mean," said the father, speaking even more casually because he noted the hesitancy, "anything that could not be done just as well in the afternoon."

"Oh, no—I have nothing special; in fact, nothing at all," said Tom.

Mr. Merriwether saw in his reply merely Tom's way of not declaring his intention to see the girl.

"Then I wish you would come downtown with me. I have some papers I want you to look over, and we'll have luncheon together. What do you say?"

A prisoner accused of murder in the first degree does not listen to the jury's verdict with more interest than E. H. Merriwether waited for Tom's reply, for at this crisis he realized that he had not been in his son's confidence in those other important little crises of boyhood that breed in sons the habit of confiding in fathers.

"Sure thing!" said Tom cheerfully.

Though thus relieved of some of his fears there remained with E. H. Merriwether the determination that Tom had not volunteered any information. The little czar of the Pacific and Southwestern was so intelligent that generally he was fundamentally just. He did not exactly blame Tom for not confiding in him, but, also, he did not blame himself. And this was because he had habituated himself to paying for his mistakes in dollars. What could not be paid off in dollars was never a mistake, though it might well be a misfortune.

They went downtown together. Mr. Merriwether took Tom into one of his half-dozen private offices, made him sit down in one of those over-comfortable armchairs that you paradoxically find in busy Wall Street offices, and said to him very seriously:

"My son, here is the history of the Pacific and Southwestern System from its very start. It goes back to the early stageline days and is brought up to today. I had it prepared in anticipation of an ill-advised congressional investigation. I have thus far succeeded in staving off the investigation not because I was afraid of it or because it might hurt me, but because the market was in bad shape to stand alarmist rumors.

"Other people would have quite unnecessarily lost money. As soon as the investigation cannot be used as a bear club I'll let up opposing it. I'll even help it. I want you to read this book because it is written with complete frankness in order to spike certain political guns. You will get in it the full story of what has been done and what we hope still to be allowed to accomplish. When you get through with it you'll know as much about the system as I do!"

The old man had spoken quietly and impressively. Tom was so pleased at having something to occupy his mind and keep it from dwelling on the girl he had never seen and the exasperating scoundrel at 777 Blank Avenue that his face lighted up with joy.

"You could not have given me anything to do that I'd like better, dad!" he said, with such obviously sincere enthusiasm that Mr. Merriwether felt profoundly grateful for this blessing.

Then came the inevitable reaction and with it the thought: "Have I gained a successor only to lose him to some ——"

He shook his head, clenched his jaws and looked at his watch. It was not yet time to go to fight for the possession of his son. He had much to do before he left his office to go to 777 Blank Avenue.

"Tom," he said, "you stay here until I return, will you?"

"You bet!" smiled Tom, looking at the thickness of the system's history.

"I have a meeting or two before luncheon, but I'll try not to let them interfere."

"Any time before three, boss!" said his son cheerfully.

His heir and successor—but, above all and everything, his son! There was no sacrifice he would not make for this boy to keep him from blighting his own career—and his father's hopes, he added, with the selfishness of real love.

Knowing that Tom was safely imprisoned and could not marry at least for a few hours, he was able to concentrate his mind on his railroad's affairs. He disposed of the more urgent matters. At ten-forty he sent for McWayne.

"I'm going to 777 Blank Avenue."

"Again?" inadvertently said the private secretary. Mr. Merriwether looked at him. McWayne went on to explain: "I've had a man watching it since we found Tom called there—just before going to Boston."

"Right! I expect to be back in time to lunch with Tom; but if I should be delayed ——" He paused.

"Yes, sir?"

"—— delayed beyond one o'clock, have luncheon brought from the Meridian Club and tell Tom I wish him to stay until I return. This is important."

"Yes, sir."

"I think that is all."

"If no word is received from you by ——" McWayne paused. Mr. Merriwether finished: "By two o'clock, come after me. But always remember the newspapers!"

"Yes, sir."

"I'll telephone before two in case I expect to stay beyond that hour."

"Very well, sir."

E. H. Merriwether put on his hat, familiar to the world through the newspaper caricaturists—and walked toward the door. Then he did what he never before had done—he repeated an order! He said to McWayne:

"Look after Tom!"

"Yes, sir."

Then he went to 777 Blank Avenue to learn whether Tom was to be his pride and successor or his sorrow and dream-slayer.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

YALE

Yale Locks

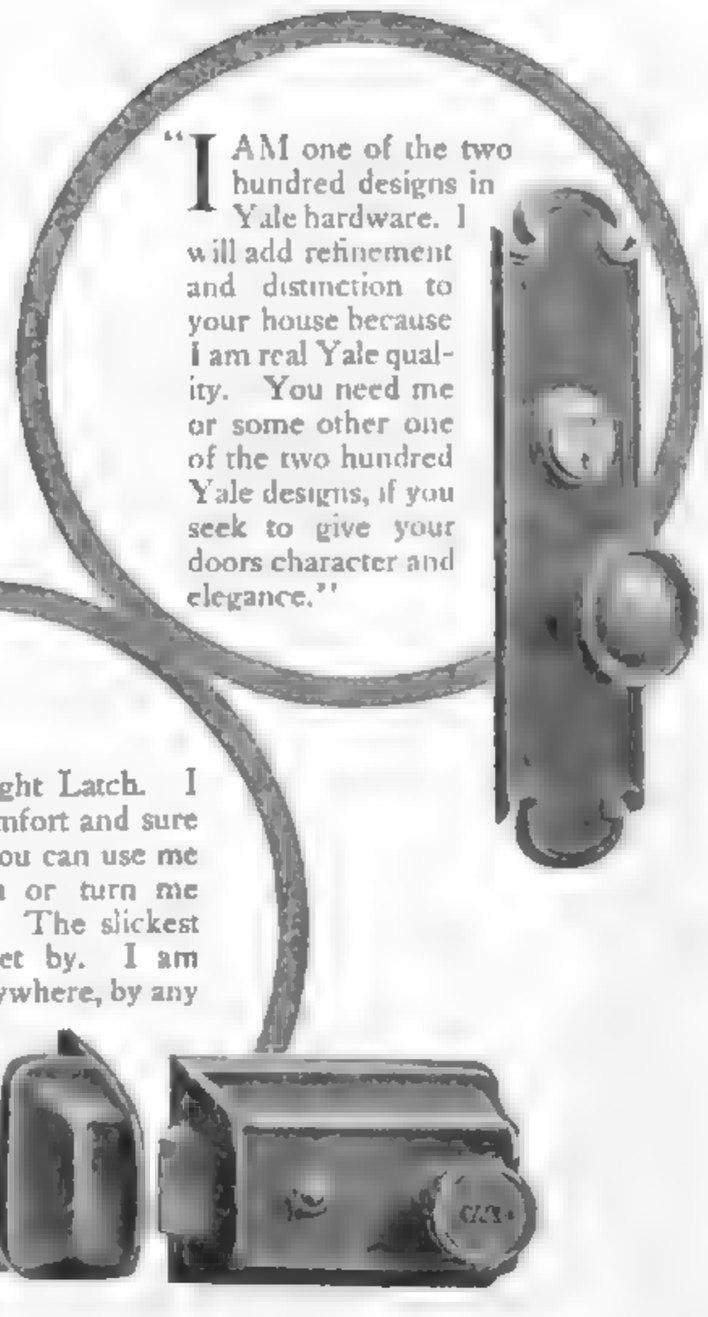
No matter for what purpose you need a lock, you need a Yale Lock. There is a Yale Lock made for every locking purpose.

Whatever the need—a simple padlock, a lock for cabinet or chest, a trunk lock, a lock for front or other doors, a dead-locking burglar-proof night latch, all the way to the wonderful bank lock—the need is best met in locks bearing the name Yale.

Security in Locks means everything it should mean when you buy the security of Yale Locks.

And so thoroughly has the name Yale on a lock come to be considered as just another name for *security*, that nearly everybody thinks the name Yale is all they have to remember when they buy a lock.

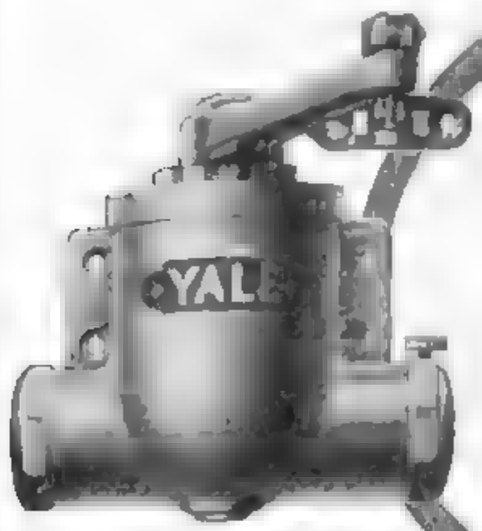
But be sure that the locks *you* buy *bear* the name Yale. They are not Yale locks unless they do.



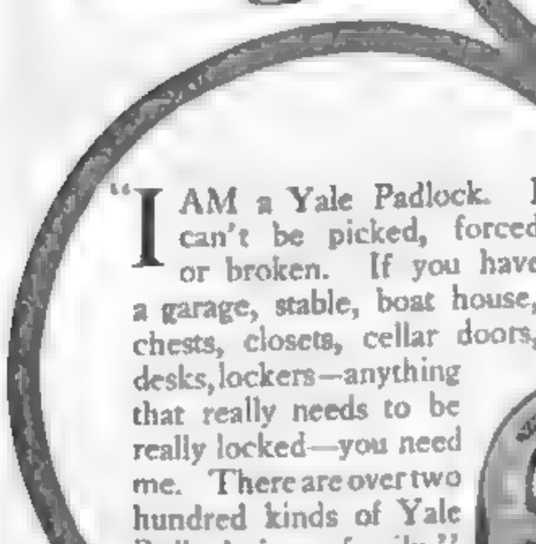
"I AM one of the two hundred designs in Yale hardware. I will add refinement and distinction to your house because I am real Yale quality. You need me or some other one of the two hundred Yale designs, if you seek to give your doors character and elegance."

"I AM a Yale Night Latch. I am a great comfort and sure protection. You can use me for a spring-latch or turn me into a dead lock. The slickest burglar cannot get by. I am easily attached, anywhere, by any body. I can be opened only by my own key."

Look for the name YALE on locks and hardware



"I AM the Yale Door Closer. I will close your doors after you; after anyone; and I will close them softly, certainly, always, without slamming. I am needed wherever there are open doors—front, back, bedroom, pantry, bathroom. I belong in homes of refinement."



"I AM a Yale Padlock. I can't be picked, forced or broken. If you have a garage, stable, boat house, chests, closets, cellar doors, desks, lockers—anything that really needs to be really locked—you need me. There are over two hundred kinds of Yale Padlocks in my family."

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When you place Yale Hardware on your front, rear, and inside doors, you secure the highest quality in hardware—you secure Yale quality.

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No matter what particular period or style *your* house may be—there are many exclusive Yale designs available to meet your individual taste.

Protection, convenience and decoration are the three qualities you seek in hardware for your house. And when you buy Yale Hardware you buy the certainty of protection, the maximum of convenience, and the highest decorative character.

Your house needs Yale Hardware just as it needs Yale Locks—so be sure you find the name Yale on the locks and hardware you buy.

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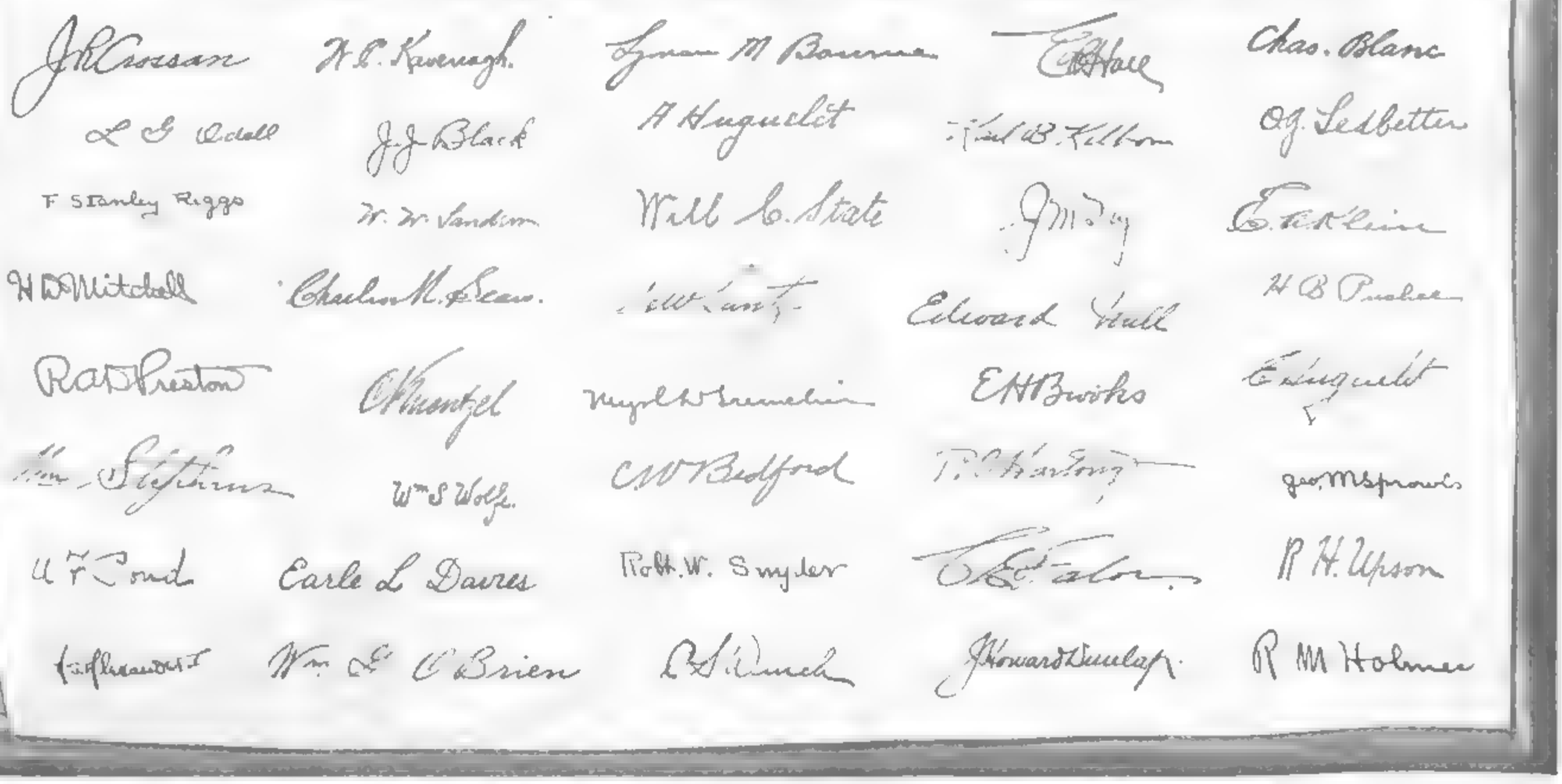
In our opinion, based on thousands of tests, Goodyear No-Rim-Cut Tires mark the present-day limit in low cost per mile



Extra Prices

Today the chief question among tire buyers is this:

Is any tire, for any reason, worth more than Goodyear prices?

It comes up now because No-Rim-Cut tire prices dropped 28 per cent last year. And now 16 makes sell at higher prices—some up to one-half higher.

Expert Evidence

Above are the signatures of 40 men in our Department of Research and Experiment, most of them technical graduates.

For years this Department has been trying to lower cost per mile. Its efforts have cost us $100,000 per year.

It has built thousands of experimental tires, to try out every conceivable formula, method, process and material. These tires have been worn out under metered mileage. Rival tires, in the same way, have been compared with our own.

Now all these men say that No-Rim-Cut tires mark the present-day limit in low cost per mile.

Excel in Four Ways

Then No-Rim-Cut tires absolutely prevent rim-cutting in a way which we control.

They save the countless blow-outs due to wrinkled fabric. This because we final-cure on air-filled fabric tubes, under actual road conditions. This one extra process — the "On-Air Cure"— adds to our tire cost $450,000 yearly, and no one else employs it.

They combat loose treads—lessen the risk by 60 per cent—by a patent method which we alone employ.

And these tires alone have the All-Weather tread—tough, double-thick and enduring. A flat, smooth tread on dry roads—a resistless grip on wet.

GOODYEAR
AKRON, OHIO
No-Rim-Cut Tires
With All-Weather Treads or Smooth

In these four ways No-Rim-Cut tires excel every other tire.

The Users' Verdict

What users think is shown by what users buy. Goodyear tires, in the test of time, have out-distanced every rival. On sheer mileage records, on millions of tires, they have jumped from bottom place to the top.

The demand is now increasing faster than ever. So far this year our tire sales exceed last year by 55 per cent. And now we are making up to 10,000 motor tires daily to keep up with the trend toward Goodyears.

Goodyear prices are due to big out-put, to efficiency and to modest profit. Our profit last year averaged 6½ per cent. Multiplied out-put has cut overhead 24 per cent. It has cut labor cost per tire 25 per cent.

Those are the reasons for Goodyear prices. It is not that others make better tires.

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

Toronto, Canada — Dealers Everywhere
London, England — Branches and Agencies in 103 Principal Cities
Mexico City, Mexico — Write Us on Anything You Want in Rubber

AN AMERICAN VANDAL

(Continued from Page 19)

shops carry their wares on commission from the stocks of the same manufacturing jewelers; the old Ile de la Cité, with the second-hand bookstalls stretching along the quay, and the Seine placidly meandering between its manmade, manruled banks.

Days spent here seem short days; but that may be due in some part to the difference between our time and theirs. In Paris, you know, the day ends five or six hours earlier than it does in America.

The two Palaces of Fine Arts are fine enough; and finer still, on beyond them, is the great Pont Alexandre III; but, to my untutored instincts, all three of these, with their clumpings of flag standards and their grouping of marble allegories, which are so aching-white to the eye in the sunlight, seemed overly suggestive of a World's Fair as we know such things in America.

Seeing them I knew where the architects who designed the main approaches and the courts of honor for all our big expositions got their notions for color schemes and statuary effects. I liked better the two ancient triumphal arches of St.-Martin and St.-Denis on the Boulevard St.-Denis, and much better even than these the tremendous sweep of the Place de la Concorde, which is one of the finest squares in the world—and the one with the grimmest, bloodiest history, I reckon.

The Paris to which these things properly appertain is at its very best and brightest on a sunny Sunday afternoon in the parks where well-to-do people drive or ride, and their children play among the trees under the eyes of nursemaids in the quaint costumes of Normandy—though, for all I know, it may be Picardy.

Elsewhere in these same parks the not-so-well-to-do gather in great numbers—some drinking harmless sirupy drinks at the gay little refreshment kiosks; some packing themselves about the man who has tamed the tree sparrows until they come at his call and hive in chattering, fluttering swarms on his head and his arms and shoulders; some applauding a favorite game of the middle classes that is being played in every wide and open space.

I do not know its name—could not find anybody who seemed to know its name—but this game is a kind of glorified battledore and shuttlecock played with a small, hard ball capable of being driven high and far by smartly administered strokes of a hide-headed, rimmed device shaped like a tambourine. It would seem also to be requisite to its proper playing that each player shall have a red coat and a full spade beard, and a tremendous amount of speed and skill. If the ball gets lost in anybody's whiskers I think it counts ten for the opposing side; but I do not know the other rules.

The Red-Eared Artist

A certain indefinable, unmistakably Gallic flavor or piquancy savors the life of the people; it disappears only when they cease to be their own natural selves. A woman novelist, American by birth, but a resident of several years in Paris, told me a story illustrative of this.

The incident she narrated was so typical that it could never have happened except in Paris, I thought. She said she was one of a party who went one night to dine at a little café much frequented by artists and art students. The host was himself an artist of reputation. As they dined there entered a tall, gloomy figure of a man with a long, ugly face full of flexible wrinkles—such a figure and such a face as instantly commanded their attention.

This man slid into a seat at a table near their table and had a frugal meal. He had reached the stage of demitasse and cigarette when he laid down cup and cigarette and, fetching a bit of cardboard and a crayon out of his pocket, began putting down lines and shadings; between strokes he covertly studied the profile of the man who was giving the dinner party.

Not to be outdone the artist hauled out his drawing pad and pencil and made a quick sketch of the longfaced man. Both finished their jobs practically at the same moment; and, rising together with low bows, they exchanged pictures—each had done a rattling good caricature of the other—and then, without a word having been spoken or a move made toward striking up an acquaintance, each man sat him down again and finished his dinner.

The lone diner departed first. When the party at the other table had had their coffee they went round the corner to a little circus—one of the common type of French circuses, which are housed in permanent wooden buildings instead of under tents. Just as they entered, the premier clown, in spangles and peak cap, bounded into the ring. Through the coating of powder on it they recognized his wrinkly, mobile face—it was the sketchmaking stranger whose handiwork they had admired not half an hour before.

Hearing the tale we went to the same circus and saw the same clown. His ears were painted bright red—the red ear is the inevitable badge of the French clown—and he had as a foil for his funning a comic countryman known on the program as Auguste, which is the customary name of all comic countrymen in France; and, though I knew only at second hand of his artistic abilities, I am willing to concede that he was the drollest master of pantomime I ever saw.

On leaving the circus, very naturally we went to the café where the first part of the little dinner comedy had been enacted. We encountered no artists, professional or amateur, of blackhead and bristolboard, but we met a waiter there who was an artist in his line. I ordered a cigar of him, specifying that the cigar should be of a brand made in Havana and popular in the States. He brought one cigar on a tray. In size and shape and general aspect it seemed to answer the required specifications.

Some Sepulcher

The little bellyband about its dark-brown abdomen was certainly orthodox and regular; but no sooner had I lit it and taken a couple of puffs than I was seized with the conviction that something had crawled up that cigar and died. So I examined it more closely and I saw then that it was a bad French cigar, artfully adorned about its middle with a second-hand band, which the waiter had picked up after somebody else had plucked it off one of the genuine articles and had treasured it, no doubt, against the coming of some unsophisticated patron such as I. And I doubt whether that could have happened anywhere except in Paris either.

That is just it, you see—try as hard as you please to see the real Paris, the Paris of petty larceny and small, mean graft intrudes on you and takes a peck at your purse. Go where you will, you cannot escape it.

You journey, let us assume, to the Tomb of Napoleon, under the great dome that rises behind the wide-armed Hôtel des Invalides. From a splendid rotunda you look down to where, craftily touched by the softened lights streaming in from high above, that great sarcophagus stands housing the bones of Bonaparte; and above the entrance to the crypt you read the words from the last will and testament of him who sleeps here: "I desire that my ashes may repose on the banks of the Seine, among the French people I have so well loved."

And you reflect that he so well loved them that, to glut his lusting after power and yet more power, he led sundry hundreds of thousands of them to massacre and mutilation and starvation; but that is the way of world-conquerors the world over and has absolutely nothing to do with this tale. The point I am trying to get at is, if you can gaze unmoved at this sepulcher you are a clod! And if you can get away from its vicinity without being held up and gouged by small grafters you are lucky!

Not tombs nor temples nor sanctuaries are safe from the profane and polluting feet of the buzzing plague of them. You journey miles away from this spot to the great cemetery of Père Lachaise. You trudge past seemingly unending, constantly unfolding miles of monuments and mausoleums; you view the storied urns and animated busts that mark the final resting-places of France's illustrious dead. And as you marvel that France should have had so many illustrious dead, and that so many of them at this writing should be so dead, out from behind De Musset's vault or Marshal Ney's comes a snoopy, smirky wretch to pester you to the desperation that is red-eyed and homicidal with his picture post cards and his execrable wooden carvings and his mere presence!

Reg U. S. Pat. Off.

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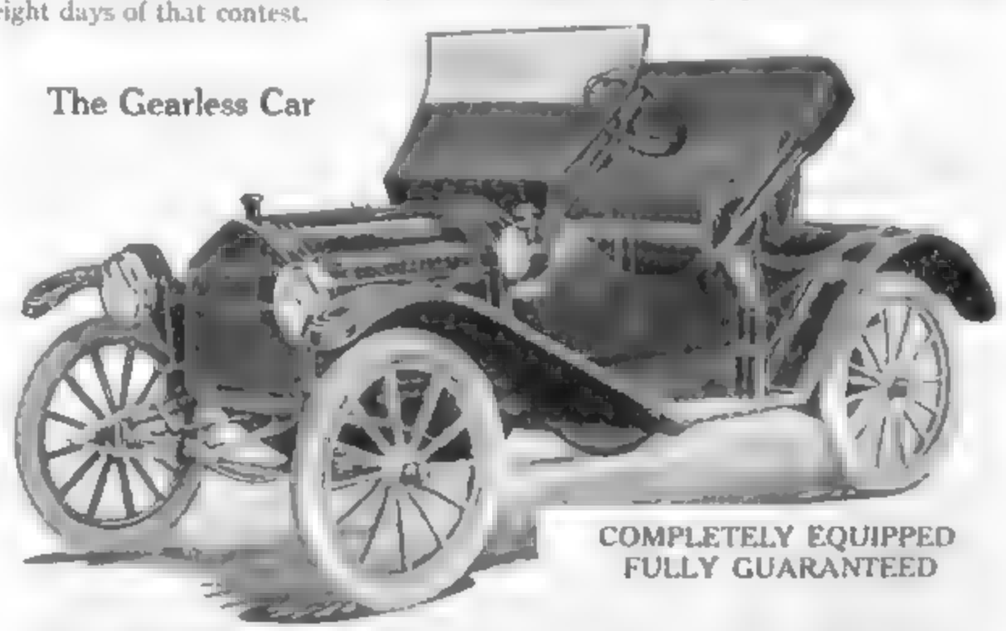
Facts upon Facts

furnish convincing evidence of METZ all 'round efficiency. U. S. Government engineers, employed at present on canal construction in eastern Washington, tested a number of makes to find the car that would travel the rough roads of that section; and they selected, and purchased, the METZ "22."

In the Australian "Reliability Trials," Sydney to Melbourne, a four days' contest, the METZ "22" made a perfect performance, scoring 600 points out of a possible 600. And here at home it won the Glidden Tour from Minneapolis to Glacier National Park, Mont., the three METZ cars being the ONLY cars that held *perfect scores* for the entire eight days of that contest.

The Gearless Car



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METZ "22"—$475

One of the big features of the METZ "22" is its gearless transmission. With no clutch to slip and no gears to strip, it does away entirely with gear trouble.

The METZ "22" is extremely economical in operation. It travels 28 to 32 miles on 1 gallon of gasoline, 100 miles on 1 pint of lubricating oil, and often does 10,000 miles on a single set of tires.

The METZ "22" climbs Prospect Hill, near Boston, *on the high speed*. This hill is nearly 1 mile long, with a grade of from 5 to 21 per cent.

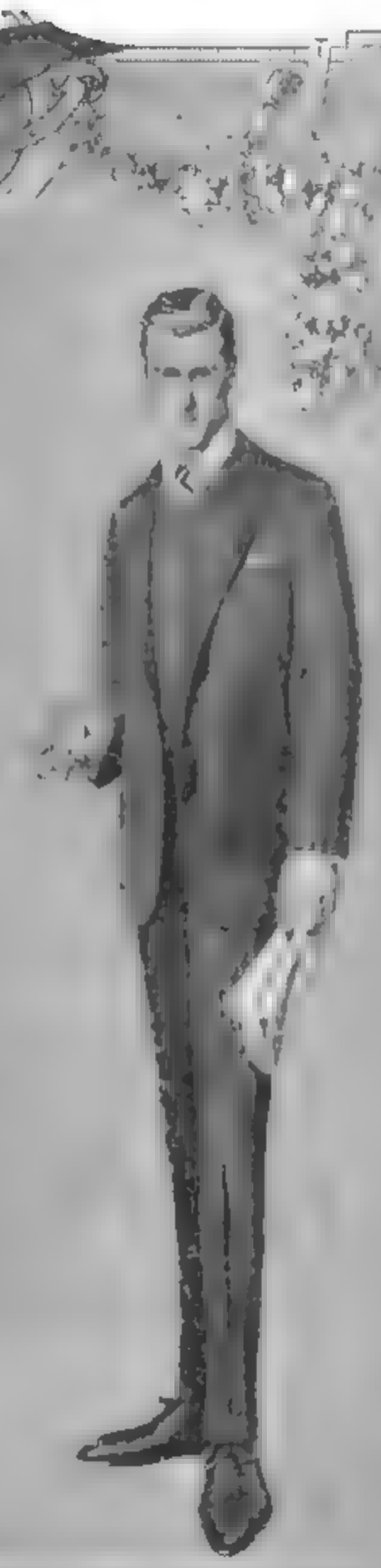
The METZ "22" made a record non-stop run of 1,600 miles, Boston to Minneapolis, in 89h 33m., without requiring a single adjustment to engine or any working part.

EQUIPMENT includes four-cylinder water-cooled motor, Bosch magneto, wind shield, top, 5 lamps, artillery wheels, best quality Goodrich clincher tires, horn, pump, tools, etc. Left hand drive, center control. $475.00

METZ "Speedster."—Wire wheels, individual seats, Prestolite tank, and other special features, $500 up.

New illustrated Catalog "E" now ready. We want a representative in every city and town; write for special terms.

METZ COMPANY, WALTHAM, MASS.



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It was not until we combined the best effects of the leading English tailors with real *Adler-Rochester* finesse of cut and style—that English models were accepted by the fastidious men of America.

The New Spring and Summer *Adler-Rochester Individualized Models* are all tailored in beautiful foreign and domestic fabrics—from Twenty to Forty Dollars.

Leading merchants everywhere can show you the many *Adler-Rochester Individualized Models.*

Write for our Spring and Summer Book of Men's Fashions, and the name of the *Adler-Rochester* merchant in your town.

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ROCHESTER, N. Y.
Rochester-Made Means Quality

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$25.00 a Week to Students This Summer

WE have several hundred positions for high school or college students who can devote all or a part of their time this summer to representing THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL and THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN. Appointments are being made now, and any young man or woman student who wishes to make money and at the same time enjoy a pleasant vacation should apply at once.

What Others Did Last Summer

LLOYD G. HALL, OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, earned over $2300.00 by three months' work.

MISS STELLA WILLIAMS, OF COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY, earned over $2000.00 in fourteen weeks. Another year she plans financing a trip abroad by the same method.

C. J. BACHORITCH, OF THE UNIVERSITY OF NEBRASKA, averaged over $100.00 a week during the months of July and August alone.

MISS MARY LODGE, DEFIANCE COLLEGE, OHIO, with only a little time at her disposal, earned over $135.00 in less than six weeks.

THEODORE B. BUCHHOLZ, OF THE INDIANA NORMAL SCHOOL, PENNSYLVANIA, earned over $400.00 in a single month.

ELROY M. PHILLIPS, OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO, earned $60.00 a week for several continuous weeks.

HUNDREDS OF OTHERS earned from $15.00 to $100.00 a week during their summer holidays. Nearly all who worked actively made $25.00 or more a week.

The work can be carried on in your home town, or you may travel alone or with other students, as you prefer. If you want to make your vacation a "worthwhile" one, application should be made immediately.

Educational Division, Box 505

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA

You fight the persistent vermin off and flee for refuge to that shrine of every American who knows his Mark Twain—the joint grave* of Hell Loisy and Abie Lard† and lo! in the very shadow of it there lurks a blood brother to the first pest! I defy you to get out of that cemetery without buying something of no value from one or the other, or both of them. The Communists made their last stand in Père Lachaise. So did I! They went down fighting. Same here! They were licked to a frazzle. Ditto, ditto!

Next, we will say, Notre Dame draws you. Within, you walk the clattering flags of its dim, long aisles; without, you peer aloft to view its gargoyled waterspouts, leering down like nightmares caught in the very act and frozen to stone. The spirit of the place possesses you; you conjure up a vision of the little maid Esmeralda and the squat hunchback who dwelt in the tower above—and at this precise moment a foul vagabond pounces on you and, with a wink that is in itself an insult and a smile that should earn for him a kick for every inch of its breadth, he draws from beneath his coat a set of nasty photographs—things which no decent man could look at without gagging and would not carry about with him on his person for a million dollars in cash.

By threats and hard words you drive him off; but seeing others of his kind drawing nigh you run away, with no particular destination in mind except to discover some spot, however obscure and remote, where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary may be at rest for a few minutes.

You cross a bridge to the farther bank of the river and presently you find yourself—at least I found myself there—in one of the very few remaining quarters of old Paris, as yet untouched by the scheme of improvement that is wiping out whatever is medieval and therefore unsanitary, and making it all over—modern and slick and shiny.

Losing yourself—and with yourself your sense of the reality of things—you wander into a maze of tall, beetle-browed old houses with tiny windows that lower at you from under their dormered lids like hostile eyes. Above, on the attic ledges, are boxes of flowers and coops where caged larks and linnets pipe cheery snatches of song; and on beyond, between the eaves, which bend toward one another like gossips who would swap whispered confidences, is a strip of sky.

Below are smells of age and dampness—and there is a rich, nutritious garlicky smell too; and against a jog in the wall a frowsy but picturesque ragpicker is asleep on a pile of sacks, with a big sleek cat asleep on his breast.

Villon's Unanswered Question

You pass a little church, sagged and lopped with the weight of the years; and through its doors you catch a vista of old pillars and soft half-lights, and twinkling candles set on the high altar. Not even the jimcrackery with which the Latin races dress up their holy places and the graves of their dead can entirely dispel its abiding, brooding air of peace and majesty.

You linger a moment outside just such a tavern as a certain ragged poet of parts might have frequented the while he penned his versified inquiry, which after all these centuries is not yet satisfactorily answered, touching on the approximate whereabouts of the snows that fell yesteryear.

Midway of a winding alley you come to an ancient wall and an ancient gate crowned with the half-effaced quarterings of an ancient house, and you halt—almost expecting that the rusted hinges will creak a warning and the wooden halves begrudgingly divide, and that from under the slewed arch will issue a most gallant swashbuckler with his buckles all buckled and his swash swashing—hence the name.

At this juncture you feel a touch on your shoulder. You spin on your heel, feeling at your hip for an imaginary sword. But 'tis not Master François Villon, in tattered doublet, with a sonnet. Nor yet is it a jaunty blade, in silken cloak, with a challenge. It is your friend of the obscene photograph collection! He has followed you all the way from 1914 clear back into the Middle Ages, biding his time and hoping you will change your mind about investing in his nasty wares.

With your wife or your sister you visit the Louvre. You look on the Winged Victory and admire her classic but somewhat bulky proportions, meantime saying to yourself that it certainly must have been a mighty hard battle the lady won, because she lost her head and both arms in doing it.

You tire of interminable portraits of the Grand Monarch—showing him grouped with his wife, the Old-fashioned Square Upright; and his son, the Baby Grand; and his prime minister, the Lyre; and his brother, the Yellow Clarinet, and the rest of the orchestra. You examine the space on the wall where Mona Lisa is or is not smiling her inscrutable smile, depending on whether the open season for Mona Lisas has come or has passed.

Wandering your weary way past acres of the works of Rubens, and miles of Titians, and townships of Corots, and ranges of Michelangelos, and quarter sections of Raphaels, and government reserves of Leonardo da Vincis, you stray off finally into a side passage to see something else, leaving your wife or your sister behind in one of the main galleries. You are gone only a minute or two, but returning you find her furiously, helplessly angry and embarrassed; and on inquiry you learn she has been enduring the ordeal of being ogled by a small, wormy-looking professional flirt who has gone without shaving for two or three years in a desperate endeavor to resemble a real man.

Somebody will some day take a squirt-gun and a pint of insect powder and destroy these little, hairy caterpillars who infest all parts of Paris and make it impossible for a respectable woman to venture on the streets unaccompanied!

Shaking Your Own Dust

Let us, for the further adornment and final elaboration of the illustration, say that you are sitting at one of the small round tables which make mushroom beds under the awnings along the boulevards. All about you are French people, enjoying themselves in an easy and a rational and an inexpensive manner. As for yourself, all you desire is a quiet half hour in which to read your paper, sip your coffee, and watch the shifting panorama of street life.

That emphatically is all you ask—merely that and a little privacy. Are you permitted to have it? You are not.

Beggars beseech you to look on their afflictions. Sidewalk venders cluster about you. And if you are smoking the spark of your cigar inevitably draws a full delegation of those moldy old whiskeradoes who follow the profession of collecting butts and quids. They hover about you, watchful as chicken hawks; and their bleary eyes envy you for each puff you take, until you grow uneasy and self-reproachful under their glare, and your smoke is spoiled for you.

Very few men smoke well before an audience, even an audience of their own selection; so before your cigar is half finished you toss it away, and while it is yet in air the watchers leap forward and squabble under your feet for the prize. Then the winner emerges from the scramble and departs along the sidewalk to seek his next victim, with the still-smoking trophy impaled on his steel-pointed tool of trade.

In desperation you rise up from there and flee away to your hotel and hide in your room, and lock and double-lock the doors, and begin to study timetables with a view to quitting Paris on the first train leaving for anywhere—the only drawback to a speedy consummation of this happy prospect being that no living creature can fathom the meaning of French timetables.

It is not so much the aggregate amount of which they have despoiled you—it is the knowledge that every other person in Paris is seeking and planning to nick you for some sum, great or small; it is the realization that, by reason of your ignorance of the language and the customs of the land, you are at their mercy, and they have no mercy—that, as Walter Pater so succinctly phrases it, is what gets your goat—and gets it good!

So you shake the dust from your feet—your own dust, not Paris' dust—and you depart per hired hack for the station and per train from the station. And as the train draws away from the trainshed you behold behind you two legends or inscriptions, repeated and reiterated everywhere on the walls of the French capital.

One of them says: English Spoken Here!

And the other says: Liberality! Economy! Frugality!

*Being French, and therefore economical, these two are, as it were, splitting one tomb between them.

†Popular tourist pronunciation.

Editor's Note—This is the seventh of a series of articles by Irvin S. Cobb. The eighth will appear in an early issue.

"At last!—the right face powder"—

Sylvodora Face Powder

Every woman knows the tremendous difference in face powders—differences in quality, in purity, in fineness—in the way they adhere to the skin and in appearance on the skin. Your face powder has always been a real problem. You will find the nearest approach to your idea of a perfect powder in Sylvodora Face Powder.

Heretofore you have had difficulty in finding a powder of sufficient fineness that would adhere to your skin. Have you not been obliged to sacrifice one advantage for the other?

Now, in Sylvodora Face Powder, you have both a product of remarkable fineness, and at the same time, one which adheres perfectly. Some powders, to gain adherent properties, contain injurious substances. Sylvodora powder is pure as the driven snow. It comes in White, Natural, Pink and Rachel.

Sylvodora Face Powder is sifted time after time to a degree of fineness that is most unusual. It is practically invisible on your skin, giving the true, natural velvety effect of *real* beauty to your complexion.

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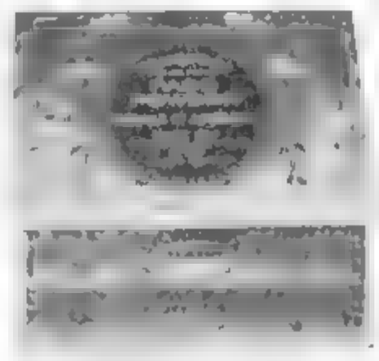
(The Sign of a Good Drug Store)

If your nearest Penslar Store is not quite near enough, send your remittance, stamps or coin, to the Peninsular Chemical Company, Detroit, Mich. And write for the helpful booklet, "Toilet Art"—it is free.

The Penslar Stores

Penslar Stores are those select drug stores whose dominant lines comprise the Penslar products—and whose character, reliability, high professional standing and good storekeeping methods, have made them eligible to display the Penslar sign, by which you and *everyone* may know and find them. There is a Penslar Store near you. Look for this sign on door or window:

Penslar



Buy a 50c box at any Penslar Drug Store today

No matter how much you have been in the habit of paying for your face powder, you have never bought powder *at any* price superior to Sylvodora at 50c—on sale at every Penslar Store and waiting for you.

Penslar Buttermilk Cerate

is another of the excellent products carried in Penslar Stores. It is not merely a vanishing cream, but a wonderful beneficial face cream, a compound of cerates and *fresh dairy buttermilk* and contains purified vegetable oils which are gradually absorbed by the skin and thus help to restore its natural velvety smoothness to be gently massaged into your complexion. Buy it today—use it tonight. 50c a jar.

Lilaflor is your favorite perfume—10 cents postage to prove it

This delicate perfume—the true scent of lilacs in blossom—will captivate you. Ten cents postage will bring you a *special size sample*, worth much more. Address the Peninsular Chemical Co., Detroit, Mich. This special size is not on sale in Penslar Stores but Lilaflor is there in the regular sizes (or by the ounce) where you will be sure to go for it when you have tried this seductive sample.

In Canada

The Penslar products are manufactured at Walkerville, Ont., by the Peninsular Chemical Co., Ltd. There are many Penslar Stores throughout the Dominion.

The Comradeship of "Bull" Durham

There is something about ripe, mellow "Bull" Durham Tobacco that appeals to clean-cut manhood the world over.

Wherever in the world two "Bull" Durham smokers meet—in a hotel lobby or club in Europe or America; at cross-trails in the Klondike; in some far-off seaport on the Pacific—each recognizes in the other a *man* to his own liking, a *comrade* in the world-wide brotherhood of "the Makings." A sack of "Bull" is a letter of introduction that will win friends in every part of the globe.

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(Enough for forty hand-made cigarettes in each 5-cent sack)

Millions of experienced smokers find the cigarettes they roll for themselves from pure, ripe "Bull" Durham tobacco *better suited to their taste* and more satisfactory than any they buy ready-made. The rich, fresh fragrance and smooth, mellow flavor of "Bull" Durham hand-made cigarettes afford healthful enjoyment and lasting satisfaction. Get "the Makings" today and learn to "roll your own."

FREE An illustrated booklet, showing how to "Roll Your Own," and a Book of cigarette papers, will both be mailed, *free*, to any address in U. S. on postal request. Address "Bull" Durham, Durham, N. C., Room 1269.

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

THE MEANING OF THE HAY-PAUNCEFOTE TREATY

(Continued from Page 4)

two Powers which before acted jointly, so that all other Powers must agree to observe its rules on a plane of equality among themselves?

The Government of the United States objected to requiring all nations desiring the use of the canal to agree to observe its rules, on the ground that such an agreement would make those nations parties to the contract and thus give them contract rights in the canal. Mr. Hay proposed to change the reading of Lord Lansdowne's suggestion to "all nations observing these rules"; thus preserving the distinction already made plain in Lord Lansdowne's amendment between the nation adopting and the nations observing the rules, but without making them parties to the contract.

The question still remains: Did the assumption of the full control of the canal by the United States in any way affect the pledge of the United States Government in the first Hay-Pauncefote Treaty to accord to all nations terms of entire equality with itself?

The change in the relations between the high contracting parties expressed in the new treaty seems to imply a change in this respect also; and Lord Lansdowne appears to have thought it did, for he proposed the insertion in the new treaty of the words, now for the first time suggested: "Such conditions and charges of traffic shall be just and equitable."

If it was clearly understood that the United States and all nations observing the rules were to be subject to identical conditions and charges of traffic, would there have been any occasion to demand of the United States that these should be just and equitable? Could the United States Government, on the assumption that "entire equality" applies to itself and other nations, have any motive for imposing conditions and charges of traffic that were not just and equitable on its own citizens?

This new insertion apparently implies the conviction that entire equality with the United States was no longer, as in the first Hay-Pauncefote Treaty, a prerogative of the other Powers, including Great Britain; and that the only way to guard against excesses by the United States was not, as might otherwise be expected, to write into the treaty the simple words, No other conditions or charges of traffic are to be demanded than those paid by vessels of the United States, but, instead, the far feebler proviso, quite meaningless if entire equality were already accorded: Such conditions and charges of traffic shall be just and equitable!

Undoubtedly Great Britain was, to use Lord Lansdowne's expression, making a "self-denying ordinance." The new treaty was radically different from the old. The compensation to Great Britain, however, was twofold. Without these changes the canal would probably never be built, and Great Britain was desirous that it should be built; but, in addition, Great Britain was relieved of responsibilities by placing the control exclusively in the hands of the United States.

Could Great Britain expect, under these circumstances, to obtain entire equality in all the advantages of the canal? What compensation in that case would the United States receive for assuming not only the cost of construction but the responsibilities Great Britain thus evaded?

If the transaction is to be esteemed a fair bargain, such as should preserve the honor of both nations—and it is difficult to see how the honor of one can be involved without involving the honor of the other—it was just that the United States should receive some compensation for undertaking singlehanded to open a great waterway between the oceans that all nations observing its rules should use on equal terms. This was duly recognized by Lord Lansdowne, and there is not a word in the entire correspondence that is not inspired by a spirit of equity on both sides.

It would be as dishonorable to interpret unjustly the meaning of this treaty, and to insist that one side never really gave up anything, as to have made the treaty itself dishonorable or dishonoring to either side. In authorizing the signature of the treaty, as finally agreed on, Lord Lansdowne, in his final instructions to Lord Pauncefote, reverts to the words "all nations" and Mr. Hay's change in the form he had suggested, by remarking:

"His Majesty's Government were prepared to accept this amendment, which seemed to us equally efficacious for the purpose which we had in view—namely, that of insuring that Great Britain should not be placed in a less advantageous position than other Powers."

It would seem absurd to claim for Great Britain all that was voluntarily surrendered in her self-denying ordinance. Her rights appear thereby to have been reduced to the use of the canal on terms of equality with all nations observing the rules, with the added proviso that "Such conditions and charges of traffic shall be just and equitable." All other rights in the canal are accorded by the treaty now in force to the Government of the United States, whose only duties to foreign nations are defined in the following paragraph:

"The canal shall be free and open to the vessels of commerce and of war of all nations observing these rules, on terms of entire equality; so that there shall be no discrimination against any such nation, or its citizens or subjects, in respect of the conditions and charges of traffic or otherwise. Such conditions and charges of traffic shall be just and equitable."

THE PRINCIPLE OF NEUTRALIZATION UNAFFECTED—It was not intended that these changes in the treaty should affect the general principle of neutralization; and Mr Hay, in recognition of the concessions made by Great Britain in the treaty of November 18, 1901, voluntarily proposed, and it was formally agreed in the fourth article, that no change of territorial sovereignty should affect the obligations of the high contracting parties under the present treaty.

Since the ratification of the second Hay-Pauncefote Treaty the United States has acquired by purchase from the Republic of Panama the right to exercise sovereign authority over the Canal Zone and the adjacent waters within the three-mile limit; but this in no way affects the general principle of neutralization.

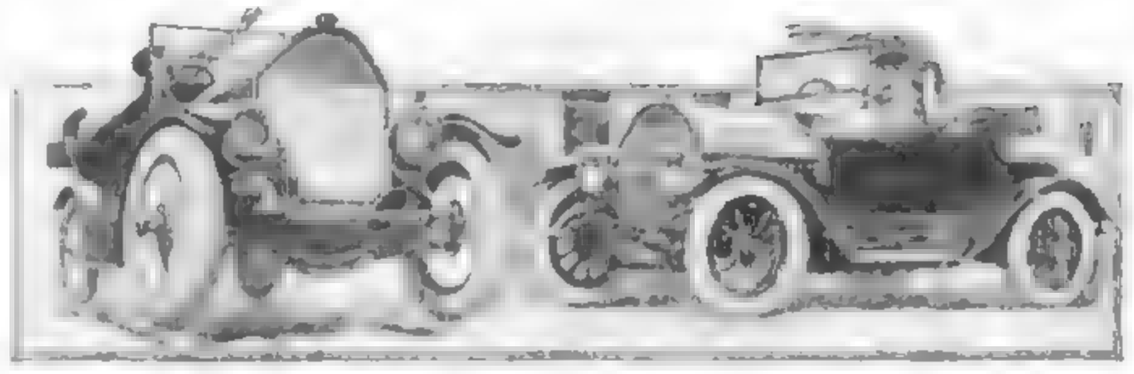
It is important, however, to comprehend the meaning of the term neutralization and the powers implied in the control of neutralized territory. Belgium, Switzerland and Luxemburg are neutralized states; but their domestic concerns are in no way affected by this fact. Their duty consists solely in maintaining and defending their neutrality as between foreign Powers. Their sovereign rights are in no way abridged. Within their own territory all of these rights remain intact.

No other Power has a right to interfere with the relation between their treasuries and their domestic commerce. They are under a solemn obligation, voluntarily assumed, to treat other Powers alike, so far as privileges within their territory are concerned; and especially not to permit their territory to be used as a military base or source of supplies for belligerents. This is precisely what the Government of the United States is pledged to do in respect to all nations observing the rules of neutralization adopted by the United States—namely, to furnish equal treatment and equal service in the canal.

If it were contended that the Government of the United States should enjoy no privileges in the canal other than those possessed by the nations observing its rules, there would be no historic example of neutralization and no intelligible definition of the term on which such a contention could be based. This contention would impose on the builders of the canal such servitude to noncontractants as was never yet imposed by any Power on the owner of any neutralized object.

What, under that interpretation, would become of the agreement in the second article, that "the said Government shall have and enjoy all the rights incident to such construction, as well as the exclusive right of providing for the regulation and management of the canal"?

It is true that all these rights are subject to the provisions of the present treaty; but they are not subject to theories and definitions not in harmony with these provisions, and they cannot be in any way legally



In a "Tight Corner"

You flirt with disaster if you neglect brake lining. You *can* do without fancy "extras" on the car you drive—but for safety's sake you must have brake lining on which you can *depend*.

Brake lining must give uniform gripping power *clear through*—not merely on the outside. Then it remains reliable till worn paper-thin. Such is Thermoid.

Cut a strip of Thermoid open. Break open the ordinary. Compare their centers. You can *see* the difference in gripping power.

Hydraulic compression is the reason Thermoid has the most uniform gripping power. It explains why its density is fixed. Why it cannot be burned out—nor affected by oil, water, gasoline, dirt. Why it is used exclusively by so many makers of foremost cars, such as the Peerless, Lozier, White, American, Fiat, National, Marmon, etc.

Thermoid
HYDRAULIC COMPRESSED
Brake Lining - 100%

Thermoid represents 60% more labor and contains 50% more material, *size for size*, than the ordinary.

Our Guarantee: Thermoid will make good—or *we* will.

THERMOID RUBBER COMPANY
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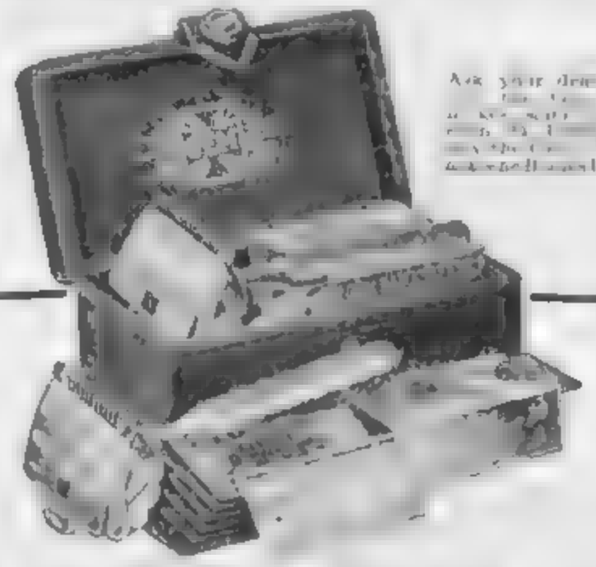
"Well That's Fine!!"

NO morning kicks or lost trains for the man who puts a *Gem Damaskeene* blade in his *Gem Damaskeene* frame and shaves—he starts right, looks right and feels right—because his razor is *right*—does this impress *you*?

GEM DAMASKEENE RAZOR outfit complete with *7 Gem Damaskeene Blades*, in genuine morocco leather case, $1.00. At all up-to-date dealers.



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MAKE each step sure. The Foster Friction Plug simply won't let you slip The extra quality of rubber makes your step light and buoyant easy as the cat's own.

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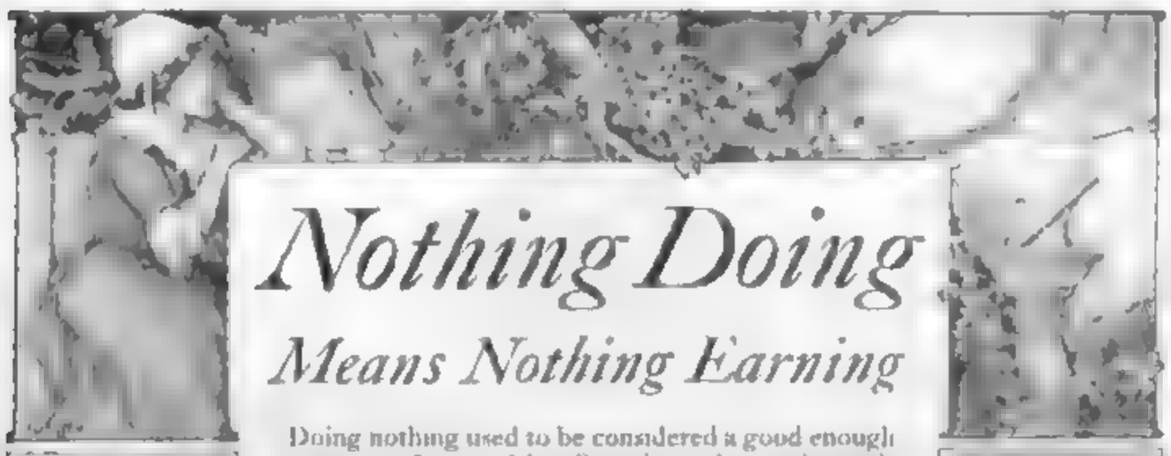


Nothing Doing

Means Nothing Earning

Doing nothing used to be considered a good enough existence for a girl. But times have changed.

TODAY, girls everywhere are waiting to be set to work. To any healthy girl with good red blood in her veins, and the ambitions and aspirations of normal girlhood, it is intolerable to be without an outlet for her energies and an income for her necessities. A very little experience of it shows her that

EARNING NOTHING IS MIGHTY CLOSE TO BEING NOBODY

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL has a Club of girls who always find something doing and something earning. Its name is "The Girls' Club." You have doubtless heard of it. Since the first of October, 1913, its members have earned about $58,000.00, and they have still bigger plans for the coming Summer months. Any girl who is tired of doing and earning nothing will learn what these plans are, and will receive a very cordial invitation to join the Club, by writing to the Manager. Ask her to send you (without charge) the little book: "*Found: An Hour for The Girls' Club.*" Her address is

MANAGER OF THE GIRLS' CLUB
THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, PHILADELPHIA

limited, except by the clear and express stipulations of the treaty itself.

It has been claimed as a restriction on these rights that the preamble of the treaty now in force expressly states that its purpose is "to remove any objection which may arise out of the Convention of the nineteenth of April, 1850, commonly called the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, to the construction of such canal under the auspices of the Government of the United States, without impairing the general principle of neutralization established in Article VIII of that Convention"; and that, therefore, Article VIII of that treaty is still in force.

A careful examination of the article in question shows that this cannot possibly be the case; and that it is merely the general principle of neutralization, and not at all the specific form of neutralization presented in that article, which the second Hay-Pauncefote Treaty is designed not to impair.

Article VIII of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty contemplates the construction of a canal by neither government, but by some company to be formed for that purpose, under the protection of both governments. The canal is, in return for this equal protection, to be "open to the citizens and subjects of the United States and Great Britain on equal terms."

Both governments are pledged not to exercise any control over this *tertium quid*. Suppose, then, such a company had built the canal, would there be any doubt about its right to pass its own ships freely through its own waterway? Would there be any impairment of the general principle of neutralization so long as all the protectors of the canal were equally served?

The difference between the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty and the second Hay-Pauncefote Treaty consists precisely in this: In the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty the United States and Great Britain were joint protectors of a *tertium quid*, while in the second Hay-Pauncefote Treaty the United States Government becomes, by a new and special agreement with Great Britain, both the sole owner and the sole protector of a canal built entirely at its own expense, while Great Britain ceases to bear any burden or accept any responsibility as protector of the canal.

That the right to equal treatment agreed on in the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty is based solely on participation in this obligation to protect the canal is evident from the last words of the article in question.

The article reads: " . . . shall also be open on like terms to the citizens and subjects of every other state which is willing to grant thereto such protection as the United States and Great Britain engage to afford."

With the falling away of this protection, which in the first Hay-Pauncefote Treaty was still joint between the United States and Great Britain, and was to be shared by other Powers also, disappears entirely the specific form of neutrality embodied in the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty; and only the general principle, as already defined, remains—namely, that the owner grants entire equality to all nations observing the rules.

THE REMOVAL OF ALL AMBIGUITIES—If it be claimed that the language of the second Hay-Pauncefote Treaty is ambiguous, and that, therefore, the broadest possible construction should be placed on it, there is a very simple method of ending all controversy regarding the obligations of the treaty.

Let it be assumed that the Government of the United States is in honor bound to treat the vessels of all nations precisely as it treats its own: what results from this concession? If such conditions and charges of traffic are to be just and equitable, it is proper that every gross ton of shipping passing through the canal should bear its due proportion of the total interest charge and cost of maintenance, operation and defense of the canal.

If it be a point of honor on account of the obligations of the treaty for the Government of the United States to accord to the vessels of all nations the same treatment that is accorded to its own vessels, it is also a point of honor for all nations availing themselves of the use of the canal to make good to the treasury of the United States their share of the cost of the service rendered.

It would, therefore, be fitting for the Government of the United States, if this construction is to be placed on the treaty, to add a rule requiring the nations using the canal to pledge themselves, as a condition of enjoying its benefits, to pay from their respective treasuries such sums as may be necessary to meet any deficit in the annual budget of the canal, in proportion to the gross tonnage of the vessels sailing under their respective flags.

Sense and Nonsense

Cheap Cottages

THE five-hundred-dollar cottage is an ideal that just now is having a great amount of experiment and study in England in the campaign for better housing. One such cottage has been built under very favorable conditions and many have been constructed at near this figure.

Each one, after being finished, has been given wide attention, and its faults as a model home have been pointed out. The latest idea considered is to put up a framework of structural steel, to hold grooved concrete slabs for walls and floors.

Slabs of a waterproof composition would be used for the roof.

It has been stoutly claimed that, made in quantities at prevailing prices in England, it would be possible to build cottages of ten thousand cubic feet each in this way for five hundred dollars.

Anything to Please

DIGBY BELL, the actor, says he was once playing a short engagement in a small Middle Western city, when, about an hour before the curtain went up for the matinée, a messenger from the front of the theater came to him as he sat in his dressing room reading his mail.

"The house manager wants to know," said the emissary, "whether you expect him to dress up this afternoon."

"Well," said Bell, "I understand the audience will be fashionable. Tell the manager for me that I think it would be well for him to dress as he always does for his big matinée houses."

When the performance was over Bell slipped around to the box office to observe the result of his advice.

The house manager stood at the door glorious in a dinner coat, dress waistcoat and broad white lawn tie.

Dyeing Rocks

PUMPING dyes into rock is a new way to discover whether the rock is solid or not, and hence whether it will make a good foundation. Holes are drilled in the rock intended for the foundation of a building and the dye is forced into the holes under pressure. More holes are then drilled near by, and if any rock dust comes up dyed the number and size of seams in the mass are then indicated.

The New Catechism

A WELL-KNOWN doctor of Savannah has two children—a little daughter, aged six, and a small son, aged four. One day he overheard the little girl putting her brother through an examination in Bible history.

"Do you know who the first man and the first woman were?"

"Yeth, I do," lisped the boy.

"I'll bet you don't know their names," pressed the sister.

"I bet I do!" replied the little fellow.

"Well, what were their names, then, Mr. Smarty?"

"Edem and Ab!" answered the little boy.

Refined Fish

BOB DAVIS, editor of Munsey's, was at the Hotel Cecil, in London. Glancing over the menu one morning at breakfast, he said to the waiter:

"What is a whiting?"

"A whiting, sir," said the waiter, "is a fish, sir."

"I know that," said Davis; "but what kind of a fish? How does it taste?"

The waiter pondered the matter for a moment.

"I'll tell you, sir," he said: "A whiting is like a 'addock, sir—only more refined."

Which Light Weight Six Are You Going to Buy?

IF you pay more than $1500 for an automobile you are surely going to buy a six. And it must be a *light* six. Your only problem is *which one* to choose.

Which One?

Will you buy a light weight six that is an *after-thought*, a *modification* or *abbreviation* of some larger model, or will you buy the light weight six that is just what its designers *started out to build*, the best car they know how to build, *regardless of cost?*

Will you choose a light six that has been rushed out to *meet competition*, when you can just as well get one that was *carefully designed*, by men who know, to meet a *market* and fulfill its requirements?

If you study *all* the light weight sixes carefully, if you see *how* they are *designed*, if you consider their *equipment*, if you *examine* their *workmanship*, if you measure the six-cylinder *experience* of the *builders* back of them, you will choose the Chandler.

CHANDLER LIGHT WEIGHT SIX $1785

Weighs 2885 pounds, regularly equipped—
Runs 16 miles per gallon of gasoline—
Averages 7000 miles per set of tires,
3 to 55 miles per hour on high gear.

There *isn't a single thing cut out of the Chandler* to make its price possible.

High-grade, high-priced features make the exclusive Chandler long-stroke motor distinctive.

Cast aluminum base extending from frame to frame contains integral cast pedestals for magneto, generator and starting motor. Imported silent chains drive the cam shaft, pump and generator. Westinghouse Separate Unit Starting and Lighting System. Simple single wire system for lighting. Wiring run through armored conduit. Bosch high-tension magneto, the most expensive form of ignition, which many builders of sixes are *leaving out.* Unit power plant *completely* enclosed. Self-contained oiling system. Multiple disc steel and raybestos ball-bearing clutch. F. & S. Imported Annular Ball Bearings. Left-side drive, center control.

Equipment includes Firestone demountable detachable rims, Jiffy Curtains, New Haven 8-day clock, Jones Speedometer, rain-vision, clear-vision ventilating windshield, motor driven horn, etc., etc.

The Company's Stability

The strength of the Chandler Company, is well reflected in the *character* of its principal distributors. From coast to coast many of the largest and oldest dealers have taken on the Chandler and in several instances, in order to do so, have given up agencies for cars much longer established.

But Chandler stability is even more plainly shown by the following facts:

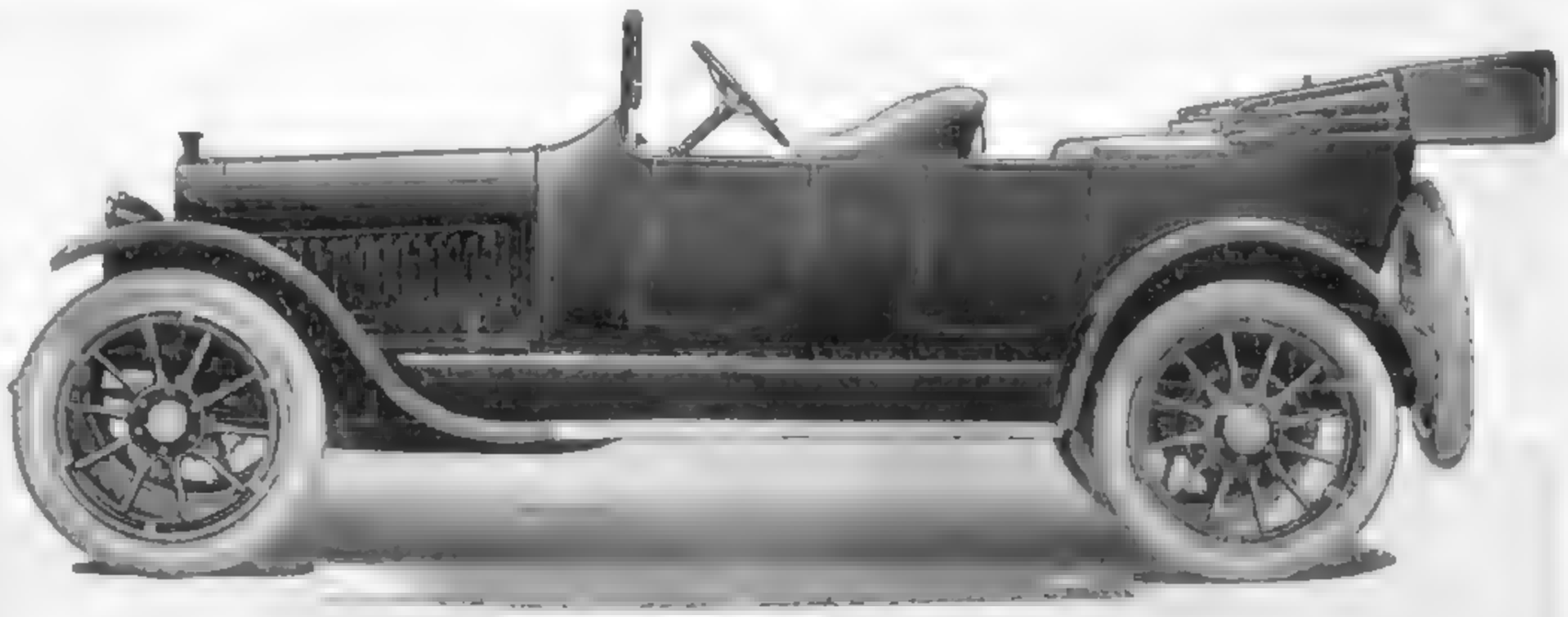
This company has discounted *every bill* since it has been in business.

It has never borrowed money.

Its capital is intact, and a substantial surplus has accrued from its year's business.

Its car is a proved success.

The factory is producing to full capacity.



Write today for Catalogue, Proof Sheet and a convincing little book called "Bouquets," wherein many men tell their experiences with the Chandler.

CHANDLER MOTOR CAR CO., 505-535 E. 131st Street, CLEVELAND, OHIO

A Six You Can Afford To Buy and Afford to Run

MOST users of the RUBBERSET Tooth Brush will say that the old way of making the RUBBERSET was good enough. The bristles never came out, no matter what use or abuse the brush was given. But since we have discovered a better way of gripping tooth brush bristles in hard rubber, we have adopted it. We have improved the RUBBERSET Tooth Brush—if you can imagine this possible.

Now instead of gripping all the bristles of each brush in a single head of hard rubber, each tuft of bristles has its separate brush head—of solid vulcanized rubber that holds each bristle with a vise-like grip. Thus a RUBBERSET Tooth Brush is composed of thirty to forty perfect little brushes—the bristles in each tuft being held in hard rubber as in the famous RUBBERSET Shaving and Paint Brush.

A solid blow from a heavy hammer might smash a RUBBERSET Tooth Brush into tiny pieces—but there would be no loose bristles. Each tuft would remain intact.

The tufts of bristles are held in a plate, in cone-shaped holes, and they can't be pulled through with a pair of pliers. The cone-shaped heads exactly fit the cone-shaped holes. Over this plate is moulded the top and handle of the brush—and the result is a brush with bristles, bristle-holding head and frame all moulded and hardened into one solid piece. The bristles haven't a chance to come out. Tug, twist and yank at them with a pair of pliers, and you can't loosen one of them.

RUBBERSET
TRADE MARK

SAFETY TOOTH BRUSH

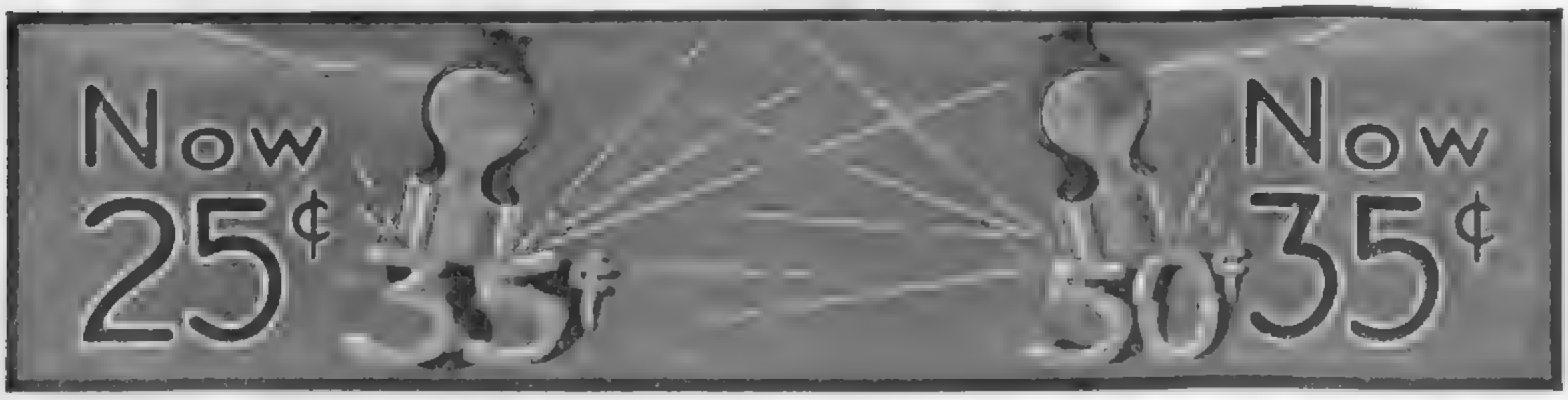
YOU know the annoyance of a bristle-shedding tooth brush. And you probably appreciate the dangers of a bristle that lodges in the gums, throat, stomach or intestines. Doctors and Dentists have frequently found loose bristles the cause of serious troubles. Why chance the dangers of loose bristles? Think of the Economy of the RUBBERSET Tooth Brush! One RUBBERSET will outwear half a dozen of the ordinary make. Its usefulness only ends when the bristles are played out and worn out—because they can't fall out! And think of the price of the RUBBERSET Tooth Brush—NOW 25c for the brush formerly 35c—Now 35c for the brush formerly 50c—and worth the money. We have reduced the prices because increased output has reduced our manufacturing and selling costs.

You actually get a better RUBBERSET Tooth Brush for 25c and 35c than you formerly obtained for 35c and 50c

RUBBERSET Tooth Brushes are made in all sizes for adults and children—in plain, curved and serrated brushing surfaces. Their handles are shaped for convenient brushing and are slightly pliable. They are made of Alberite Ivory—and each handle of the genuine R-U-B-B-E-R-S-E-T Tooth Brush is stamped R-U-B-B-E-R-S-E-T. Look for this name in buying a tooth brush.

RUBBERSET Tooth Brushes are sold everywhere

RUBBERSET COMPANY, Factories, NEWARK, N. J.
(R. & C. B. T. CO., Props.)



HOW TO INTEREST INVESTORS

By ROGER W. BABSON

THE young business man who has read the preceding articles of this series has now a fair idea of how money is borrowed temporarily on various forms of notes. I have also endeavored to describe some of the inside workings of a bank and to give readers some friendly and fatherly advice as to how to separate a banker from his money.

Many readers, however, desire to issue securities of a more permanent form, so as not to be disturbed every six months with note renewals. How to accomplish this feat will now be considered.

As was explained in a previous article, for many purposes money should only be raised through the issuance of additional capital stock to oneself or family; but there are other purposes for which the young business man is entitled to issue securities to the public, and the following three articles will be devoted to this phase of the subject.

When a young business man goes to a banker for advice as to issuing bonds, preferred stocks, or some other form of securities to the public, the banker first asks the young man to describe to him the character of the business in which he is interested. All standard securities may today be grouped under one of the five following headings:

1—Railroad securities; 2—Traction securities; 3—Other Public-Utility securities; 4—Industrial securities; 5—Mining securities.

There are styles and fashions in stocks and bonds just as in hats and dresses. To catch the timid investor, one must issue securities to the public when his special class of business is popular, and lie low when his special class of business is unpopular. Some one class of securities is always in favor and some other class is always in disfavor. The fashions of investments change from year to year as does the cut of coats.

One year steam-railroad securities are unpopular and traction securities are very popular; another year traction securities are unpopular and industrials are very much in favor. As ninety-five per cent of the people are like sheep and blindly follow one another, two conclusions can be drawn from the above statement:

The young man desiring to solicit funds for traction property should wait until traction securities are popular and then issue said securities, whether or not he is then in immediate need of additional funds. The young man interested in an industrial proposition, however, should not sacrifice his securities when traction securities are popular, but wait until industrials again come into favor.

The Psychological Moment to Sell

In other words, there is a psychological moment for the issuing of any one class of securities. As the wheel keeps going round, a man desirous of selling some one class of securities to the public should wait for the time when such class is in favor, and then "make hay while the sun shines." It is much easier for the man in need of funds to float with the tide of popular favor than to attempt to row against this great tide by endeavoring to sell—at any time—securities of a class that for some reason is temporarily in disfavor.

Wise investors always seek to avoid purchasing that class of securities which are temporarily popular. When public-utility securities are popular and industrial securities are in disfavor, the wise investor avoids purchasing public-utility securities and purchases the much-despised industrials.

Conversely, when the preferred stocks of industrial companies are very popular and railroads are in disfavor, then the wise investor avoids purchasing the popular industrials and—much to the disgust of his brokers and friends—buys the despised railroads.

Working with the tide the man in need of funds will be able to obtain his funds easier, at a lower rate and on better terms, and on the other hand the investor will be able to obtain better securities at the lower price, thus yielding a higher rate of interest, by rowing against the tide.

RAILROAD SECURITIES. The railroads of this country will probably some day be taken over by the Government at an appraised valuation, however much you and I may regret it. Practically speaking, this will take care of all the bond issues. With, however, a few exceptions, the bond and other obligations of the American railroads are worth all they are selling for today. Reorganizations are inevitable and the par value of certain issues will be cut down; but, in the writer's opinion, there is hardly an obligation of an American railroad today which, if an investor should purchase at present prices and hold on to it, will not some time refund his money.

In the case of railroad stocks this is different. Much depends on the valuation of railroads now being carried on by the Government. Some stocks will be found to be worth more than par, while others will be found to be worth much less than par. If interested in the promotion of a railroad I should endeavor to keep the bonds myself and sell the stock to the public on a basis which will give these purchasers a handsome profit if the railroad gets a fair deal from the Government, and placing on these people the loss in case the railroad does not get a fair deal.

The Tangible Property Basis

On the other hand, as an investor in railroads, I should endeavor to confine my purchases to the bonds and other obligations—especially certain four per cent bonds selling at a large discount—unless I were in a position to study fundamental conditions and buy stocks.

TRACTION SECURITIES. At one time traction securities were very much in favor and it was very easy to sell bonds or stocks issued by street-railroad companies. Now that the people are getting wise, however, the franchise question is becoming a serious proposition. As franchises expire it is difficult to make a profitable trade with the municipality involved. Moreover, the labor factor is to become a distinct detriment to the street-railroad business.

If the writer personally were engaged in the street-railroad business at the present time, instead of endeavoring to sell additional securities, he would look round for something else to do, and become interested in some other line from which the cream had not been so thoroughly skimmed. However, this very fact that certain traction securities may be in disrepute during the next few years should make some of their bonds attractive to keen investors who have courage.

Investors, however, should be very particular to purchase only traction securities issued on a basis where they will be taken care of if the property is taken over by the state or the municipality at the actual value of the tangible property.

In other words, traction securities should not be purchased on the basis of the franchise value or even on the basis of earnings. Only actual tangible property should be considered by the investor in traction securities.

OTHER PUBLIC-UTILITY SECURITIES. In this group I include the securities of lighting, water and power companies, which, for several reasons, have a number of advantageous features. The labor factor is very small in connection with lighting, water and power companies, and therefore, as wages increase, the expenses of these companies should not necessarily increase in any such proportion.

Moreover, the coming generation will probably use much more electricity and other modern conveniences than does even the present generation. Companies that derive their power from water should especially be in favor as coal increases in price and as our streams and forests are conserved.

Promoters of such public utilities should have very little difficulty in placing additional securities at the proper time; and both promoters and investors are apt to

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OLUS
IN OLUS the outside shirt and underdrawers are one garment. This means that the shirt can't work out of the trousers, that there are no shirt-tails to bunch in seat, that the drawers "stay put";—to say nothing of the comfort and economy of saving a garment.
OLUS is coat cut—opens all the way down—closed crotch—closed back. See illustration. Remember—If it isn't Coat Cut, it isn't OLUS.
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To Dealer: If our representative does not call on you, write for agency for PHILLIPS-JONES products—Emperor, Princely, Jack Rabbit and OLUS shirts.
What good is a Shirt-tail anyway?

Fresh Fruit Fluff—A Delicious Old-Time Sweet Unusual. Wholesome. An epicure's delight a child can eat. Makes a dozen desserts. Economical. Quickly made. Send 10¢ for recipe and "Ten Ways to Use ..." Clara Craven Anderson, 980 St. Paul, Detroit, Mich.

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The Coward Shoe

The shoe for feet that are "down and out" is the Coward Arch Support Shoe with Coward Extension Heel. Its firm uplift gives immediate help to discouraged arch and ankle muscles, restoring them to position and health.

Coward Arch Support Shoe and Coward Extension Heel made by James S. Coward for over 34 years.

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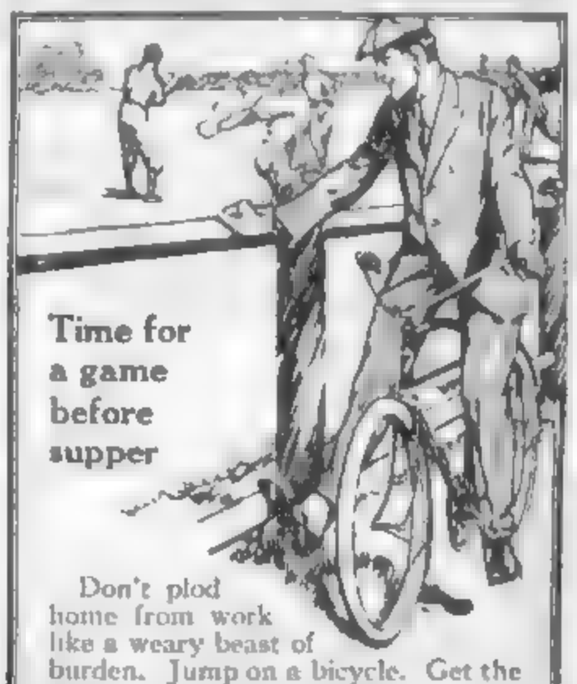

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Ask your dealer the name of the truest, fastest, longest lived bicycle made; he'll [illegible] Ask him for its [illegible] The Iver Johnson [illegible] ask any racing man. Our 88-page book tells about Revolvers, Iver Johnson Champion Shot Guns, Bicycles and Motorcycles. It's free.

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Excluding Fords, approximately *one car in five* built in America this year will carry an ignition system that gives results amazing even to veteran motorists.

That system permits the engine to run both faster and slower than the best of other systems; it makes starting both easy and safe; in reliability and endurance it is in a class alone. More—it controls the spark advance *automatically*. It gives a safe automatic retard for starting, and the correct lead for all speeds and grades *without hand regulation*. It is called the

Atwater Kent Ignition System

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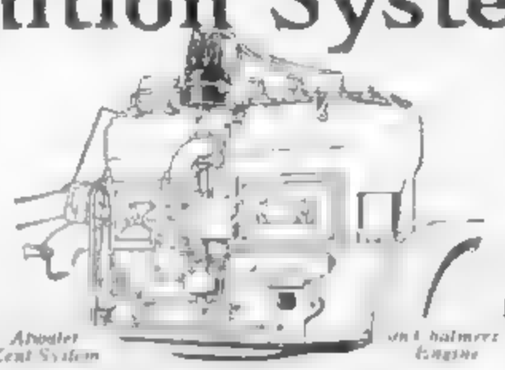

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The Atwater Kent System is not new to engineers. Nine years of sturdy service have proved its worth. Over fifty thousand motorists are already enjoying the unique gain in flexibility and speed which it gives. Read what some of its users say

"The Atwater Kent System is practically the only one with a successful automatic spark advance which relieves the driver of all concern regarding the setting of the spark, and [illegible] efficiently at one speed as others."
Ch Engineer Saxon Motor Co

"We get fully as much power with the Atwater Kent System at high speeds, and more at low [illegible] in comparison with other devices. The automatic advance does away with all guesswork in setting the spark lever, thus putting novice and expert on a par. The Atwater Kent System is almost ideal for starting, and it cannot run down the battery if the switch is left on." J. [illegible] MOORE
Chief Engineer The Lexington-Howard [illegible]

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We will shortly be at liberty to announce other prominent users.

Will you be one of the fortunate 50,000 this year to gain the last word in ignition service? Write to the nearest agent of any of the above cars, or to us, for booklet telling why the Atwater Kent Ignition System adds so enormously to motoring pleasure.

Atwater Kent Mfg. Works Philadelphia

Would You Trade

Three Years' Work For

A Quarter-Section Farm?

Uncle Sam Has One For You.

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In Next Week's Issue of

THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN

Five Cents the Copy
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$1.50 the Year
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THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
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find them quite popular. The promoter, however, must not wait too long, but must sell them while they are in favor.

On the other hand, the investor must be very careful not to get caught while this class is popular, but rather wait until they are in disfavor, as they will have their turn like all others.

INDUSTRIAL SECURITIES. These probably fluctuate more than any other class in public favor. One year they are very popular and the next year they are very unpopular. The men engaged in industrial enterprises desiring to sell securities should plan to do so during these popular years; while investors should plan to buy industrial securities only during years when they are very much in disfavor. These cycles come about once in four years and may be readily recognized.

Personally the writer would advise small investors to invest only a small proportion of their money in industrials; but when such money is invested, cumulative seven or eight per cent preferred stock—preferred also as to assets—is usually the most desirable.

When purchasing railroad or traction securities the wise investor prefers bonds, letting the other fellow have the stock; but when purchasing into industrial companies the wise investor sometimes purchases the preferred stock. The common stock is too much of a gamble and should be owned by those actively engaged in the business; but if the preferred stock is not good the bonds are usually not good either.

MINING SECURITIES. This group contains both the most profitable and the most dangerous varieties of investments if such a word can be used in this connection. There are certain classes of people who are bound to take a chance. If they cannot find mining stocks to buy they will play poker or gamble through a bucketshop in railroads. Those of my friends desiring to raise money for mining purposes I urge to hunt up such people.

Do not try to sell bonds on a mine; do not sell any mining securities to widows or orphans. Go to business men who want to take a flyer with a specified proportion of their money. Tell them the truth—that if ore is struck they may make five dollars for every one dollar invested; while if not they will make a total loss. Business men are generally pleased by such frank statements, and it is often easy to interest them in mining propositions if one goes about it right.

I have not mentioned municipal securities in the above brief analysis, as most municipal bonds are perfectly good as to security, and the rate of interest simply depends on their convertibility. Bonds of well-known cities, which can quickly be sold, are issued at a lower rate than bonds of small towns, which have a limited market. Personally the writer prefers bonds of a medium-grade city in the Middle West. There is no use in investing in bonds that yield a very low rate, nor is it wise to purchase bonds of those very small towns that are almost impossible to sell.

Five Points for Investors

Investors, however, should be very particular only to purchase such municipal bonds as are secured by the entire municipality, and avoid so-called improvement bonds or assessment bonds, which hold only certain districts or streets.

The young business man can use for his selling talk the fact that every investor should have a certain proportion of his funds in the securities of each of the five classes mentioned above. This gives him an opportunity always to talk up his class—whatever it may be—to every investor.

A striking illustration of the need for such distribution was furnished by certain fire-insurance companies after the San Francisco earthquake. It appeared that the companies' assets were largely invested in San Francisco real estate and enterprises where the bulk of its fire risks were concentrated. As a result, the very catastrophe that converted its risks into actual liabilities deprived its assets of all immediate value.

There are five different features that investors observe in the selection of investments which the young business man desiring to raise money should carefully note. These are given by a Wall Street authority as follows:

1—SAFETY OF PRINCIPAL AND INTEREST. In the quality of safety there is a marked difference between safety of principal and safety of interest. With some investments the principal is much safer than the interest, and vice versa. This can best be illustrated by examples.

The bonds of terminal companies, which are guaranteed as to interest under the terms of a lease by the railroads that use the terminal, are usually far safer as to interest than as to principal. While the lease lasts, the interest is probably perfectly secure; but when the lease expires and the bonds mature, the railroads may see fit to abandon the terminal and build one elsewhere if the city has grown in another direction; and the terminal may cease to have any value except as real estate.

2 RATE OF INCOME. A large part of the problem of investment lies in the careful selection of securities to meet one's actual requirements. The average investor does not thoroughly understand this point. He does not realize that a high degree of one quality involves a lower degree of other qualities. He may have a general impression that a high rate of income is apt to indicate less assurance of safety, but he rarely applies the same reasoning to other qualities.

When he buys securities he is quite likely to pay for qualities he does not need. It is very common, for example, when he wishes to make a permanent investment and has no thought of reselling, to find him purchasing securities that possess in a high degree the quality of convertibility. This is pure waste for him; and the young business man desiring to interest an investor in the unlisted and inactive securities of his company should preach this fact. A high degree of convertibility is only obtained at the sacrifice of some other quality—usually rate of income.

3—CONVERTIBILITY. The quality of convertibility divides investors into classes more sharply than any other quality. For some investors convertibility is a matter of small importance; for others it is the paramount consideration. Generally speaking, however, the young business man may assume that the private investor does not need to place much emphasis on the quality of convertibility—at least for the larger part of his estate.

On the other hand, for a business surplus ready convertibility is an absolute necessity; and in order to secure it something in the way of income must usually be sacrificed.

Well-Dressed Securities

4—APPRECIATION IN VALUE. "Again, some investors are so situated that they can insist strongly on the promise of appreciation in value, while others cannot afford to do so. Rich men, whose income is in excess of their wants, can afford to forego something in the way of yearly return for the sake of a strong prospect of appreciation in value. Such men naturally buy bank and trust-company stocks, the general characteristic of which is a small return on the money invested, but a strong likelihood of appreciation in value."

5—STABILITY OF MARKET PRICE. Stability of market price is frequently a consideration of great importance. This quality should never be confused with the quality of safety. Safety means the assurance that the maker of the obligation will pay principal and interest when due; stability of market price means that the investment will not shrink in quoted value. These are very different things, though frequently confused in people's minds. An investment may possess assured safety of principal and interest, and yet suffer a violent decline in quoted price owing to a general change in monetary conditions.

The lesson to be learned here by business men desiring to sell securities is that they must always issue them on a basis which will compare favorably with the going market price of similar investments. If they offer too high a rate people will be afraid that the securities are unsafe; while if they offer too little they are wholly unattractive.

This is very important to remember; in fact, as I opened this article by referring to fashions in securities, advising you young business men to conform thereto, I now close by urging you to also adapt yourselves to rate changes and conditions.

Really, if your securities are safe, only two things are necessary in order to sell them—namely: Dress them up in style and make them pay the going rate of interest.

ELECTRIC STARTING AND LIGHTING SYSTEM $125 EXTRA

A stock model Detroiter in actual performance over a part of the demonstration course of the Brice Auto Company, Minneapolis. Ten rival cars to date have attempted this incline and failed, after repeated efforts. The Detroiter makes it almost daily, year round.

¶ Let this photograph explain an economy record of vital importance to all persons interested in automobiles: **for the entire season of 1913, the thousands of Detroiters in use averaged, for factory repair parts, only $3.81 apiece.**

¶ "The car you can't break, won't break you," said the chief engineer three seasons ago. A mighty good motto. For a car **can** be built that won't **break down** until it **wears out.** What is true of ***chaises*** is true of ***chassis,*** and as the deacon said:

" 't's mighty plain,
Thut the weakes' place must stan' the strain;
'N' the way t' fix it, us I maintain,
Is only jest
T' make that place us strong us the rest."

¶ Homely philosophy—yes! but holding a profound truth nevertheless. Detroiter cars by the thousands have proved it. Detroiter motors, though 32 horse-power, are not more powerful than the ¾" faced transmission gears; Detroiter driving shafts are capable of withstanding a tensile stress of 123,070 pounds; Detroiter bevel gear and driving pinion (crucial mechanism) are so amply large and alloyed so scientifically that in three years time not a single one has ever been returned for replacement. And so through all the car.

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¶ Beauty, strength, economy, are the Detroiter's in unstinted measure. The popularity of the new 1914 model, bull-nosed, streamline, 32 h. p., with its remarkable Detroiter-Remy starting and lighting installation, is today holding the factory at capacity. The season's run cannot be increased. ***Order now.***

Technical points of superiority are fully explained and handsomely illustrated in this catalogue—such features as the platform spring that needs no shock-absorber, power-multiplying ball-bearings throughout, full-floating rear axle, etc. These are features exclusive with the Detroiter at its price, or anywhere near it. Your address on a postcard brings a free copy by return mail.

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Every time you see a clerk footing bills you can now say:

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Not a moment is wasted on footing or proving.

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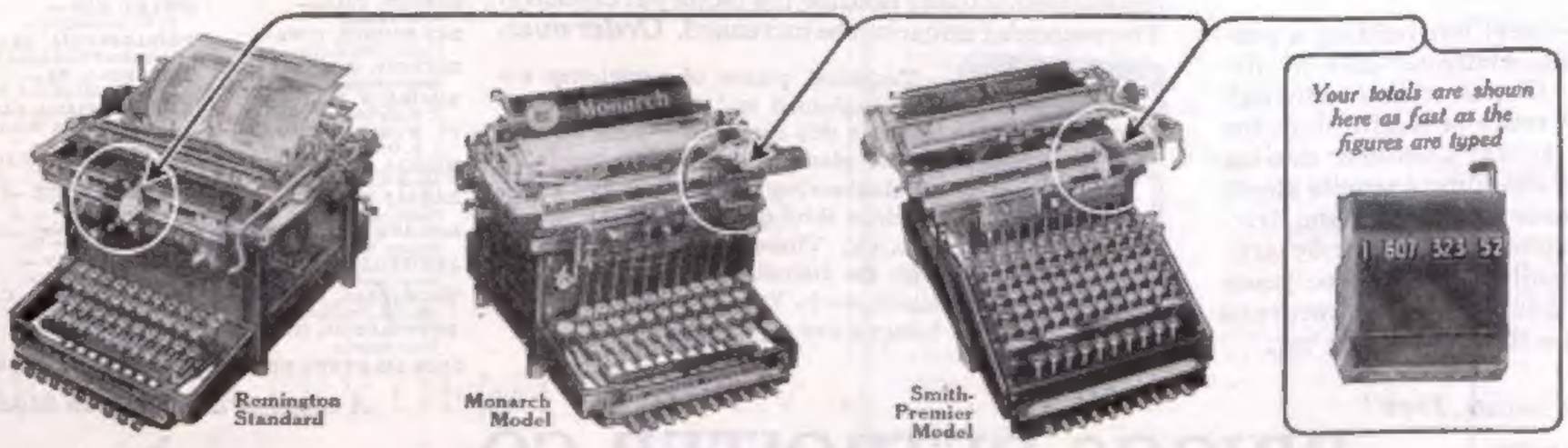

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